WEEK ENDING NOV. 26, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN *BY* **A. ROY BROWN**

ALSO BEGINNING **THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO** *A NEW MYSTERY SERIAL BY* **HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER**

Why some women look old before their time

Many women show in their faces the strain of this hurried, nervous era of ours. They suffer in looks from poisons which they set up within themselves. Yet this condition of self-poisoning, so prevalent today, need not exist. There is a simple, natural way of guarding against it—of keeping the buoyancy and charm of youth.

• • •

Youth! Some women seem to keep it always. Radiant, vivacious, with clear skin and sparkling eyes, they defy the passing years.

These women upon whom others look so enviously, have learned Nature's first rule of beauty. It is simply this—*true beauty comes from within—from radiant, physical well-being.*

Yet glance around you and see how few women enjoy perfect health—see how many women look old before their time.

Nature rebels at our nervous, quick-step lives

The hurried, nervous lives we lead bring aging lines and tell-tale wrinkles, sallow skin and lack-lustre looks. For the common result of our modern mode of living—of irregular habits of diet, sleep and exercise—is intestinal sluggishness. And when food wastes are not eliminated regularly and promptly, they ferment and set up poisons which are spread throughout the body by the blood.

This process of self-poisoning, from which so many suffer, causes skin blemishes, headaches, nervousness, fatigue, a host of enervating aging ills.

The way to correct intestinal stoppage and the self-poisoning it brings is with Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica brings about prompt elimination by gently releasing the natural secretion of waters in the intestines. It is a standby in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Sal Hepatica has many, many uses

Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas. Like them, it is efficacious in relieving headaches, stomach disorders, rheumatism, colds, and the many ills due to self-poisoning.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, palatable drink with a refreshing tang all its own. It is pleasant to take—gentle in its effect.

Feel young—look young—by keeping free of stoppage and the insidious poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica whenever you need it — whenever food wastes are not being promptly and thoroughly eliminated.

Send the coupon for the free booklet which explains in detail the causes and effects of intestinal sluggishness. It explains, too, how Sal Hepatica helps to correct this prevalent condition and the many ills due to self-poisoning.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A117
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Name _____

Address _____

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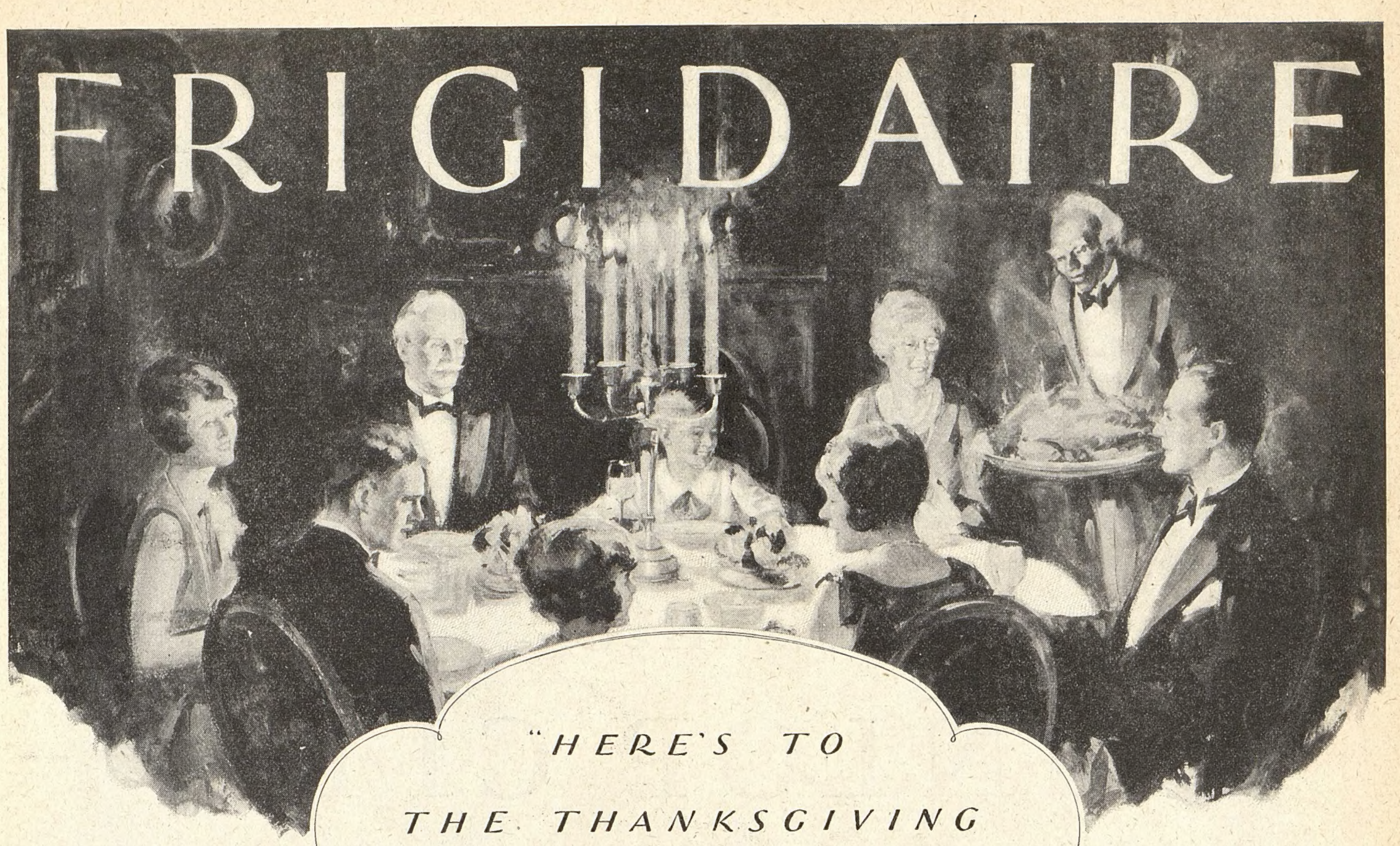
Sal Hepatica dissolved in a glass of water makes a sparkling "bubbly" drink, with a refreshing, bracing tang. It acts pleasantly, gently and promptly.

The salines it contains are similar to those of the Health Spas of Europe.

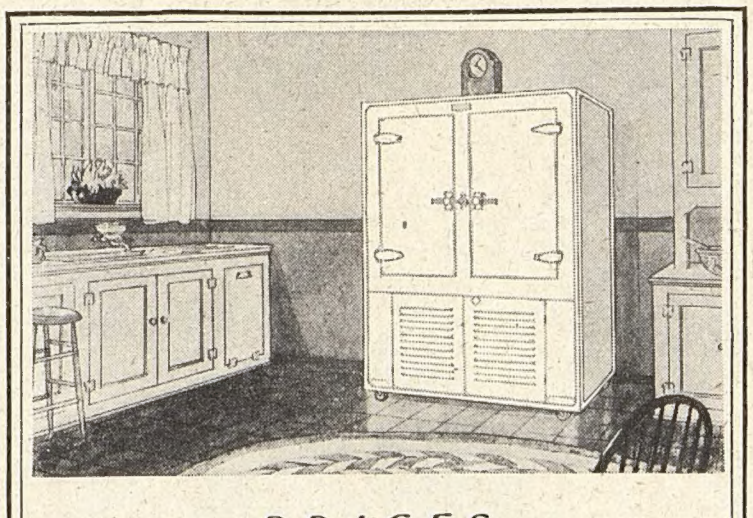
Sal Hepatica



"HERE'S TO THE THANKSGIVING DINNER"

What you spend for one or two of them will put a FRIGIDAIRE in your home! . . . . .

Many still believe that electric refrigeration is expensive. This is not true of Frigidaire, the General Motors electric refrigerator. We asked 10,000 users for their experiences. The answers were startling. Frigidaire saves them an average of $105.36 per year over and above all operating costs—savings of ice bills and food waste alone. So, with all its advantages—its cleanliness, it conveniences, its protection to health, its ice-freezing and dessert-making service—Frigidaire *saves money* far beyond the cost of operation.



PRICES NOW AS LOW AS $180

F. O. B. Dayton Ohio

A complete Frigidaire unit, with Duco-finished, enamel-lined steel cabinet—all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet—for the amazing factory price of only $180! Also new, reduced prices on complete line of porcelain-lined Frigidaires in large and small sizes. A model that suits your requirements to the letter is now on display at the nearest Frigidaire Sales Room.

FRIGIDAIRE
DOES MORE · · COSTS LESS

Best of all, an amount no greater than you spend for a Thanksgiving dinner or two is enough to put a Frigidaire in your home!

Then charge off the balance with a few monthly payments.

Visit the nearest display room today, or write for a free booklet.

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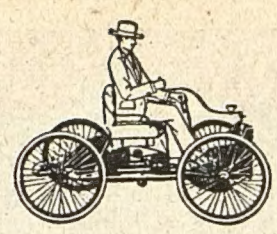

Two DETROITS would fit into "DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.

BEFORE Detroit started to make motor-cars, Dunlop had founded the pneumatic tire industry.

Thanks to the automobile, both Detroit and "Dunlop City" have grown tremendously.

Now Detroit reaches out over 52,686 acres, while "Dunlop City" covers over 100,000 acres.

And even greater than the size of "Dunlop City," is Dunlop's world-wide reputation for building uniformly supreme Dunlop Tires.

Supreme quality made possible Dunlop's great size. In turn, Dunlop's great size makes possible this same supreme quality, at lower prices than ever.

You can expect *more* of Dunlops.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Nov. 26, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4 No. 30

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

FOOTBALL AND PRAYER

This week brings the day we dedicate to turkey, cranberry sauce, football, and the giving of thanks. Perhaps the matter of giving thanks has been permitted to slip a little into the background. It may be what historians would call a trend of the times.

Well, there is sound precedent for this mingling of football and prayer. The humanities, if you can call them that, have always intruded upon days of devotion.

When Pope Gregory I, a sensible man, sent Augustine to convert the Anglo-Saxons, he directed that some Christian festival be substituted for each heathen feast. But, he instructed his missionaries, much in the pagan manner of celebration must be allowed to remain, "to the end that, whilst some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the Grace of God."

By such tolerances we have the Yule log, various diverting Easter customs, and other pleasant practises that in the beginning were not Christian at all.

Thanksgiving, too, has a mixed background. There is nothing distinctively American in its origins. Man has always had the thanksgiving habit.

The Jews in ancient times had their Feast of Ingathering. Many peoples had fall festivals when the crops were in and the wine was made. Roman emperors and governors frequently appointed special days by proclamations similar to those of Presidents and Governors today.

In England, in 1258, "solemne fasts and generall processions" were thought to have helped a backward harvest. After the Battle of Poitiers there was thanksgiving all over England for eight days.

When the Pilgrims fled to Holland in 1608, Guy Fawkes Day had newly been established as a day of "public thanksgiving to Almighty God." And in this same seventeenth century the Westminster Directory for Public Worship specified that, at thanksgivings, the congregation was to have "a pithy narration of the mercy received," to be followed by "convenient time for their repast and refreshing."

So the Pilgrims were merely transplanting a custom when, on their arrival at Plymouth in 1620, they observed the first American Thanksgiving Day. That was an austere affair. But a year later they staged a harvest festival, had the Indian chief Massasoit in to eat with them, and "sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together." Presumably the fowlers got some wild turkeys, and the identity of our Thanksgiving bird was thereupon established.

Nobody knows when Thanksgiving became a regular annual holiday, but the Governors of colonies were always issuing proclamations during the next 150 years.

Our first real national Thanksgiving came in 1777, after the surrender of Burgoyne. Irregular observance followed until 1863, when, on November 26, every Northern State gave thanks. Since then Presidential and State proclamations have been annual affairs, and the Southern States, reluctant at first because they disliked Puritan institutions and later because it was a Northern holiday, have long since made it unanimous.

By and large, we suppose we have about as much now to be thankful for as at any time in the past. We are unquestionably rich and prosperous—if not worthy.

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

RUDYARD KIPLING has provided a rare treat for those who will never forget his prose and verse. In A Trip South, the first of a series of impressions on a visit to Rio de Janeiro, he gives a generous measure of both his arts in describing the voyage to the Paris of South America.

Against a background of guerrilla warfare in Bloody Williamson County, Illinois, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan has painted in broad strokes the story of a gangster's "moll" and her loyalty. His short story, Snitch, sets a new mark in picturesque writing.

A few years ago a young actress earned thirty-five dollars a week by doing breath-taking stunts for movie serials. Today that young woman is a multimillionaire real-estate operator. How she did it is told in Ruth Roland Rolls in Royces, by Sidney Sutherland.

When the great temblor of 1923 spread death and destruction throughout Japan, one costly building stood unscathed, thereby writing a new chapter into architecture. Its builder, Frank Lloyd Wright, has explained this in Why the Great Japanese Earthquake Did Not Destroy the Hotel Imperial.

The Doves of Sandona, a short story by Ellis Parker Butler, is a rollicking tale of a romance and a publicity stunt that bumped heads in a Florida real-estate development.

The Only Child, by Brenda Ueland, shows the handicaps imposed upon the pet of the family who is reared in solitary adulation.

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THESE CHOCOLATES INTERPRET ABOVE ALL THINGS THE CORRECT THING IN CANDY

The famous Reception Lounge of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where, it is said, during any twenty-four hours, every really smart person in New York may be seen.

YET you can obtain them, to meet the most unexpected of demands, almost instantly, at a store no more than a square or two away, no matter where you may be!

The new Choice Box typifies—probably better than any other—the socially accepted candy gift throughout fashionable America today. Twenty-two different kinds in one box to prove Variety IS the Spice of Life.

ALL things have their *modes.* In candy giving, it is Johnston's . . . among the leaders of things social in smartest gathering places of smartest America.

Thus in choosing this noted make of candy, one is sure of doing that which is admittedly the *correct thing,* either for one's own home or for a gift of thoughtful graciousness—

Conveniently available at the better stores throughout America, you can obtain Johnston's Chocolates at a moment's notice—any time—anywhere. The *new* Choice Box—containing twenty-two different kinds—is suggested as an ever welcome gift.

Johnstons
CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

The CLOCK Strikes TWO

THEY went out together into the corridor, where they had a vehement but low-voiced talk.

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

A New Serial of Love and Crime in a House of Mystery

By
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE

SHE hoped she looked calmer and older and more experienced than she felt. She was walking slowly along the office-building corridor, looking for the number of the room she was directed to.

The letter answering her advertisement in the morning paper was in her hand. Her door wasn't the one those two men—quite an old one and quite a young one—were talking in front of, was it? No, that was 1812; 1814 must be just around the corner.

She'd had almost to stop as she passed them and peer around them more or less to make out that the door they blocked wasn't 1814. They might not have realized how purely they figured in her mind as obstructions. Anyhow, their talk had stopped with something of a jerk as she drew near, and she felt them looking at her rather sharply.

The moment she'd passed she heard one pair of steps receding rapidly in the direction of the elevator; and the next instant a voice, clear and authoritative and rather fine-grained, said, "I beg your pardon."

She halted and faced around. It was, as she'd guessed, the old man who'd stayed and the young one who'd gone away.

"I didn't mean to startle you, but I think I recognize the letter in your hand. I'm Mr. Thomas Boardman. Are you the young lady whose advertisement I answered?"

"Yes," she said, "I am." She added, since her advertisement hadn't mentioned it, "My name's Phyllis Hale."

He bowed as if he'd been acknowledging a regular social introduction, and opened the door marked 1812, which led, it seemed, directly into his inner office, a big, sumptuous corner room.

Why had *he* answered her advertisement? She'd never get a job in a place like this.

He placed a chair for her as if she'd been a valued client. Just as he seated himself at his desk, the telephone rang.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Seven]

"Will you pardon me a moment?" he said, before he unhooked the receiver and began to listen.

She was glad of a minute in which to get herself together. It was disconcerting, almost scary, the way things were happening. Her forlorn little advertisement had made its first appearance in this morning's paper. She'd been almost ashamed to go to the desk so soon and inquire if there were any answers to it. But, amazingly, there had been an answer, on an imposingly engraved letter-head, asking her to call at the office of the writer at her earliest convenience. The address was only a few blocks away from the newspaper office.

It had happened less than a quarter of an hour ago, and here she was. Well, it was too good to be true, that was all. She didn't think anybody ever got a job as quickly as that, especially when they needed one so horribly.

IF she'd been in a position to pick and choose, she wouldn't have chosen this Mr. Boardman for an employer. Somehow, she didn't exactly like him. There was something pompous about him. No, elaborate; that was better. That was how he'd ushered her into the room and placed her chair for her.

He wasn't talking much over the telephone, but he was listening pretty hard. Once he said, "Well, it can't be helped," and a little later, rather peremptorily: "No, that wouldn't do at all. The other way's better." Finally he said, "Herbert is on the way now. He'll give you your instructions. Carry them out exactly and it will be all right."

He hung up rather suddenly and turned back to Phyllis.

It was curious, and somehow formidable, the way—suddenly, too—he changed his face back to the beaming, benignant one he'd worn when he conducted her into the room.

"You look pretty young to be a college graduate," he observed.

"I graduated last June from Smith," she told him rather crisply; "and I've been studying shorthand and typewriting in a business college since. You see, I haven't had any experience."

He said, easily enough, that he'd inferred as much from her advertisement. Apparently the lack wasn't fatal. She tried to feel glad of that; but she couldn't, very. It would have been a relief to her, though she didn't know why, to be told she wouldn't do.

He wanted, it seemed, to find out all about her. She resisted as well as she could. She didn't want to tell him the story of her father's early death; her mother's remarriage to a man she, Phyllis, didn't like; her hot-headed and rather scornful rejection of help she felt had been grudgingly offered; her attempt to paddle her own canoe; and, finally, that she had in her purse money enough to last her only about a week.

She was quick-witted enough to have fenced with him, but the foil wasn't his weapon. He asked soft, thick, and enveloping questions that pressed the truth out of her till she realized at last that he knew practically the whole of it.

Once more the jingle of the telephone bell was a respite. It gave her, she felt, a chance to breathe.

"Franklin?" Mr. Boardman said. "I'm engaged just now, but I wish you'd come in for a few minutes. Yes, at once, please."

Franklin, whoever he was, must have telephoned from the outer office, for the door opened almost immediately. Phyllis rose and faced the newcomer.

"Miss Hale," old Mr. Boardman said, "this is my son, Mr. Franklin Boardman."

There was a strong family resemblance between the two men, but this wasn't the first thing she noted about the newcomer. It was gone in a flash, but she felt he'd been disconcerted at finding her there; that he'd expected some one else; that he'd had a manner and a greeting all prepared for some one else.

"I'm very glad to meet Miss Hale," he said, and held out a hand to her.

It was a big, soft, warm-looking hand that she didn't much want to touch. It wasn't flabby, though. It gave her a grip that hurt, and with nothing lingering or sentimental about it. Even before he'd relinquished it he shot a question to his father:

"You've heard nothing more, I suppose? He hasn't turned up?"

His father's shake of the head was so short and sharp that it seemed rather an admonition to silence than an answer. Phyllis mightn't like either of them—she was pretty sure she didn't—but she couldn't help getting interested.

"Sit down a moment, Frank," Mr. Boardman said in his most genially paternal manner. "I wanted you to meet Miss Hale. She advertised in this morning's paper for a position as a personal secretary. She doesn't mind going out of town. It struck me that she might be just the person we wanted, so I asked her to come and see me. She has one important qualification she didn't mention in her advertisement, and that is a very agreeable speaking voice."

She was getting ready to resent this item as an impertinence, when a question of Franklin's showed it wasn't.

PHYLLIS asked, "How do you know that I'm only taking twenty-five dollars?"

"Do you like reading aloud," he asked, "and do you do it pretty well?"

"I like it," she said, "and I've done quite a lot of it, but not very lately."

"Well, that's the main thing, I guess," he said, and heaved himself restlessly out of his chair. "I think I'll be running along," he told his father.

They went out together into the corridor, where they had a vehement but low-voiced talk. Then the older man came back alone.

"I'm afraid we've seemed rather insistent on our own questions," he said, "before answering any of yours. But the situation wants quite a little explaining, and I thought it better to get the preliminaries out of the way first. The person your secretarial services are wanted for is my father."

She must have rather jumped at that, for he smiled indulgently and said: "Yes, it is surprising. He's a very old man indeed—over ninety—and he's practically, if not totally, blind."

Did he mean, she wondered, that he didn't *know* whether his father was totally blind or not?

"He's a really marvelous old man," Mr. Boardman went on. "His mind is almost abnormally active. He retired from business long ago, but in a way he still manages his own affairs, and he'll dictate a certain number of letters to you. But your most important duty, as my son implied, will be reading aloud to him and in general acting as his companion. You'd live with us, of course, as one of our rather large family."

"I suppose," she said a little dubiously, "since he's so very old, and blind as well, he'll need a good many other things done for him. I haven't had any experience as a nurse."

"Oh, he has his own man servant who attends to all his physical wants"—he paused to smile—"all, that is to say, that my father will permit him to attend to. His general health, physically speaking, is—incredible."

INVOLUNTARILY Phyllis caught her breath. The man had been talking in a perfectly affectionate, filial way; but on that last word she thought she caught a hidden glint of a furious exasperation.

She dismissed the thought abruptly. It seemed silly. What was the matter with her this morning, anyhow? It was a peach of a job they were offering her—made to order for her, really.

"If you think I'll do," she began, "I'd like—"

"You don't know the whole story yet. From what I've told you so far, you may think of the position as a rather wearisome sinecure, asking for patience and good nature and not much else. It's not in the least like that.

"You'll find my father interesting, I think, but I'm sure you'll find him one of the most difficult persons you've ever encountered. He's very irascible, and he's morbidly suspicious—most of all, I regret to say, of the members of his own family. I suppose it's natural enough. He's had a habit of command for a very long time.

"He was colonel of a regiment that marched to the sea with Sherman, back in the Civil War. He carried that habit of command into his business and family life afterward. He never realized that he was a tyrant, but that's what it amounted to.

"Well, the dependence forced on him by his blindness drives him to—some very queer lengths. That's my explanation of it, at any rate. I don't regard him as, in any medical sense of the word, insane. But he is queer, and he does and thinks some rather startling things. Of course he's not violent or in any way dangerous. A stranger with tact enough to manage him would find him a very charming person."

Mr. Boardman paused; but, seeing that she wasn't ready to say anything, he went on:

"I don't ask you to take a layman's view of his eccentricities. My son Charles, Franklin's next younger brother, is a doctor, and a very able one. He sees him, of course, constantly, and regards him as I do. I imagine it would be easy enough, if he wanted to have him adjudged incompetent, to do so; but of course that would be—"

"Oh, it would be terrible for him!" she broke in. "No, I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking about myself—wondering whether some one older and more experienced wouldn't be better. You see, I don't believe I am very tactful."

"Youth will be on your side, my dear young lady. He could not endure a professional, managing, nurse-like person. And it isn't as if you'd be alone.

"We're rather a patriarchal family. There are four generations of us under one roof just at present. My dear wife died some years ago. I have four children, only two of them married so far, but I'm a going concern as a grandfather. My daughter, whose husband was a victim of the late war, lives with us, and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Elizabeth.

"MY son Franklin, who was in here just now, is unmarried and lives at home. Charles, the doctor, has a wife and young family of his own, but they visit us now and then. My youngest son, Herbert—you may have caught a glimpse of him this morning—is just out of college, trying to make up his mind what he is going to do for a living.

"We are still out at the old family place at Swiss Lake, and shall be for the better part of two months. We hardly ever officially close the house out there before the first of November. I think you'll find that rather jolly. We're all fond of it."

"It sounds awfully nice," she said, trying to feel more whole-hearted about it than she did. She wished she hadn't happened to think just then of Franklin, with his hearty manner and his big, soft, hot hands.

"My father will tell you in detail what he wants of you," Mr. Boardman went on, "but I can give you the general idea.

"He'll send for you as soon as he's finished his breakfast—at a rather desperately early hour, I'm afraid. He'll want you with him all the morning, and will probably expect you to have lunch with him. He rests for a couple of hours after lunch, and you'll be free to amuse yourself however you please. He'll want you again about three, and probably keep you busy till six or thereabouts.

"He usually dresses and comes down to dinner with the family, and goes to bed almost immediately after. In any case, you'd have no evening duties, or only very exceptionally. I think it figures out about the same number of hours as a standard office day, though it isn't quite so regular.

"You'll breakfast by yourself, lunch with my father, and dine with us, unless now and then he takes a notion to have his dinner in his own apartment and wants you to dine with him. I think you'll like your room; it's very pleasant. And your salary will be—fifty dollars a week."

Phyllis started at that. He *had* said fifty, not fifteen.

There was something queer about this job. She had an impulse to say, "I don't want it at any price," and then turn and run.

She didn't yield to it, of course. The last ten-dollar bill in her purse was a strong deterrent. She was conscious of flushing and of breathing rather fast.

Mr. Boardman smiled. "If you're entertaining any disturbing notion that that's too much," he said, "you may take my word for it that it's not. It's an unusually exacting, temper-trying sort of job. What do you say, Miss Hale?"

"I'd like a day or two to think it over in," she said at last.

"I wish I might tell you to take as long as you like, but I can't. As a matter of fact, you aren't yet in possession of quite all the factors in the case. The situation is complicated by the fact that my father himself has an advertisement in this morning's paper—a rather curious one. Probably you didn't see it."

IT was a hard-faced, forbidding-looking woman who opened the door no wider than necessary for a good look at the visitor.

He took a folded newspaper out of a drawer in his desk, and read:

"WANTED: A young man or woman to write letters, read aloud, and do whatever he's told without asking questions. Willing to work hard and obey orders. Salary: board, lodging, and twenty-five dollars a week.

"He's motoring down from the Lake this morning and is going to interview applicants at our town house right after lunch. That's why you haven't much time in which to come to a decision."

"But I don't see," she protested, "as long as he has advertised, himself—"

"You can see this, I think," he interrupted, "that no competent, self-respecting person would answer that advertisement. It asks implicitly for a slave, and it betrays the peculiarities of my father's temper in every line. The only people who would be attracted by it would be those to whom, for some reason or other, no regular job was open."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"What I hope you'll do is to go and see him this afternoon as if in answer to this advertisement of his, without mentioning that you've had a previous understanding with me; accept the salary he offers and, of course, come to me for the difference."

"I don't believe I'd want to do that," she said. "Go to him, I mean, pretending that I hadn't seen you. Somehow, it doesn't seem quite—"

"Straightforward? No, it doesn't. But if you tell him you've talked with me he'll turn you out then and there. He'll say he doesn't want a secretary who's been tampered with. I hope you've been able to see, Miss Hale that I haven't been—tampering with you against his interests.'

"No," she agreed quickly; "of course you haven't."

"Then you'll do it?"

Deliberately she turned and walked away to one of the windows. She wanted to think for a minute without looking at him or letting him look at her. It was odd, how he'd antagonized her from the very first. There had been some really queer things about the interview. There probably was something queer about the job.

Well, what of it! Hadn't she secretly hoped, all summer, for a job with some spirit of adventure about it?

She turned again, and faced Mr. Thomas Boardman with a smile.

"Yes," she said; "I'll go and apply for the job. Of course I may not get it."

He smiled too, and seemed pleased. "I have no doubt you'll get it. I think it's quite likely that you'll be the only applicant."

He wrote out the address for her on a card, then changed his mind, ringed the advertisement in the newspaper, and gave her that instead. As he handed it to her he remarked:

"There's an old caretaker there who will let you in. Tell her you've come to see Colonel Boardman. It always pleases her to have him spoken of as the Colonel."

II

WHEN she rang the door-bell at the Boardmans' house two hours later, though she'd thought of nothing else in the meantime, she was no nearer a conclusion as to what she was getting in for than she had been when Mr. Boardman had ushered her into his outer office at the end of their interview, and introduced to her his youngest son, Herbert, who had, apparently, carried out the mysterious instructions and then come back.

Herbert was a perfectly presentable youngster of about her own age, unmistakably of the type she'd been going to dances and football games with for the past four years.

His father, after beaming upon them in the manner of one bestowing a parental blessing, had left them to their own devices.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO]
Continued from Page Nine

Herbert, who had a rather amusing line, had immediately tried to date her up for lunch. He had, he said, his own little roadster handy, and they could eat in the outdoor restaurant in the Park. He could run her over to the house afterward as well as not. She had declined the invitation offhand, but without quite knowing why, and not altogether whole-heartedly, so it was natural enough that he should have persisted a little.

They left the office together and strolled along the street amicably enough to the corner, where she meant to wait for a bus. By that time she was sure at least that he was what he said he was. He had told her his college and his class when he asked about hers, and in five minutes they'd found acquaintances in common. It was only by luck—bad luck, he called it—that they hadn't already met.

Having him placed in this unmistakable fashion disposed of the more lurid of her surmises about this queer job. The Boardmans weren't white-slave dealers or anything like that. Nevertheless, she had persisted in her refusal to lunch with Herbert.

"Consistency's a fourth-rate sort of virtue," he'd argued as they stood waiting for her bus to come along. "Be a good sport and change your mind. I'll admit I've got an ulterior motive. I want you to take this job. I think you'll brighten up my week-ends out at the Lake quite a lot. When Grandfather begins barking at you this afternoon, I want you to remember Herbert, the faithful fireman, ready at all hours to slide down the brass pole and come to the rescue."

"Do you think," she asked very sentimentally, "that I could possibly forget you after this?" and skipped up the backstairs of her bus.

IF it had been part of the Boardman plan to keep her continuously under their hands until she had applied for the job, she had frustrated it. She was let alone, anyhow, for a while, to think.

The long ride on the bus, out to the end of the line and part way back, did nothing in the way of settling her mind. It was still swinging from one pole to the other—one pole being the conviction that a job which offered too much pay, and was predicated from the beginning on the deception of an old man who was to be made to believe that he was her sole employer, was nothing, even if these were its only queer features, for a friendless young girl of twenty-two to meddle with.

The other pole was a belief that it was a perfectly wonderful chance that she'd be a fool not to take, and that there couldn't possibly be anything really dangerous about it, anyhow.

But she didn't want a dull routine job in an office, writing the same letters over and over every day under the cold eye of a welfare superintendent, surrounded by a lot of girls like her late classmates in the business college, chewing gum and giggling over their dates. Herbert, the faithful fireman, might be rather a lightweight, but he'd be better company than they. She'd go and ring the Colonel's door-bell, anyhow.

It was a hard-faced, forbidding-looking woman who very promptly opened the door no wider than necessary for a good look at the visitor, and stood in the aperture with no apparent intention of letting her in.

"I'm answering an advertisement in this morning's paper," Phyllis began.

"Who did you want to see?" the woman asked.

"Why"—Phyllis remembered the letter of her instructions—"Colonel Boardman," she explained. "This is the right house, isn't it?"

The woman opened the door the rest of the way and stepped back with it.

"Yes, this is the place all right. You can go up."

It kept right on being queer, Phyllis reflected as she slowly mounted the stairs. The woman had certainly acted at first as if she didn't mean

to let her in. No bona-fide applicant for the job could have said that she wanted to see *Colonel* Boardman. If Phyllis had failed to do so, would she have been turned away with the explanation, perhaps, that the job was already filled? Was it a countersign that Mr. Boardman had given her?

The hall was pretty dark, and a man, who had evidently been waiting for her at the head of the stairs, startled her a little by speaking to her before she saw him.

"This way, miss," he said; "I'll show you up to the library." His voice sounded rather surly, though he spoke respectfully enough.

PHYLLIS followed him, her heart still thumping pretty hard after the start he'd given her, along the dark hall—it had windows at both ends, but they were shuttered—past a pair of open folding-doors through which she glimpsed a big, dim drawing-room, rather ghostly with its sheeted furniture, up a second flight of stairs and back again toward the rear of the house to where a single solid door terminated the corridor.

Here the man stopped, and was in the act of opening the door when the sound of an angry voice changed his intention. What it was saying was perfectly intelligible through the closed door:

"I can't prevent the woman's making a fool of you, Edith—that is, if you really are fooled by her—but I can prevent your trying to make a fool of me. You're not to speak of it again. That's final; do you understand? And you're not to come near me again with the stink of that incense on your clothes. Smell it? Of course I can smell it. I knew where you'd been the moment you came into the room."

The servant, obviously rattled, moved to lead Phyllis away to a more discreet distance; but before he'd got beyond a preliminary gesture the voice called, more loudly:

"Who's that outside the door? Whoever

"HAVE you brought your damned medium here?" he went on, before Phyllis could answer.

you are, come in. Don't stand listening there."

Mr. Boardman was right, Phyllis reflected. It would be worth fifty dollars a week to work for a man like that.

The servant opened the door instantly, of course, and held it for Phyllis to go in. The burst of light from the big windows she was facing dazzled her, after the dark. The only person she could see was a woman silhouetted against one of them. The man servant, instead of following Phyllis to announce her, stayed outside and shut the door upon himself.

"I wasn't listening," she tried to say; but the old man's voice—she hadn't seen him yet—instantly cut her short.

"A woman!" he cried. "Who are you?"

He must be sitting in that big armchair with its back to her, facing the windows as she was.

"Have you brought your damned medium here?" he went on, before she could answer.

The other woman, to whom this last question was evidently addressed, answered it with surprising forbearance considering its manner.

"No, Grandfather; of course not," she said, coming toward Phyllis as she spoke. "I suppose she's a girl who's come to answer your advertisement."

She added, explanatorily, to Phyllis: "Colonel Boardman is blind."

This last remark infuriated the old gentleman anew.

"Damn it, Edith!" he cried. "Will you mind your own business and let me attend to mine? I can tell her I'm blind when I get ready to. Now clear out and let me talk to her. Tell Haller to wait downstairs; I'll ring when I want him. I want to hear you both go."

THE significant thing about the scene was the way the woman he called Edith took it—casually, almost, with no more than a slight, rather tired shrug of the shoulders. She must be the widowed daughter Mr. Thomas Boardman had told Phyllis about.

There was dead silence in the room for at least thirty seconds after the click of the door. Phyllis stood rooted to the carpet, breathing small. It seemed the only safe thing to do.

Evidently, though, he had no doubt that she was still there; for when he got ready he spoke to her with perfect assurance.

"Come around here between me and the light, where I can see you," he commanded; and added, "I have my own ways of seeing."

Indeed, she could hardly have believed, when she came around where she could look at him, that he was blind at all; for her first impression of him was of a pair of brilliant old eyes gazing straight at her.

He was a very little old man. He couldn't have been very big even before the shrinkage of age had set in. His short, surprisingly thick white hair stood up in a sort of tousled pompadour, and his square-clipped beard was rather awry too, as if his nervous fingers had been tugging at it.

He was leaning back in the big chair now, his hands relaxed along the arms of it, and his deep breathing spoke a profound relief.

"It isn't such a bad thing," he said at last, rather argumentatively, "to begin by making a bad impression. You may find—I don't promise you will—that I'm not quite the infernal curmudgeon I seem. But, at best, you will have a deal of bad temper to put up with. Can you do it?"

"I don't know," she told him frankly. "I can try, and see. I don't think I've ever had anything like it to put up with."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO]
Continued from Page Eleven

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," she told him.

His next question surprised her: "Are you a pretty girl?"

She had an inspiration, said, "Yes," and then, seeing from a twitch of a smile in his beard that her reply had pleased him, she discarded the qualifying statement she had meant to add and let it go at that.

"It's a good thing to be, if you aren't a young fool," he observed; and added, "and no young fool would have answered that particular question from a blind man that way. Go on and tell me what you look like."

She saw the point, but didn't know just how to begin; and before she could get started he growled, "Don't flutter; speak up."

"I wasn't fluttering," she told him. "Only it's a thing I've never tried to do before, and I had to think.

"I'm about the same height as the woman you called Edith. My hair's a sort of chestnut brown, not very curly, but not quite straight."

"Have you got it cut short, like my great-granddaughter's?"

"I've never seen your great-granddaughter," she reminded him, "but I suppose so. I wear it about the way most girls do. My eyes are grayish, but they look blue if I wear the right colored clothes. My nose is short and straight. I rather like my nose. I suppose my mouth's a little too big, but not very much."

She paused a minute there, and then added firmly, "The main reason I can be called pretty is because I have a nice skin."

"WELL," he remarked, "you haven't got it all plastered up with paint and powder; that's one good thing."

That gave her a start, with those bright blind eyes gazing at her, and she asked, "How do you know I haven't?"

"Because I could smell the beastly stuff if you had," he snapped.

"I never do make up very much," she told him, "and I won't at all if you don't want me to."

His only response was a grumbled "You'd better not."

She felt herself flushing at his ungraciousness; but a moment later he paid her a compliment upon her speaking voice.

"You know how to talk better than most young people," he remarked, "and you don't make the mistake of thinking that because I'm blind I'm deaf. Can you read?"

"Aloud, do you mean?" she asked.

"Naturally, that's what I mean. Wait a minute. This is something we can try. Go over to the north section of the shelves. Somewhere in the middle of it you'll find a set of Thackeray. Fetch Henry Esmond, and sit down and read me some of it. Open it at random."

The volume opened to *Esmond's* imitation of a paper from the *Spectator* that he fooled *Beatrix* with. Phyllis read a paragraph and paused.

"We've plenty of time," he said. "Go on! Read the whole of it."

"It was a clever trick," he commented when she reached the end of the chapter; "but, after all, a trick is as easily detected as it is played. That's what the tricksters don't realize. And it's something," he added grimly, "that you'll do well to remember. Now write a letter that I shall dictate. You'll find a note-book and pencils on the desk."

She caught her breath at the address. It was to his son Thomas.

"MY DEAR THOMAS: This is to apprise you that I have engaged Miss . . .

"What is your name?" he broke in.

"Phyllis Hale," she told him.

". . . Phyllis Hale as my confidential secretary. When she leaves my employment I will notify you. Until you have such notice you will regard her as responsible only to me. All letters addressed to me are to be put into her hands unopened. She is not to be hindered in any way in carrying out my instructions. Yours very truly—

"Have you got that?"

She had looked desperately around for a dictionary and had seen none within reach. "I'm not sure," she admitted, "that I know how to spell 'apprise.'"

She heard him give a sort of chuckle. "I'm sure you don't. Spell it with an s. Spelled with a z it means something else."

He had her read the letter back to him and then transcribe it by hand. There was no typewriter in the room.

"Was this just an exercise," she asked, "or does it really mean that you're going to engage me?"

"I think I'll take you, if you want the job," he said. "You seem to be the only person in town who cares for what I offer on the terms I advertised.

"But now listen to me. I've got a lot of people around me—a son and all of his children and some of their children. They're all waiting for me to die. I've kept them waiting a long time. They're getting pretty impatient. I say nothing against them. That's the natural way for people in their position to feel. They've got an interest in me and they've got an interest in my will.

"YOU haven't any, and you never will have. I make that as a promise. No matter how long or how faithfully you serve me, I shall never leave you any money. Remember that, and remember another thing. They may be friendly to you, or they may be unfriendly. But it needn't matter to you which they are, because it will be their interest in me, and not their interest in you, that will govern their actions. If they think you're really on my side they may try to frighten you off. Don't let them.

"Now get the pen and the ink and bring me that letter and I'll sign it."

He did a queer thing as she put the pen into his hand. He caught her own fingers in quite a tight grip and raised her hand near his face, bending over it as if—save that there was no trace of gallantry about the action—he had meant to kiss the back of it. He held it there a good long moment before he let it go. Then, without comment, he signed the letter.

After she had folded it and put it in the envelop, he told her to give it back to him.

"Don't you want me to mail it?" she asked.

"No, I don't," he said. "For one thing, I don't want to be in any doubt whether he gets it, and the way to avoid that is to hand it to him myself. But I don't know yet whether I want him to get it. There's something else."

His voice had darkened, and so had his face.

"There is one question I want to ask that I can't prove the answer to. I want a true answer. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" she repeated incredulously.

"Oh, I don't mean things going around in sheets. Listen to me. Has any one near you died—a lover, or a mother, or any one like that?"

"My father died three years ago," she told him.

"Fond of him, were you?"

She answered bruskly, "Yes."

"Ever had any messages from him since?"

SHE shook her head; then, seeing that he still waited, answered, "No."

"Suppose any one offered to bring you messages from him—would you let them try it?"

"No!" she cried. "I think they're horrible."

"Well," he remarked, with a queer change of manner, "it's a silly sort of business, anyhow. Much better let it alone.

"Now, then," he went on, after a moment of silence, "I live near a town called Swiss Lake. There's a train there at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Take it, and when you get there ask for a red-haired taxicab driver called Louie. He'll drive you out to my house for a dollar. It's a long drive and it's worth it. You may not find me there, but I won't be long coming. Tell Mrs. James you're my new secretary and she'll show you to your room.

"Now go to the middle drawer of my desk. You'll find some money in it. Take twenty-five dollars: two tens and a five. That'll be your first week's wages."

She obeyed him.

The shallow drawer stuck a little and then came open with a squeak. There was quite a lot of money lying around loose in it—two or three hundred dollars, she guessed. It struck her as a strange freak in a man as suspicious as he, and she asked, "How do you know that I'm only taking twenty-five dollars?"

Obviously the question amused him very much.

"I don't," he chuckled. "But you can be perfectly sure I shall. Don't ask me how, though. That's one of my secrets.

"Good-by. You can find your way out, can't you?"

Phyllis had her hand on the door-knob when he thought of something else.

"Wait a minute," he called. "One thing I nearly forgot, and it's important. Bring your own soap."

"My own soap!" she echoed.

"That's intelligible, isn't it? Your own soap. And always use it. Never use anybody else's soap in any circumstances. That's a rule, and it's an important one. You understand?"

"Yes," she said; "I understand, and I'll remember."

Oh, but of course the man was mad!

Phyllis is about to throw in her lot with a household menaced by sinister mystery. Follow her strange adventures in next week's LIBERTY.

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In Next Week's LIBERTY

My Fight with Richthofen

By A. Roy Brown

A German Albatross, forced to earth behind the English lines.

Amazing Events Before and After the Death of the Red Knight

Told by the Man Who Shot Him Down

I. The Shadow *of* Richthofen

(Reading time: 17 minutes 30 seconds.)

[Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by Captain A. Roy Brown, the Canadian war bird who killed the German ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen. In this and subsequent instalments, he will tell of flying conditions on the Western Front in 1918, when the British had gained the upper hand over the German airmen and Brown's flight had several times met and defeated sections of the famous Richthofen circus. Brown's encounter with the Red Knight on April 21, which he will describe, was his last actual combat. Three years of intermittent flying and fighting for this war hero terminated shortly afterward in a landing crash in England. He was credited officially with twelve enemy planes, and his decorations included the Distinguished Service Cross with bar. Today, the conqueror of Germany's greatest air fighter lives in Toronto, Canada, and is engaged in business.]

I NEVER saw Richthofen until ten minutes before I shot him down.

Even then he was—to me—merely a begoggled unknown, hunched in the cockpit of his red triplane; just another cipher in the succession of enemy fliers with whom I had tilted to a finish.

Living, I never really looked into his eyes in this strange fighting of the skies that was quicker than the warfare of chance-met eagles.

Dead, this dread Red Knight of Germany was

simply a nude corpse on the shelf of a front-line morgue—stripped for the post-mortem which proved that my machine-gun bullet had killed him.

GERMANY'S greatest war bird: Baron Manfred von Richthofen, who shot down eighty Allied planes; and (left) the man who shot him down: Captain A. Roy Brown, Canadian ace and author of this article.

To my knowledge I never saw his scarlet plane until the dog fight which sent him crashing to the ground.

His end, then, was little different from the fate of his fourscore victims. For a few seconds in the vastness of the upper air our paths crossed. But in those few seconds he had the ill luck to find himself at the wrong end of a machine gun spraying tracer bullets.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Thirteen

That finished him. For the greatest of them—Boelke, Ball, Guynemer, McCudden—died like the poorest dub when an enemy pilot spewed a straight burst at the right moment.

Until I looked curiously at him, dead, Richthofen was an unmet stranger; but his shadow had crossed mine many times during the preceding month, when the flight of five red-nosed Camels which I commanded had repeated tussles with his famous circus.

During that month of battling, the honors, I may claim with all modesty, were entirely ours.

The flight did not suffer a single casualty. There were several changes of personnel in that time, it is true, but none of our machines failed to return. Unfortunately, there is no record in my log-book of our total bag, but I know that a number fell to the machine guns of my comrades.

Indeed, in the same dog fight which ended Richthofen's killings, three other circus planes were downed by the pilots of my flight.

MY own total for this month of spasmodic encounters was five. I had had the luck to bring down four of Richthofen's officers before Fate sent one of my bullets into his own heart.

It must have been Fate that gave me the chance at Richthofen, for a few days previously I had been shot down myself; but had lived, unhurt, to take the air again next day and carry on until I got him.

The circus, as we of the Royal Air Force always called his jagdstaffel, was a name neither of contempt nor awe. It was one of those apt nicknames of the war, given by some unknown soldier, his memories of youth stirred at the sight of these multicolored planes.

For it was an affectation of the circus that each plane should be painted according to the pilot's whim. Richthofen's alone was all-red. The others flaunted every imaginable combination of gaudy markings.

At that time—the spring of 1918—the circus was, to our understanding, composed of the very cream of the enemy flying-fighting service. Only pilots who had won their spurs in combat were selected for the Red Knight's command. The aim was that this *corps d'élite* should control any front to which it was assigned by being able to whip anything in the sky.

Shock troops of the air—hunters, killers, credited with many victories—with almost a legendary belief in the invincible character of their leader, they were builders of morale for the German army.

It is significant that Richthofen's victims were, almost without exception, members of the British flying services. He fought us long, and at the last he asked no more mercy than he gave. Alone, he was credited with being worth a division to the Hun. The circus was worth

Picture by Clayton Knight

An artist's conception of the air raid on Thourout. A group of two-seater De Haviland 9s, as pictured here, dropped bombs on the town. Captain Brown's flight of single-seater Camels flew above them as escort and protection.

at least two divisions. Its presence over a sector gave confidence to the earth-bound troops below.

It was the morning of March 21, 1918, when the shadow of Richthofen and his circus first crossed my path.

On April 21, exactly a month later, I was to kill him. I did not know that. I did not even recognize his shadow when the guns of the Hun began, that March morning, to thunder the offensive that was to be his last great gasp of the war, his last tremendous effort to smash through to the Channel ports, the big push that was to throw back the British Fifth Army brokenly in retreat.

We of the 209th Squadron, Royal Air Force, were at that time at the middle airdrome. This was about half-way between Bray Dunes and the Franco-Belgian frontier, which in this section was a low ditch two feet wide.

Up here on the coast, flying had been more or less routine. Enemy aircraft had been conspicuously absent. Fleet patrols and such jobs as escorting a flock of D. H. 9s over to bomb Bruges had been our idea of a war.

Our only excitement had been diving low at the Belgian frontier guards—whom we regarded as a scurvy crew and suspected of signaling to the enemy—and making them scoot like scared rats into the ditch as we flew over.

THE morning of the twenty-first dawned dud for flying. I was still sleeping when an orderly burst in.

"Orders to get up, sir—and report to the flight at once." And he hoicked off before I was right awake.

"The sainted son! They can't kid me."

I rolled over for a further snooze.

There was a bang outside like the collision of express-trains.

Cripes! I bounced up, sloughing sleep.

Before I could gather my wits, Norton and Courtney were in on me like a couple of wild men. Brass hats both! And me in pajamas! Norton was squadron commander and Courtney chief of the wing, no less, than whom there were few higher but God.

Old Bluebeard, as we called the latter, was mad. His full naval whiskers stuck out stiffly all around his face.

"What the devil d'you mean?" He shook my shoulder. "Why aren't you up? Why the hell aren't you with your flight?"

"But—but, orders, sir—"

"Orders! Orders be damned! Can't you hear the Hun?"

Just then, sure enough, there was another cr-r-rump!—and I zoomed out of bed.

"Get to the field at once, get your flight ready, and jump to Teteghem. Shake a leg—fast!"

I needed no further urging. From miles back the Hun was shelling us with nine-point-fives. Every half-minute one of these beauties landed and made a crater fifteen feet across and deep enough for the burial of a small man standing. Twelve actually fell on the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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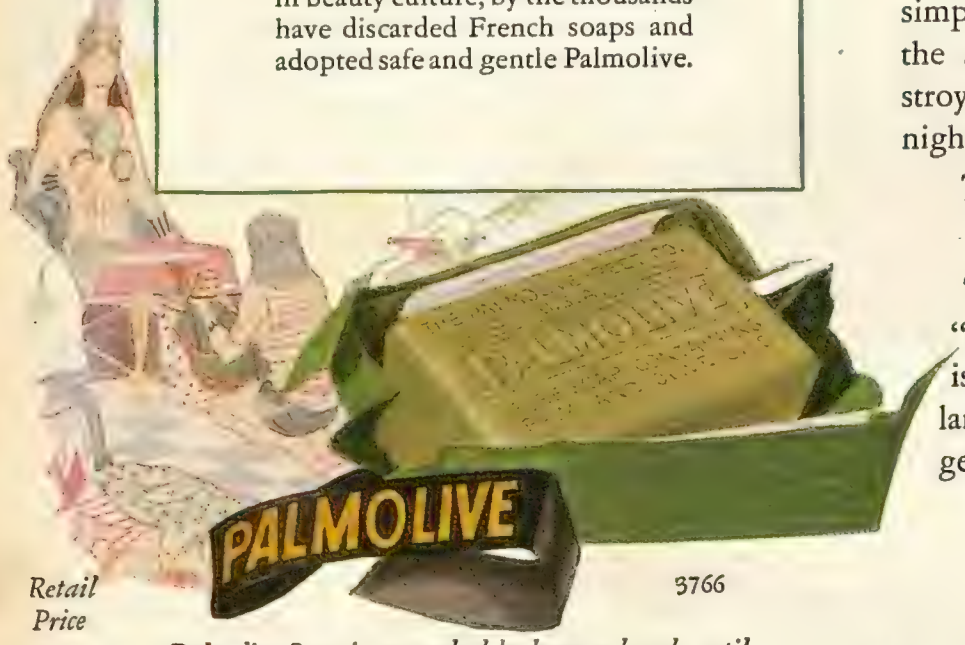

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Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

The rule for *natural* beauty according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Another view of the Red Knight, whose spectacular fighting career was ended by Captain Brown's bullet. The Baron (indicated by the arrow) is shown with German flying officers and mechanics on an airdrome in Belgium, and carries the walking-stick he affected while on the ground.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

airdrome. They did little damage, fortunately.

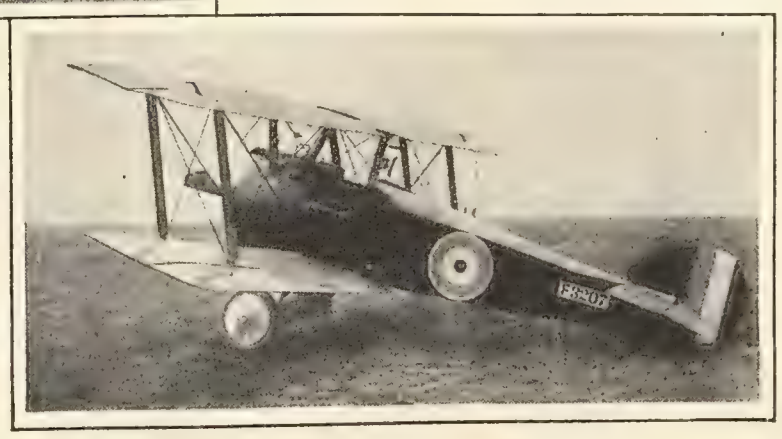
The squadron hopped over to Teteghem, southeast of Dunkerque, six miles back.

These shells were but an incidental episode in the massed activity up and down the front with which the Germans began their great spring drive of 1918. To my flight and myself they had a more personal significance. They heralded the coming of Richthofen's circus.

Next day we met them for the first time; and for a month our paths were to cross and recross repeatedly until the climax came, in which I was to play a chance part that is historic.

FOR bombing raids and long-distance reconnaissance flights, the British used De Haviland 9s of this type.

Photos by R. R. Beebe



ONE of the famous English Camels (right), of the type piloted by Captain Brown when he killed Richthofen.

AFTER a crash on my part a few days following the death of Richthofen, one of his circus, who had been brought down wounded and taken prisoner, was in a British hospital back of the lines.

On a visit from a pilot of our squadron, he asked about the flight of planes with the red noses. He was told that their commander had gone to the hospital, smashed up, and that the Red Noses as a unit had ceased to exist.

"That iss very good," he said. "To us a very great trouble. We did not like them."

Sweet words! That Hun's unsolicited testimonial meant more to me than a chest girdle of decorations.

The day following our arrival at Teteghem, we were detailed to escort five D. H. 9s on a bomb-dropping raid over Thourout. We sat above them all the way, sat over them while they laid their "eggs," and were still sitting around when they streaked home without ceremony. They had no compunction about leaving the Camels behind. But we had no intention of playing the rôle of supersacrifices.

After their disappearance we climbed and became a high-offensive patrol scouting for enemy aircraft; and over the Forest of Houthulst we had the good luck to bump into seven of the circus.

Heading back toward Dixmude, right at the south of the flooded Yser Canal area, we had about reached Zarren when we sighted them south of us, flying southeast. Their altitude was about 12,000 feet. Ours was 18,000. With that advantage in height we could overhaul them. I gave the signal to dive and follow.

The flight whanged to the chase full out: five noses down, five engines roaring, five planes singing, five pilots tense over their controls, eyes straight ahead, hands taut on their sticks, fingers tightening already on the triggers of their guns.

Faster, faster, faster! Down a chute of the sky, down the screaming wind—down, down, down, with the wires thrumming!

Minutes! We were upon them—within distance to strike. Five to seven, but the conditions were in our favor. We were above and behind. And they gave no hint of being aware of us.

They pushed along toward the salient. Behind them lay the fatherland. Evidently they had no thought of a flock of vultures plunging on their tails.

Closer, closer, closer! Now we could see the pilots, make out the markings. Fragments of rainbow floating through the sky!

At last the circus! Maybe Richthofen himself!

WE lost no time in speculation. They were our quarry and our blood was running. Each of us had already picked out his particular machine.

My meat was a violet-and-yellow Albatross. I swooped right after him. I got over him—flew straight until his nose had almost disappeared beneath the leading edge of my plane. Then—*fft!*

Whip went the stick hard down. I dived straight at him.

My thumb tightened on the trigger like a vise. From the two guns, through the propeller, tore a twin stream of bullets. A hit! A hit! Ruddy tracers caught and held the Albatross. I had him.

Less than 100 rounds! Already in flames, he was plunging to earth like a cracked comet.

A mere half-minute's battling, and we had drawn circus blood.

I glanced around.

The air was filled with winging, flipping,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN
Continued from Page Seventeen]

fighting planes. The Red Noses were mixing it in a lovely dog fight, throttles full out, guns barking in vicious bursts.

I sought to pick out an enemy to dive on.

WHERE Captain Brown's flight of red-nosed Camels roamed the sky in 1918, looking for trouble with Richthofen's circus. The crosses indicate four of their flying-fields during this period. (Right) Captain Oliver C. "Boots" Le Boutillier, a veteran of Brown's squadron. His cane was made of wood from the propeller of the Red Knight's plane.

I wondered if Richthofen's red plane wasn't somewhere in the brawl. Ah, here was one!—an Albatross single-seater like the others, but with pale pink fuselage and pale green wings. A regular boudoir butterfly of a plane, but a wasp to fight! The pair of us immediately flung ourselves into a single-handed huffing-match.

We became regular enemies, he and I. Three times altogether did we meet during the month. Three times did I beat him, sending him down in a spin. But I could not crash him; could never whip him for keeps. I wonder who he was. I never even learned his name.

When I first sighted him I was above and behind, and I tried to get in on him. But he saw me. He was too quick.

Flinging over in an Immelmann, he went up, over, and underneath me. I Immelmanned too and followed. Then he started to circle. Again I followed suit.

Each of us went into a vertical bank. Our bodies lay parallel to Mother Earth so far away beneath. Round and round and round we whipped in a mad ring-around-a-rosy, chasing each other's tail.

I THOUGHT I'd get him. Our speeds were about the same. We held to our circling as if spun by short cords from an axis. But my lighter Camel outclimbed his Albatross.

Soon I was clearly over him. Suddenly, with a jerk on the stick, I flattened to dive and finish him.

But he was a good pilot. At that exact moment he flung himself out of the circle, nose downward, into a spin.

I couldn't follow him. There was an Albatross on my tail. A burst from his guns whiffed unpleasantly close. I had to run. A couple of quick Immelmanns threw him off.

Then I looked around. Except for the machine which had attacked me, now heading back for his base, there was not a Red Nose or a circus plane in sight.

I glanced below. The series of fights had carried me down toward the salient. I took a bearing on Poperinghe, and from that flew by bird-line back to Teteghem, wondering how the others of my flight had fared.

That was the invariable order of things in a dog fight. Individual duels scattered the opposing planes over a large area. Only at the airdrome afterward was it possible to find out what had happened outside one's own experience. Drinks all round, cigarets, and a chin-wag before checking up on our machines.

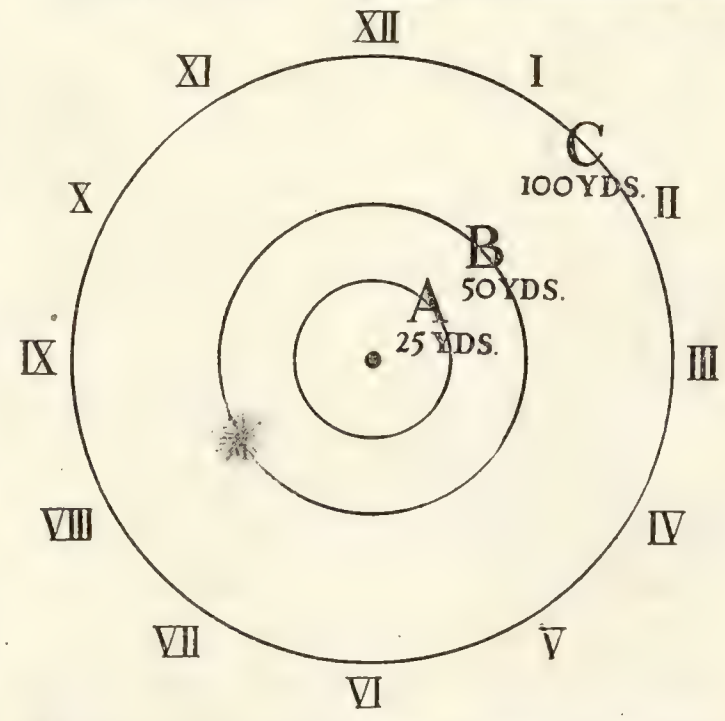
On this occasion we were all beautifully bucked because, in our first brush with the vaunted outfit, we had bagged one against odds without a casualty.

There was no resting on our laurels. Since you're so damned good, you pups, get out and get some more!

That afternoon we went out on another offensive patrol, but drew a blank. The next day we escorted a couple of French Caudrons on a photographic flight over Ghistelles, south and east of Ostende. We did not sight a single enemy machine.

Later that afternoon there was another patrol, but again no Huns. Evidently their planes had been sent south, where the big push was on in earnest.

Next afternoon, on another cruise through a Hunless



HOW British artillery and planes co-operated to score bull's-eyes behind the German lines: On a clock-face design, circles (A, B, and C) were drawn to indicate ground distances up to 100 yards from the center, which corresponded to a map location of the position to be shelled. A shell, as shown by this diagram, lands about fifty yards from the target and to the lower left. The aerial observer, marking the spot, signals "B 8" by wireless to the artillerymen, indicating on their duplicate chart that the shell landed near B circle, nearest the figure VIII on the dial. With this information the gunners continue to correct their range until a hit is made.

sky, I had a little experience which went into the tragedy and comedy of those old flying days. We were over Roulers, some twelve miles inside the enemy lines, when I had a piston seize—stuck solid.

Stalling to stop the useless engine would have cost valuable height. I would have to stretch every inch of altitude to the limit if I wished to avoid serving the remainder of the war in a Hun prison camp.

So I let the dead motor turn on. But everything was thrown out of balance by the break. The vibration was fierce. The wings began to flap like a bird's. The old bus threatened to shimmy into little bits.

FORTUNATELY, I had a starting height of over 14,000 feet, and, with a strong following wind, I glided over twenty miles. At Bulscamp, about ten miles from the airdrome, I picked out a nice green field on which to land. It happened to be slashed with parallel ditches about twelve feet apart, leaving strips of earth just wide enough to accommodate a plane's wheels, if one judged nicely.

I managed it, but "Boots" Le Boutillier, an American of our flight, who had stuck around me on the long glide, was not so fortunate.

It was all mighty white of him. Not content with protecting me all the way on the slow-motion slide over enemy territory, he had come down to find out the trouble, so that he might report to the wing and save me from spending a night out by sending help. Thus he came to share my plight.

The Camel had a hump where the guns were. That made a nasty blind spot on a landing like this. And Boots miscalculated. The wheels of his undercarriage went into the ditch. His nose jerked down. Over he pitched on his back.

Poor Boots! He was not hurt. His belt held him suspended beneath the plane, his head a mere six inches above the mucky water in the ditch. When I came up he was swearing fit to blister the "dope" on his wings. He damned the field. He damned the Camel. He damned me most of all.

"You ruddy idiot! Of all the places to land! Get me out of it—blast it! You got me in. Do something, Brownie! This belt's cutting the—oh, for God's sake—"

But I could not even speak for laughing. And, when I tried, I could not do a thing. Finally he had to slip the pin in his belt and flop head first into the slime.

He crept out from under the machine, spitting ooze and oaths. He was mad with me, of course. But I told him he was a silly ass to come down when he didn't have to—poor thanks for his decency.

A week previously to the day, on leave together in London, we had slept in the bridal suite at the Savoy after a most beautiful binge. That night we rustled a meal of black coffee, black bread, and blacker dripping from a Belgian peasant and then slept in his miserable haymow.

When a detail of mechanics had helped us get clear, the following afternoon, we flew to Cappelle, south of Dunkerque, to which the squadron had been shifted.

Patrols out of Cappelle yielded nothing, and on March 28 we were moved about twenty miles south to Bailleul, which was hard by the Ypres salient—too hard by to be pleasant, as it proved.

So many moves in so many days made war a hell. Hangars had to be taken down, machine shops dismantled, gear in huts or tents stored away, lorries loaded. It was not a mere matter of flitting to another nest, like birds. We had to shift our nests as well. This razzed us all.

Meals were make-believe. Sleep was snatched

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
BY SAUL TEPPER

How the injured employee is nursed back to health . . . *without financial loss*

An employee in a small Ohio shop met with an accident at his work bench.

The employer, a fair-minded man, felt that the accident was an act of Providence. He gladly offered to continue the employee's pay during his lay-off, but claimed he couldn't afford to pay for a costly but necessary surgical operation.

A bitter lawsuit resulted.

"Why not a joint Employers' Fund, administered by the State, to take care of such cases?" a public-spirited legislator suggested. "Let each employer contribute a modest premium each year. And thus, both employer and employee will be protected from heavy individual money losses when accident strikes."

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers took up the idea and sponsored it insistently and continuously until the Workman's Compensation Act became an Ohio law.

At first, Capital opposed the plan on the ground that it was confiscatory and an invasion of private rights. But today, there isn't a business man in Ohio who doesn't regard the Workman's Compensation Act not only as humane and wholesome, but as sound business protection.

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are not narrow partisans of either Capital or Labor. They are jealous guardians of the rights of the general public whenever those rights are blocked or threatened by entrenched power.

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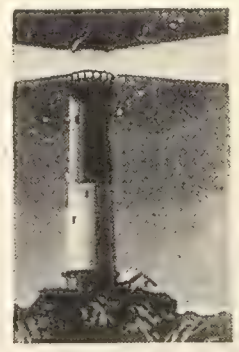

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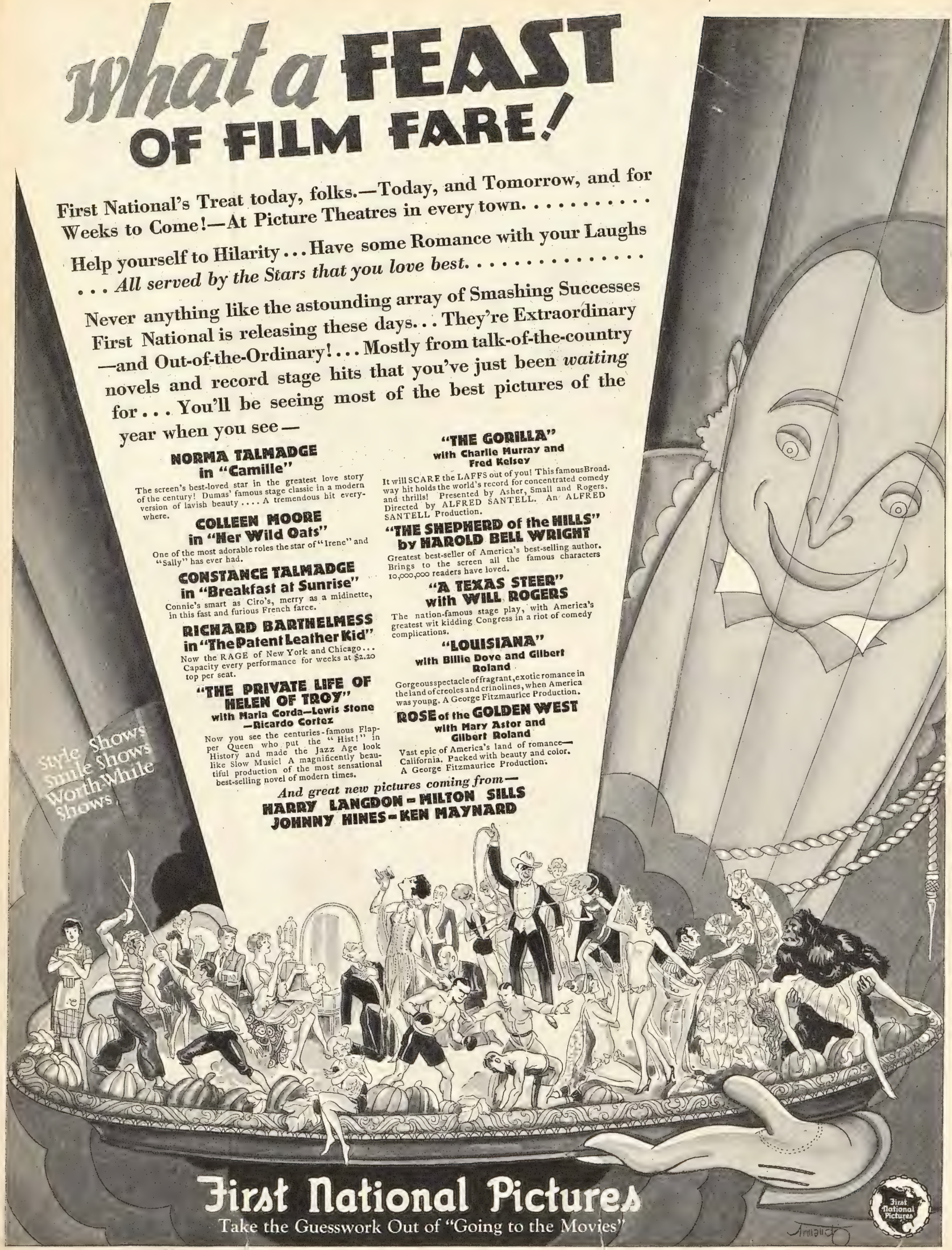

First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

at odd moments. Yet we had to carry on with pukka patrols.

We were only two days at Cappelle when we were sent to Bailleul. And there we had not even learned the location of the nearest *estaminet* before we were shelled out.

Orders to move from Cappelle had come in the evening. That meant all-night slugging to be ready for the shift at dawn. The flip to Bailleul was a mere jump through the air. We got there at 10:30 o'clock.

But at the airdrome there was not a lorry; not even a provost-sergeant as reception committee; not a single comfort of home. It was afternoon before the arrival of the first truck and a meal: bread all streaked with green, which we had to cut away before sopping the broken remains in tea and slushing the mess down!

After that we worked, attending to the unloading of the lorries and setting up the airdrome. Boots and I felt like a couple of scorched owls. Ye gods! We were low. No sleep for thirty-six hours. No rest. No food. Just humping to it like stevedores.

By 3 o'clock we could carry on no longer. Fortunately, I had a flask of brandy. We took a slug apiece; then flopped in our leather coats in a corner of a hut.

We sank into a sluggish sleep. At that moment an orderly rushed in, shouting:

"Line's broke! Boche coming through. Portuguese streaming across the drome. Orders to move at once —report to the C. O."

We came to our feet, grouching.

Why couldn't the ruddy Hun have picked another time?

And out we ran, to find every one in motion. The commanding officer was snapping the squadron to life.

"Leave your machines — you couldn't fly them out in this muck. Each flight commander have a man with a motorcycle stand by to burn them when the Hun's in sight. Give him tins of gasoline to slash on them. Meantime, you pilots help load lorries. There's little time. Then get out as fast as you can for Marie Claire Nord."

Marie Claire Nord! And where the hell was that?

THE March night was already closing in. It was raw and it was raining. We soon learned that Marie Claire Nord was forty miles west.

In the miserable gloom we started to reload the lorries. About 7 o'clock we got away. By that time it was pitch-dark. We were soggy, sodden, chilled to the marrow.

A cheerless bunch of shadows settled on the loads for the forty-mile drive.

I remember Dick coming to be lifted aboard, and he lay beside me all the way. Dick was an Airedale belonging to Norton, the commanding officer.

As a pup he had flown with him from England. Since then he had served with the squadron wherever it went. He was a bad case of shell-shock. In a bombardment he would quiver and shake, scared spineless.

But he had courage and amazing intelligence in certain ways.

For one thing, he made it a point to murder any strange dog that came to the airdrome. Dogs accompanying officers were exempt—he seemed to recognize their right to visit—but another dog he'd kill.

One officer's dog he would not tolerate under any circumstances: a Russian wolfhound belonging to Lamb, commander of the Royal Naval Air Service in France, a brass-hat bigwig who came occasionally on inspection. If a visit from Lamb was announced, one of us was detailed to keep Dick away from his Russian hound.

One particular day it was my turn as dog sentry. Closing the French windows and doors in one of the huts, I sat down by the fire to read.

Dick knew something was afoot. Nervously he ranged from one window to another. At last I got him to lie down and promptly forgot about him in the interest of my book.

Suddenly, unknown to me, Lamb drove up in his Rolls-Royce.

Dick flung to his feet, his hair bristling.

"Down, Dick! Lie down!" I ordered him.

He broke into a growl and stiffened. I looked out of the window and saw Lamb's dog leap from the car.

That was the moment Dick chose to go clean through the window, taking glass and sash with him. By the time I had found my feet he was already half-way toward the wolfhound.

Then things began to happen quickly.

Lamb was stepping down as his dog turned, banged against his knees as it shot back inside the car, and sent the old boy sprawling on his back.

Dick used the commander's stomach as a spring-board as he streaked after his enemy.

I nearly passed out.

On the other side of the car, Lamb's aide was climbing out as the wolfhound hit him in the back. He, too, fell. Dick's flying feet bounced off his face. Within twenty jumps he was at the other dog's throat.

By the time the dogs were separated, Lamb assisted to his feet, and his aide straightened out, I had come up—to receive the worst strafing of my flying career. Gosh! Lamb was sore.

Dear old Dick! On the drive he lay against my leg, quivering and shaking. His state was no worse than the pilots'.

What a drive! Forty miles of bumping through a pitch-black, pea-soup hell!

We dared not show a light. The roads, cut up by transports, were in places rivers of churned slush. We stuck to the hubs in holes. We had to climb down and help fasten chains to yank the bloody lorries out. We rode in a kind of coma—a swaying, jolting, crawling, soaking wretchedness.

The way seemed endless, Marie Claire Nord an inaccessible nothing in a nethermost pit. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we reached our destination.

Marie Claire Nord! So this was it.

Never at the front did I see such appalling huts. And the candles we lighted, instead of mellowing the horror of them, only served to accentuate the general disgust.

The floors were thick with all manner of filth. From the beams hung several joints of decayed beef. But we were too far gone to care. Some of the pilots flopped on the dirty floor. Others flung themselves on benches and boxes.

Stearne Edwards produced a box of sardines. Some one else had a loaf of bread. The bread was divided safely and, as it happened, there was a sardine apiece.

We wolfed the morsels.

ALL but one of the pilots: an Englishman, a dude chap, public-school man, and all that. I happened to be looking casually at him, when I saw him drop his sardine.

Now, an American or Canadian would have cursed his luck, ground the half-bite of fish into the floor with an enraged heel, or would have picked it up openly and eaten it brazenly.

But not the Englishman.

I watched him impersonally. He did not notice me. His glance went quickly from pilot to pilot. Without moving his body, he sent his hand creeping in the shadow down the side of his leg. Ah! Somebody looking! Three times he tried before he brought up the sardine. He relaxed and looked at it openly. Then he wiped it with his handkerchief, placed it on his chunk of bread, and ate it.

We had scarcely stretched ourselves to sleep when orders came to return to Bailleul. The Hun had not come through. The machines had not been burned. We were to get them at dawn.

Perhaps we had two hours' sleep. It was shortly after 4 A. M. when we started by lorry back to Bailleul. The rain had stopped. Daylight had come when we arrived, and it was good enough for flying.

Rum had turned up. Strong toddies stiffened us for flight after some fifty hours with practically no sleep. Shortly after 10 o'clock we got off the ground and started back to Marie Claire Nord.

Another sky battle with the circus! How Captain Brown once again fought the German in the pink-and-green machine—and how his own plane was shot down—are told in next week's LIBERTY.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

SNITCH

A powerful story of stark realism

By
FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

A TALE that might be true—perhaps is mostly true—of an amazing episode in the gang warfare of Bloody Williamson County. Treachery, jealousy, lust, cruelty, and killing weave into a story never to be forgotten.

—also—

A rollicking romance called

THE DOVES OF SANDONA

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

REMEMBER this famous humorist's "Pigs Is Pigs"? Well, this time there are no pigs, only doves—lily-white doves, but they cause plenty of trouble in a Florida resort. The love of a young go-getter is wrapped up in all the panoply of a land boom; and if you enjoy a laugh read how he won a bride in—

Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

It hasn't a single belt, fan or drain pipe....

It always works perfectly and never needs oiling....

One of the first things that made me favor this General Electric Refrigerator was the fact that it was so unusually quiet. And I liked the idea of never having to oil it. All you have to do is plug it into an electric outlet . . . and then you can forget it. It hasn't any belts, drains, fans, or stuffing boxes.

But, of course, the thing that appeals to me most is the way it has cut my housekeeping job. I only market twice a week now, because I have plenty of space and just the right temperature to keep all sorts of foods in perfect condition.

We go away for week-ends without having to worry about ice. Everything is ready for use when we get back.

Cooking has become easier, too. Desserts, which used to be the most difficult part of the dinner to prepare, now are beautifully simple —and ever so much more attractive.

Expensive to run? Not a bit. It uses very little current to make all the ice we need and give us perfect refrigeration. And, do you know, it's quite remarkable the way the top of this box never gets dusty. The circulation of air through those coils seems to drive the dust away.

* * * *

For fifteen years the vast laboratories of General Electric have been busy developing a simplified refrigerator that would be about as easy to operate as an electric fan . . . and almost as portable. Four thousand models of nineteen different types were built, field-tested and improved before this new-day refrigerator was brought to its present simplicity and efficiency.

You will want to see the models. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 11-L which is interesting and completely descriptive.

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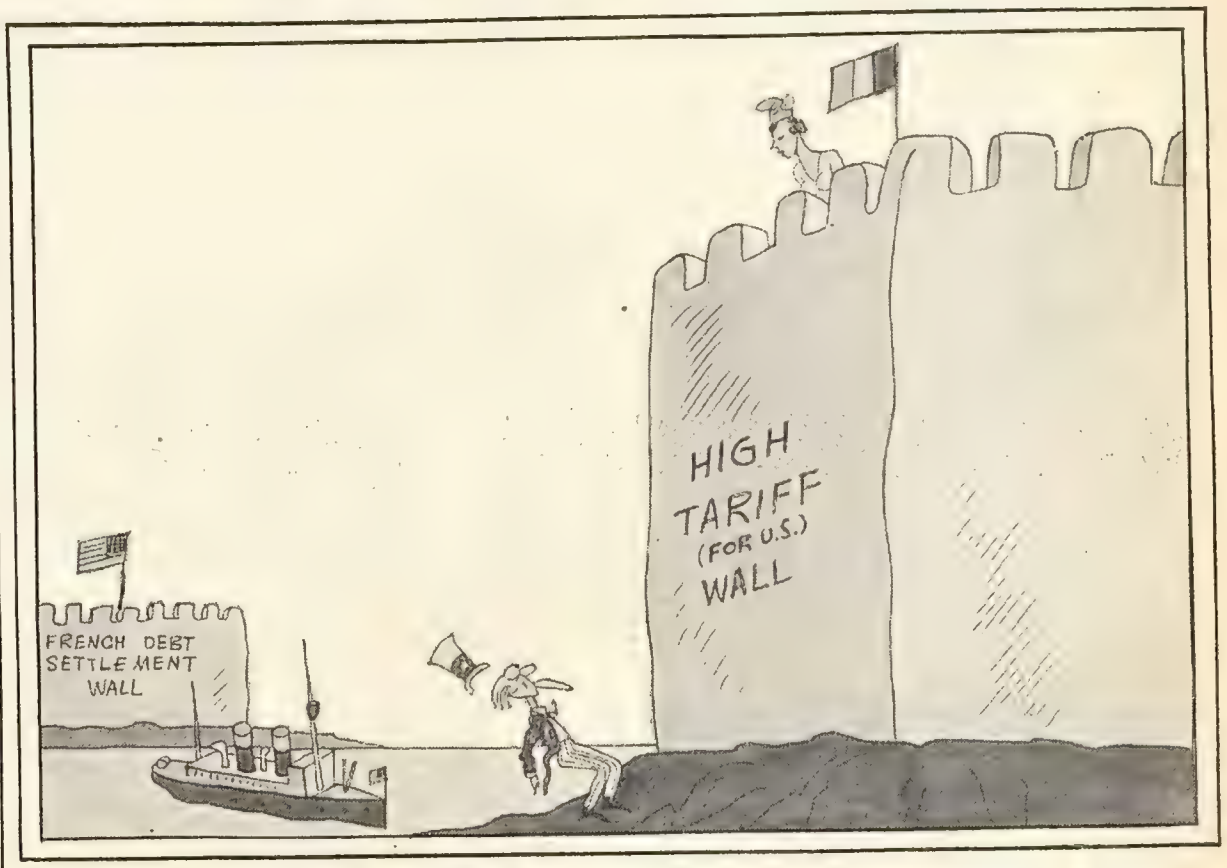
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GRAPHIC SECTION

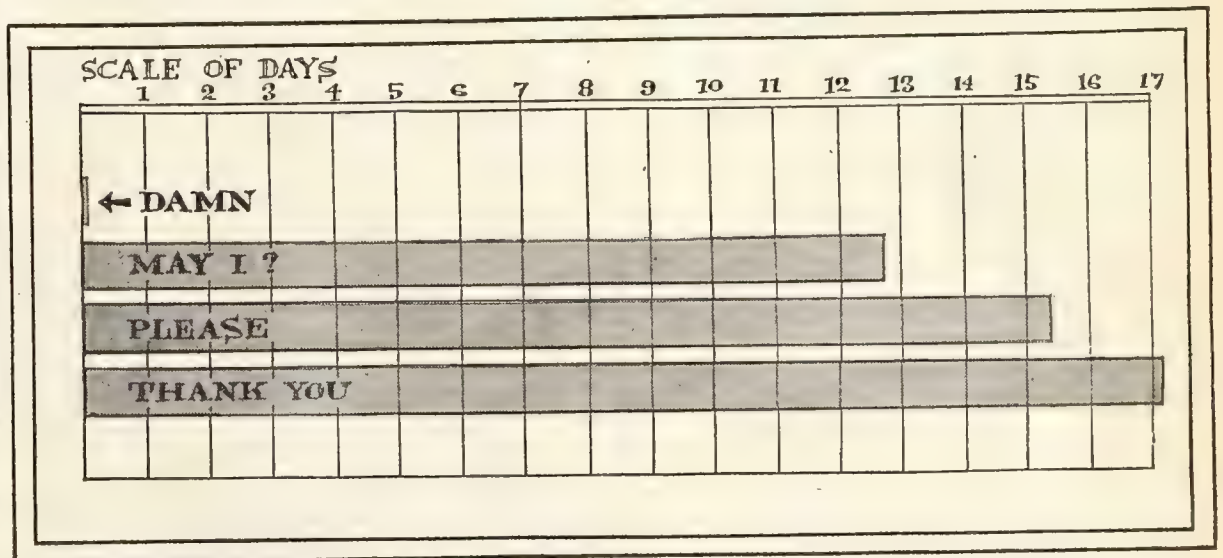
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS PLEADS FOR DEVICES TO HELP KILL ALL THE TIME SAVED BY TIME-SAVING DEVICES. Graphic Section hastens to endow 25,000 Dollar-a-Year Men to strike cigarets smartly against the back of the hand for the smokers of New York.



LA FRANCE TO UNCLE SAM: "Now, then, *cher ami,* YOU see if YOU can climb over MY wall!" (A hand-painted political cartoon, with a strong bias in favor of France, done specially for this page.)



DISTURBING RESULT OF OUR INVESTIGATION into the length of time it takes the normal, healthy American child of six to ten years to learn, under constant application, certain current words and phrases.

CZAR BORIS OF BULGARIA, age thirty-three, home-loving, cultured, collects butterflies, likes motor-cars; income $13,500 per annum. Desires correspond with attractive young lady with prospects. Object matrimony.

IL DUCE IN HIS LATEST ROLE. A snapshot of unusual scientific interest, made outside Naples last summer by an American tourist. The camera has caught the scene at the moment the threatened eruption of Vesuvius was quelled by a glance from the greatest Roman of them all.

Where are the LAUGHS *of* Yesteryear?

Harry Langdon and Other Fountains of Mirth in Filmland Seem to be Drying Up

A Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE year 1927 has been a disastrous one for the screen comedians. Charlie Chaplin has been too busy with domestic tribulations to finish his newest effort, The Circus, and Harold Lloyd alone has held his own among all the laugh stars. At that, Lloyd's For Heaven's Sake and The Kid Brother were none too enthusiastically received by the American film millions.

Harry Langdon and Buster Keaton have skidded a lot. Raymond Griffith, Syd Chaplin, and Douglas MacLean have faded more or less completely. Langdon seems destined to slide right out of feature-comedy stardom unless he does something about it immediately.

While the laugh stars have been fumbling their opportunities, a raft of comedy teams have been launched by the Hollywood barons. These teams grew out of the success of Wallie Beery and Raymond Hatton in Behind the Front and We're in the Navy Now.

Beery tried to go it alone in Casey at the Bat and flopped. Then teams were formed ranging from W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin to Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. However, none of them has achieved the popularity of Beery and Hatton.

To return to the sad fate of the comedy stars—and specifically to Harry Langdon: No one was ever shoved into fame with greater predictions of success. Mack Sennett looked upon him as the biggest find since Chaplin. Harold Lloyd thought Langdon funnier than any one else in pictures.

Langdon's collapse seems to be due to a perspective lost amid the glamours of Hollywood. He came to films after considerably over a dozen years in vaudeville.

Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, he started his public career as a newsboy in Omaha. Step by step he moved from assistant to an Omaha theater janitor, to ticket-taker of the theater, to a hit on an amateur-night program, to medicine shows, and then to the varieties.

If you were an ardent vaudeville-goer you probably remember his appearance with his wife in two skits, Johnny's New Car and Golfing.

Then Sennett saw him in the varieties. Sennett had developed Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, Ben Turpin, Buster Keaton, Chester Conklin, and almost every other comedian of the custard-pie era. He saw rare possibilities in Langdon.

For two years Langdon made two- and three-reelers, twenty-six in all. His work attracted wide attention.

Then the Langdons, married for twenty years, separated. This, of course, might have occurred anywhere and under vastly different conditions. Still, it happened. Mrs. Langdon was given the Hollywood bungalow and the rights to the old vaudeville skits. She tried the pictures herself.

First National signed Langdon to his present feature-comedy stardom. This contract pays him between $60,000 and $70,000 a picture.

Langdon started his new contract with Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. It did nicely. The Strong Man was better. Then came Long Pants, pretty much of a dud. And now Three's a Crowd, which is a complete flop.

The answer? Langdon is writing his own comedies and directing himself. He has Chaplin aspirations. He no longer depends upon batteries of gag men to create his laughs. To all appearances he has lost his sense of proportion.

His new comedy, Three's a Crowd, is fearfully dull. In fact, it is not a comedy. Langdon tries to be whimsically pathetic for six reels and does not make the grade.

Harry Langdon, who is trying to walk in Charlie Chaplin's footsteps.

A scene from Three's a Crowd, with Langdon and Gladys McConnell, that illustrates his switch from broad comedy to pathos.

He plays a tragically lonesome young sap who longs hopelessly for a wife and a child. Then a lost wife is left on his door-step in a snowstorm. In the end, he loses the woman and her new-born baby and is once more a lonesome garret-dweller.

All this drags on interminably, with hardly a chuckle anywhere along the dreary stretch of celluloid. Langdon still suggests Lillian Gish in his fluttering comic agitation, but he is far from funny.

Maybe Langdon will realize the danger of his position. Oblivion may result from two or three bad pictures these days. However, one good comedy will rehabilitate him. Maybe his next effort, The Nineteenth Hole, will be the good comedy in question.

Do you know that—

Speedy has been selected as the title of Harold Lloyd's New York comedy? . . . Camilla Horn, the lovely *Marguerite* of Faust, is coming over from Germany to play opposite Jack Barrymore in Cellini? . . . Jean Hersholt and Charles Rogers have been selected for the cast of Abie's Irish Rose? . . . Esther Ralston has been re-signed by Paramount with a promise of bigger and better rôles? . . . Richard Dix will appear in James Forbes' old stage comedy, The Traveling Salesman? . . . While Ben Lyon was in Berlin he made one picture, Dancing Vienna?

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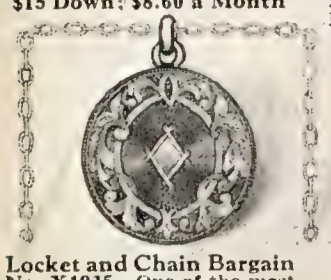

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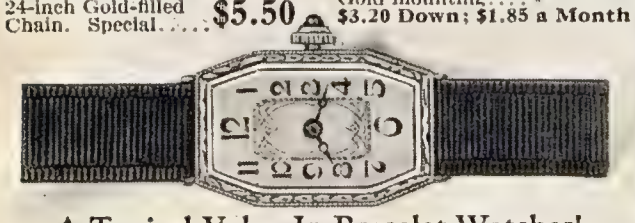

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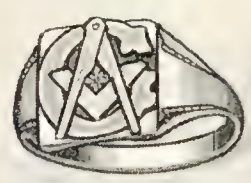

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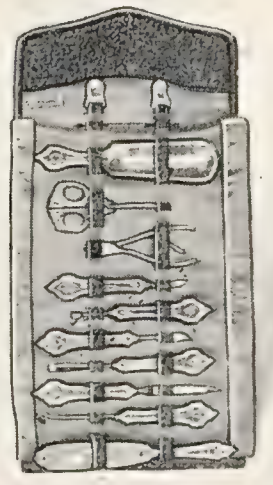

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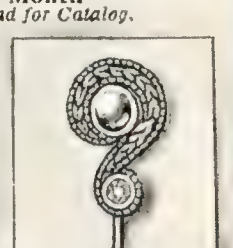

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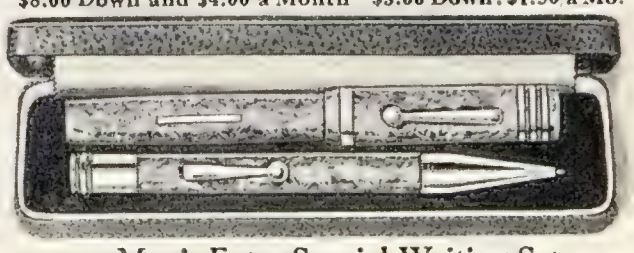

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An Expert Survey of the Most Important Business in the World

An Article by

RHETA CHILDE DORR

(Reading time: 17 minutes.)

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY of Denver has been put out of the court he made so famous during a tenure of more than twenty years that nearly all other juvenile courts in the world have been patterned after it.

An irregularity in the last elections was the excuse for ousting Judge Lindsey, but the real reason why he has lost public confidence is that he wrote a book proposing a new and startling form of marriage.

Having dealt with so many thousands of delinquent, criminal, neglected, physically and mentally abnormal children, Judge Lindsey has revolted against the American system of marriage and divorce, which he says is mainly responsible for the poor little misfits who crowd juvenile courts, reformatories, and jails.

Judge Lindsey's remedy, companionate marriages, aroused a storm of shocked and indignant protests from press and pulpit, most conservative people believing that any change in marriage forms must be for the worse.

We admit that marriage in the United States has become a very shaky institution, a social problem the like of which, outside of Soviet Russia, the world has never seen. The only remedy suggested by the conservative is more stringent divorce laws.

Many desire the laws to be made uniform throughout the United States, with causes limited to adultery, insanity, and prolonged abandonment. Some would forbid remarriage; others would abolish alimony for childless wives; others would ostracize the divorced, even the innocent party.

Isn't that like Americans? Pass a law! Prohibit! Outlaw the offenders! As if we didn't have too many laws already, too many prohibitions. And as if laws and prohibitions materially affected the conduct of free-born and individualistic Americans anyhow. The remedy is not punishment but preventive medicine—if not Judge Lindsey's brand, then some other.

That we have too much divorce hardly any one, except red radicals, seeks to deny. No other country, past or present, ever approached our record, for the oft-cited easy divorces of decadent Rome were, after all, limited to a very small proportion of the population, whereas with us they are about as common in one class as in another.

ANY two adolescents who fall in love, perhaps after a petting party or two, are regarded as perfectly good candidates for the wedded state.

A few years ago we were horrified on being informed by the United States Census Bureau that one marriage in twelve ended in divorce. Since then the figures have moved steadily upward, increasing within the last ten years 50 per cent, so that now one marriage in eight is dissolved by the courts.

One in eight of all the April dreams of youth, the ardent courtships, the visions of love, home, children, companionship in old age, wrecked in bitterness and tears! Reno. Paris. Newspaper publicity. Alimony fights. Custody of children disputed, or, worse still, children abandoned to institutions or to any relatives willing to give them shelter.

One in eight. In another ten years it may be one in four. Really, something ought to be done about it.

That something, in my opinion, is apart from law, apart from religion, apart from any of the drastic remedies suggested — companionate marriages, trial marriages, free love in any of its various disguises. No law or convention can keep unhappy husbands and wives together in this country.

The only way to rescue our marriages from

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

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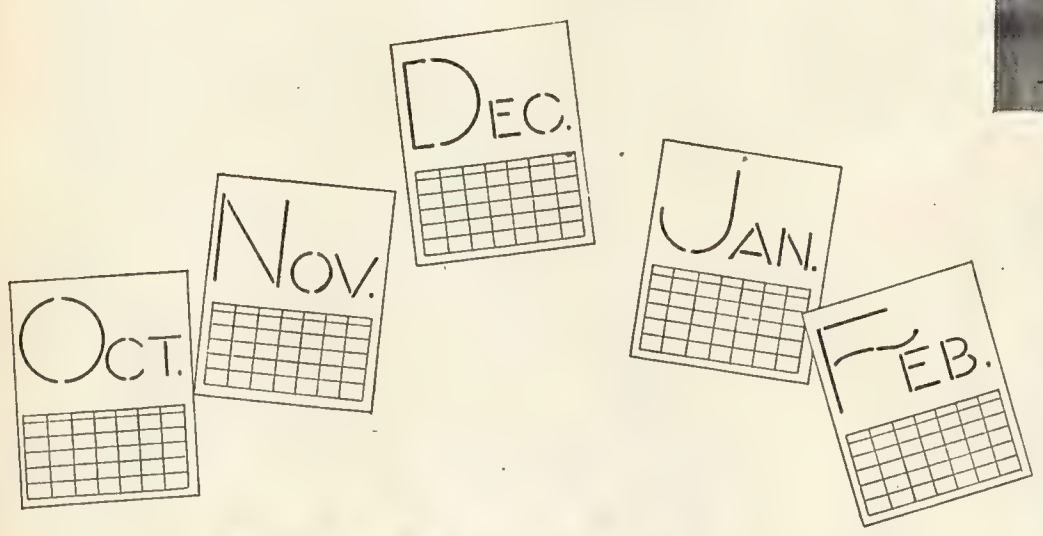

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

the bog of the divorce courts is to take some of the risk out of them before they are contracted. We can't do this by law, but we can do it by consent, by taking thought, by voluntary action based on common sense.

Some of our cherished ideals will have to be abandoned, and the first one, I am persuaded, will have to be the romantic notion that love-matches, pure and uncomplicated, are the only basis for marriage. As it is now, any two adolescents who fall in love, perhaps after a few dances or a petting party or two, are regarded as perfectly good candidates for the wedded state.

NOBODY is so foolish as to think that marriage is nothing more than a prolonged love-affair.

Nothing evokes such pæans of joy and gratulation from friends and relatives alike as an engagement between a boy lately out of college and a girl in her first dancing frocks. So sweet! Of course her mother objected. How unreasonable of her. Enough said. The marriage may last a lifetime, and it may turn out a statistical figure in the next divorce report. Nobody knows or even speculates.

BESIDES Americans, the only people in the world who don't know or don't speculate are primitive tribes, where the object of marriage on the one hand is raw meat for the pot, and on the other sex satisfaction and the securing of a woman to cook and bear children. In every civilized country in the world, except America, something besides love is taken into consideration.

Ah, exclaims the reader in disdain, you are talking about those arranged marriages of Europe. Yes, I am. Those marriages, most of them, endure for life; and since people the world over are very much the same, those life marriages must be about as happy as ours.

Dismiss the idea that European marriages are arranged on a purely mercenary basis and that they involve the subjection of women.

Contrary to the opinion of many Americans, Englishmen do not usually beat or bully their wives; French and Italian women rarely have love nests where they spend an hour each day between tea and dinner; German husbands do not invariably limit their wives' activities to church, children, and kitchen.

Married people in Europe love and respect each other and are as happy in their homes and their children as we are. Sometimes I think they are happier.

Before I began to live months—and, at one period, years—abroad, I too had a horror of arranged marriages. I thought that if anything in the world was a strictly private and personal matter it was marriage. Now I know that to marry merely for love is as dangerous as to invest one's life savings in oil stocks because the shares are handsomely engraved and stuck all over with red and gold seals.

My own experience might have taught me that, because I myself, after a marriage which in six years ran the whole gamut from ardent love to complete disillusionment, ended by becoming a divorce statistic. But I clung to the romantic delusion that I was an unfortunate exception to the rule that love was enough. My life abroad has taught me wisdom.

IF I write more of French conditions than of others, it is because I have studied the marriage question more intensively in France than elsewhere; but my observations have extended from Scandinavia through western Europe to Russia (prerevolutionary) and the Balkans, and I have found that the system, with some variations, works about the same in one country as in another.

It was in France that I first discovered that in arranging a marriage the parents on both sides do not get together, agree on sordid money settlements, and then inform the boy and girl that they are to be married on such and such a date. Nothing like it.

There was a time, no doubt, when a *jeune fille* was kept in conventual simplicity and ignorance until her parents found a proper husband for her. But that period ended in the '90s.

The advent of the bicycle broke up the seclusion of the French girl. She took to it as she later took to tennis and golf. All over the Continent young people are playing together in outdoor games. Add to that the co-educational universities, art schools, and conservatories, the industries and professions in which men and women meet, and you will agree that the old sex segregation in Europe has become almost obsolete.

I remember a very pretty French girl of about twenty with whom I became friendly during the war. She had joined up with the American Y. M. C. A., and when I knew her she was driving an express and passenger truck between Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry.

Marcelle was no emancipated young Parisienne. She came from a conventional home in a provincial city of the south. She was working in our army partly because she liked Americans and partly because Frenchwomen who spoke English well were so valuable that we borrowed them whenever we could.

This young girl moved around from place to place and lived entirely unchaperoned. Of course scores of doughboys and smart young officers fell in love with Mlle. Marcelle, and some of them, I know, proposed marriage. She was on terms of frank good-fellowship with all; but marriage? No, indeed, Marcelle explained. One did not marry that way in France.

Marriages, in Marcelle's country, are arranged by the Family Council, that peculiarly Latin institution whose roots go far back into the Middle Ages.

The Family Council, which has a legal status as well as the sanction of ancient custom, is composed of parents, grandparents, and other

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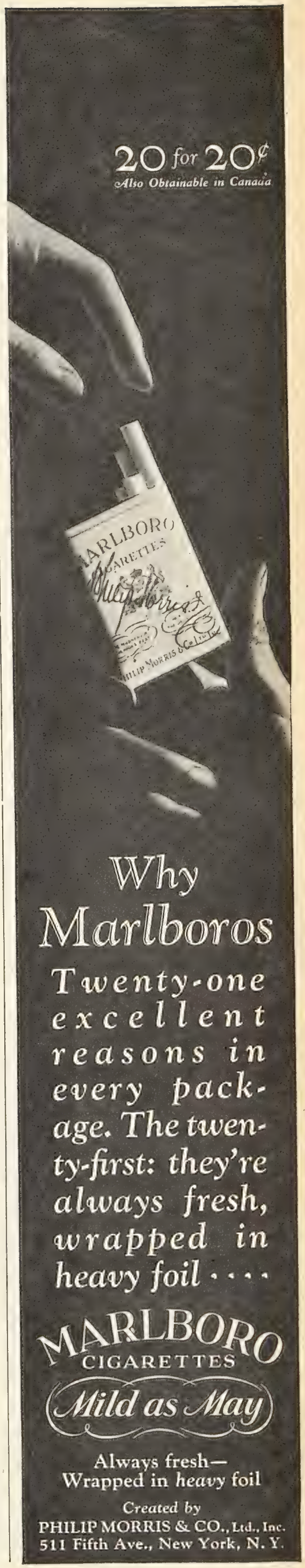

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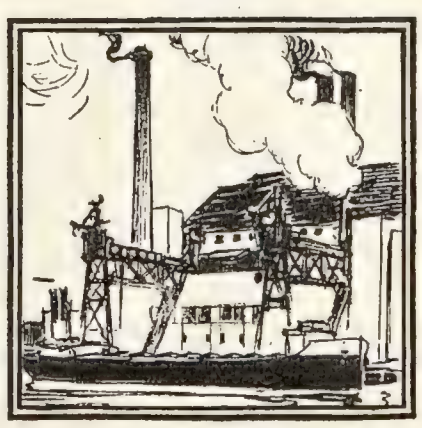

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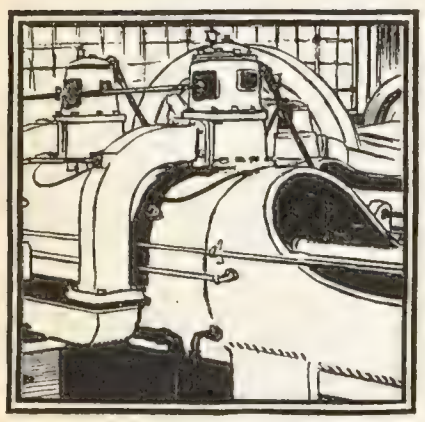

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CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

near relatives. Mothers and grandmothers are especially influential.

The Family Council decides almost all questions of business, investments, careers, education, choice of trades and professions, as well as marriages and after-marriage troubles if they become serious.

The business of getting married in France is about the same in its initial stages as it is in the United States. Two young people fall in love. In the older countries the caste system is still in vogue, and so the lovers are usually of the same social class.

The families know each other, personally or by repute, and it is easy for parents to meet on a polite and understanding basis to discuss the affair.

AS in America, the dawning of romance between young people is ever exciting and delightful, but in France the parents consider whether it is a false dawn or the real thing. Is the marriage suitable, or should Jeanne or Louis, or both, be taken on a little voyage? A little voyage, as we know over here, often makes quite a difference.

In determining whether or not a marriage is suitable, great importance is attached to equality of birth and upbringing. Not in the snobbish sense of rich marrying rich, nobility marrying nobility, but in the sense that heredity and social background are taken into consideration.

They believe that marriages between equals have a better chance of success; that couples who spring from the same tradition will find it easier to adjust their mutual lives than those whose standards, ideals, and customs vary widely.

The French do not, as a rule, have many children, and they are all the more anxious that those children shall attain success in marriage as in life.

Marriage, it is admitted, is a very personal relation, but in Europe they maintain that it is also racial. It is a social institution, and concerns not only the lovers but, in a lesser degree, the families of both, and last of all the community.

If marriage were nothing more than a prolonged love-affair, this might not be so, but nobody in Europe (or anywhere else, if the truth were told) is so foolish as to think that it is. In the happiest union in the world the sex attraction, the very thing that led to marriage, quickly fades into the background.

Marriage turns out to be an all-around partnership, and before this is secured and lasting happiness is established, a whole volume of conflicts have to be solved in mutual compromise and toleration. Unless the social background of both partners is something alike, these conflicts are always difficult, and too often they are irreconcilable.

The prince wedding the lovely peasant maid, the rich man's daughter giving up her life of luxury to marry her father's clerk, make very nice fairy-tales, but how many such couples really do "live happily ever afterward"?

Count Hermann Keyserling's Book of Marriage, to which many eminent European, and one American, authorities contributed, says that only in exceptional cases can two people of widely different heredity and tradition be happy together, because few can endure being transplanted from one soil to another.

Nature itself is full of routine, the average mortal wants nothing but routine, and any violent disturbance of routine is apt to be calamitous.

This explains why in Europe people continue, for the most part, to marry within their own class. It perpetuates the caste system. But this is constantly being broken into by the rise, financially and socially, of families and individuals, especially since the World War.

Poor aristocrats increasingly seek marriages "outside the tribe," but they seek Americans with more confidence because Americans have no caste, and besides they are more adaptable than Europeans.

THE average woman marries for security in which to bear children.

An aristocratic family is always loath to accept a new son or daughter, especially a new daughter, who may be deficient in social graces, but there is a reason that goes deeper than that. Keyserling's book explains why, if a marriage must be unequal, it is better that the wife be of superior grade.

A wife is much more likely than a husband to lift the marriage and the children to her cultural level. An inferior wife too often drags the husband down, because, alas, the male of the species finds it only too easy to slump.

Robert Louis Stevenson noted this among the missionaries of the South Seas. The men, he tells us, after a few years grow careless of dress and behavior, neglect to bathe or shave, and in extreme cases practically go native.

The women, on the contrary, hardly change at all, but after twenty years among natives live, dress, and act exactly as they did at home.

If any child of a European family must "marry for money," they prefer that it should be a daughter, because, although children inherit about equally from both sides, it is really women and not men who, in the long run, transmit family traits.

HIGHLY bred male lines run out long before female lines of equal rank. Constant wars account, in some measure, for this. In every great war large numbers of superior males are killed off, leaving inferior types to perpetuate the race. The superior women, however, are not killed off, and they not only transmit their heritage to future generations, but they educate and train the children born to the inferior male types.

Even leaving wars out of the question, it is a strange fact that lineal male lines disappear earlier than the female lines. Thus women are not only the physical carriers of the race, but carriers also of its cultural heritage.

Material as well as more spiritual considerations affect marriages in Europe. Incomes are more fixed there than here, and salaries are smaller, so that comparatively few men can afford to take on the entire support of a wife and family. Hence the dowry system.

In all classes it is considered almost a disgrace for a girl to go penniless even to a rich husband. The *dot* may be small, but it is very important, especially to the bride, because, come what may, she has it to fall back on in emergencies.

Where married women's property rights have not yet been secured, the *dot*, unless otherwise provided in the contract, becomes the husband's property, but he can not spend or dispose of the principal. That belongs to the wife, and she can neither give nor lend it to her husband, even to save him from financial disaster.

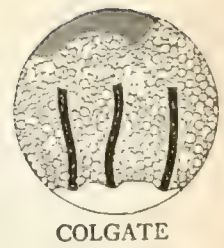
Ordinarily the wife controls the income from her *dot*. It may bring her in a very small annual sum, but even so it conduces to her self-respect to have her own money, and it increases the respect of her relations-in-law.

In the shopkeeping classes the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Small Bubble lather

attacks beard at base

COLGATE "small-bubble" lather seeps between whiskers. Myriads of midget bubbles douse every hair at the base—soften it ready for shaving. Look at the lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base. Every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable throughout the day.

A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES—FREE

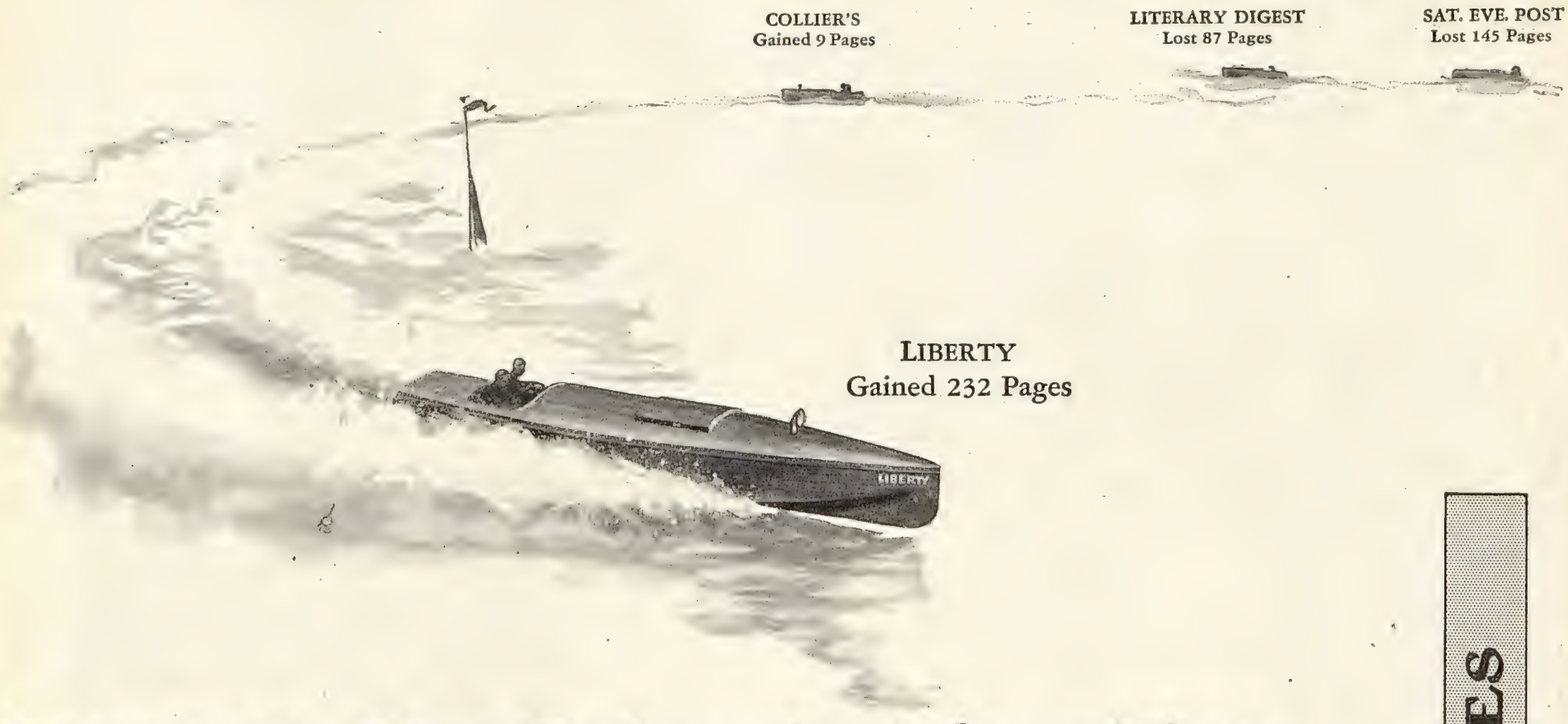
Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502K-1,595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

NINE MONTHS' ADVERTISING COMPARISON OF LEADING WEEKLIES



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THE thirteen leading national magazines gained 336 pages, of which 232 pages is LIBERTY'S individual gain. LIBERTY'S gain was nearly *three-fourths* of the total increase. It was 128 pages *more* than the combined net gain of the 12 other magazines. It was 123 pages *more* than the individual gain of the second highest magazine in the list. Only one other national weekly made a gain—and LIBERTY exceeded it by 223 pages!

Magazine advertisers are buying more this year than last. *But they are buying differently,* as this comparison for the first nine months of 1927 over like period of 1926, shows:

		Pages			*Pages*
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DELINEATOR	Gain	109	COLLIER'S	Gain	9
McCALL'S	Gain	91			
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	Gain	49	GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	Loss	19
PICTORIAL REVIEW	Gain	45	WOMAN'S HOME COMPAN'N	Loss	23
COSMOPOLITAN	Gain	35	LITERARY DIGEST	Loss	87
AMERICAN	Gain	28	SATURDAY EVENING POST	Loss	145

**Fractions disregarded throughout the list. Figures are tabulated from Reports of Publishers' Information Bureau.*

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

LIBERTY GAINED 232 PAGES

COMBINED NET GAIN 12 MAGAZINES ~ 104 PAGES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

dot is often, by prenuptial agreement, invested in the husband's business, but the French wife is an equal partner. She is the cashier, the bookkeeper, the auditor, the banker. Let Jean or Pierre try to separate his wife from the contents of the till, the savings or post-office bank-book, and see where they come out!

In eight cases out of ten no Jean or Pierre ever attempts any such wildness, and in nine and a half cases out of ten he wouldn't succeed if he did. The Family Council would get into action, and the lid would slam down hard.

The Family Council, like all institutions, has its bad as well as its good features, but it is a great stabilizer. In old civilizations where women's civil rights are still incomplete it is a wonderful protection for wives and minor children.

As you descend in the social scale you find that money or expectation of money is held almost equally important with the personal preferences of prospective husbands and wives. The higher classes have family, social position, culture to throw into the balance with love. The others have only property.

But in Europe they tell you that the love factor is not really very important except to highly evolved, highly sensitized individuals. The others feel passion, yes, but love in all its complex relations, its continually growing and changing spiritual moods, no.

The average man of the masses marries for a wife to keep his house, bear his children, be his companion. The average woman marries for a home and for security in which to bear children. With simple people gratitude becomes affection, habit creates mutual love and understanding.

DIVORCE, which may involve forming two or even half a dozen new marital unions in the course of a lifetime, does, in the opinion of Europeans, destroy marriage. Not only this, but it destroys the possibility of real marriage between many-times divorced individuals. Such unions more resemble illicit love-affairs, because in both the sex attraction is the element constantly in the foreground.

American women who are able to change husbands frequently, says Keyserling, are "either Amazons or courtesans, and the men, as husbands, appear subjugated to such an extent as is otherwise found only in polyandrous communities."

Infidelity in a French household is regarded as a tragedy; the husband or wife is as much outraged in spirit, as insulted in dignity, as any American.

But the French do not immediately seek divorce. In fact, wilful desertion is considered a greater crime, because it injures the children more and leaves the *foyer*—the hearth, which is French for home—desolated and destroyed.

Such are, in brief, the ideals of marriage in Continental Europe, and I have learned to admire them principally because they work. Husbands and wives live together in a harmony which is not always seen in the United States.

Homes are homes, jealously guarded against intrusive strangers, shrines in which traditions of love and respect for parents grow and flourish in the hearts of the children. Even casual tourists in Europe notice how devoted fathers as well as mothers are to children, even those of older growth.

In the middle and upper classes, the French like to take their pleasures in company with their womenfolk. For that reason you do not find many men's clubs in France; the best clubs, usually country or sporting clubs, being open alike to men and women.

I have written mainly about French marriage ideals, but in general these apply to all Continentals. The English are almost as individualistic as the Americans, and except in the highest aristocracy they do not have arranged marriages.

INCIDENTALLY, ever since economic independence was assured Englishwomen, and after public opinion overcame the influence of the Established Church, marriage laws have been so liberalized that divorce is becoming almost as common in Great Britain as in America. Under the recent law forbidding newspapers to publish details of divorce cases the number of applications has increased tremendously.

I do not advocate the adoption here of all the European ideals of marriage. We can not have a Family Council, because the country is too large and because we are a restless and a migratory people.

Neither do I want more stringent divorce laws. I believe that divorce, as a last resort, is necessary, and that people whose marriages go hopelessly wrong ought to separate, ought to have a chance to remarry.

What I do advocate is avoidance of wrong marriage. The idea that all love-matches are justified, no matter what other circumstances enter in, is a fraud and a delusion. The divorce statistics prove it, for on no other hypothesis can we explain why one marriage in eight ends in shipwreck.

We are a strangely heterogeneous people, as many as forty different nationalities sometimes being found in one large community, and for this reason Americans should be extremely careful to consider the heredity and social background of the persons with whom they fall in love.

Sometimes the differences spell disaster swift and inevitable. Very recently New York newspapers published a "romantic" story about a young daughter of an orthodox Jewish family who eloped with an Italian youth, first joining the Catholic Church in order to marry him.

The father of the girl had the two arrested and jailed overnight, but in the morning the sympathetic

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

About 300 B. C. the Greeks sent messages by means of the Clepsydra. In two stations were water jars of equal size in which floated marked rods. On signal by torch or flag, plugs were pulled. When the rods lowered to a certain mark, at another signal both plugs were reinserted. The rods in both towers dropping to the same mark, the message was known.

Selectivity—Turn the dial of a Grebe Synchrophase Seven. Stations come in—clean, full-toned. No overlapping of programs — station separation is sharply defined.

The tone of the Synchrophase Seven, especially when combined with the Grebe Natural Speaker, is unrivaled in naturalness. Its one-dial control assures a simplicity of tuning that is remarkable.

Grebe construction, backed by eighteen years of making nothing but the highest grade radio apparatus, guarantees the durability of these superior qualities.

Grebe Synchrophase Seven, $135.

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Send for booklet LY. Then have a Grebe dealer prove, in your home, that you can "get it *better* with a Grebe".

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What Every Man Wants

Go to your druggist today and ask for this big kitpack of Mennen Shaving Comforts. Here's an outfit to brighten your day and face—a full-size tube of Mennen Mentholized Shaving Cream—the famous Mennen Shaving Cream with a cooling dash of menthol. Then, a full-size tube of Mennen Skin Balm, a man's face lotion, cool and refreshing to the face as pine-washed winds. And, to top off, the big shaker of Mennen Talcum for Men, the first and now the general favorite with men everywhere. Neutral in tint—no white pallor.

The Mennen shave is the world's sweetest shave—and this Trio Package has it complete.

MENNEN

Trio Package

The Mennen Co.,
Newark, N. J.
and Toronto, Ont.

[WHY MARRY FOR LOVE? Continued from Page Thirty-three]

police captain released them and they were married, to the delight of the public.

Now, a Jew does not become a Gentile, a Catholic a Protestant, or vice versa, by a mere profession of new faith.

In the background of consciousness they remain exactly what they were before. The chances of two people of such radically different strains ever fusing their personalities in a true marriage are little indeed.

SOCIETY was startled a year or two ago by the marriage of a very rich and socially prominent American girl and a man who got his start toward fame and fortune by singing ragtime songs of his own composition in East Side beer-halls. That he is a fine fellow nobody denies, and of course it is possible that the two have enough in common to make up for the violent disturbance of their life routine.

She has had to separate permanently from her family and all her old associates, and to take up life in an environment as new to her as another world.

He has now a wife whose standards in large and small matters are different from any he has ever known.

In Europe this man would have such instinctive respect for his wife's superior birth that he would be proud to be her husband, proud to think that his children might be of her kind rather than his. In this country he would be more likely to feel resentment.

The first case cited is an example of violent change of routine in the lives of the individuals; the second of marriage outside the social class. Both are avoided like the plague in Europe because they are gambling chances.

The caste system does not exist in the United States except in small circles and among the fashionable rich. A social position may be won by almost anybody who has education and good manners. But two people who marry with the understanding that one of them has to give up family and friends face a very difficult situation.

When the girl leaves a life of leisure, a society life, so called, to enter, we will say, a circle made up of theatrical or artistic persons or a small-town group, she will have to readjust all her habits, all her mental viewpoints, all her conventions.

If she marries "beneath" her, she will find herself a constant target of suspicion and criticism by her husband's family and friends. She will be called proud and stand-offish, which sometimes she is, unintentionally. Usually she becomes lonely and miserable, and very often she goes back to the old life utterly disillusioned.

Much more common with us is the marriage outside routine. We have such a fluid population that girls and men from different parts of the United States are continually meeting and falling in love. Young people are introduced at dances, at college proms, in the country and on the beach, or even quite casually on the street. Often, discovering after a few meetings that they are "just crazy about each other," they marry.

He may have been born and brought up in a small town in Georgia, she in an apartment in New York or Chicago. They may have different racial origins.

At all events, it is safe to say that they know nothing whatever about each other except their surface personalities. They know nothing and care nothing about each other's families, breeding, early environment, traditions, prejudices, or general attitude toward life.

"What of it? I am not marrying his family."

Sister, that is exactly and inevitably what you are doing. You can't help it and neither can he. Both of you may have graduated above your former lives, educated yourselves intellectually away from your families, raised yourselves financially; but all things that went into your separate characters, before birth and in the formative years of your lives, are still there.

You marry each other's family traits, habits, conventions, tabus, racial and religious heritage. It is inevitable. Your minds have fallen into a kind of rhythm or routine which can not easily be disturbed.

It pays for the man and girl to meet the families before marriage; learn all they can of each other's background. In effect, this amounts to councils between families in Europe.

If two lovers discover that their antecedent backgrounds are irreconcilable, it may mean a bitter parting and months of pain. But that is better than a short-time marriage and divorce.

IT is strange that sex love, so brief, so transitory, so unimportant in the whole scheme of marriage, should be, while it lasts, so intense, and that broken troths should give such hideous pain. But it is so. The only comforting thought is that the experience gained is often worth more in one's development than all it ever cost.

Love-matches *are* best—provided all other factors are taken into consideration. The fact that we are sentimentally committed to the idea that any two people in love are fit candidates for marriage has made us a nation of the divorced.

It is a scandal and a crime that one marriage in eight should end in shipwreck. But nothing I can think of, except a new attitude toward marriage, can ever salvage the situation. We must learn, as Europe has, that sex love should not be the only reason for marriage.

Then perhaps those dreadful statistics of divorce will take a downward slope and the worst social blot on our national escutcheon will be erased.

THE END

This HERO Stuff

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Love Story of Two Tough Eggs and a Prize Chicken

By

FREDERICK TISDALE

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

IF there is anything that burns me up it is the way girls fall for this hero stuff. It would not be so bad if they recognized the real thing when they saw it, but most of them think that you must be as big as a horse and a loud talker to get into that class. They seem to think that when a guy is refined and dresses neat he must be a sissy or something.

Well, there is one girl that will not make that mistake any more. I am writing down exactly how it happened, and if other guys get any helpful hints from same they are welcome to use them without extra charge.

I HAVE never seen anything like the steam-shovel fight between Steve and Windy.

It was right after I finished high school and accepted a position with the Lovelace Construction Company, excavation and foundation work; seventeen-fifty a week to start, with unlimited opportunities of advancement for the right man.

They put me in charge of a shanty office on West Eighty-sixth Street where they were blasting out a foundation for a fourteen-story apartment-hotel. I looked after the files and blue-prints, checked the time of the workmen, did odd jobs between there and the head office, and so forth.

I am not blaming Mr. Lovelace for having so many big, rough men on this work, as it is the sort of business that requires men that are big and rough. If you are drilling, blasting, truck-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mme. Marie Vallet, of Martial et Armand, 10 Place Vendome, Paris, originates innumerable fashions for French actresses. Among her celebrated clients are Madeleine Lely, a great favorite with the aristocracy; also Madeleine Soris and Elvira Papesco, artistes beloved of the smart internationals that throng Paris. These stars most assuredly set fashions.

Always she joyfully accepts Everwear Hose

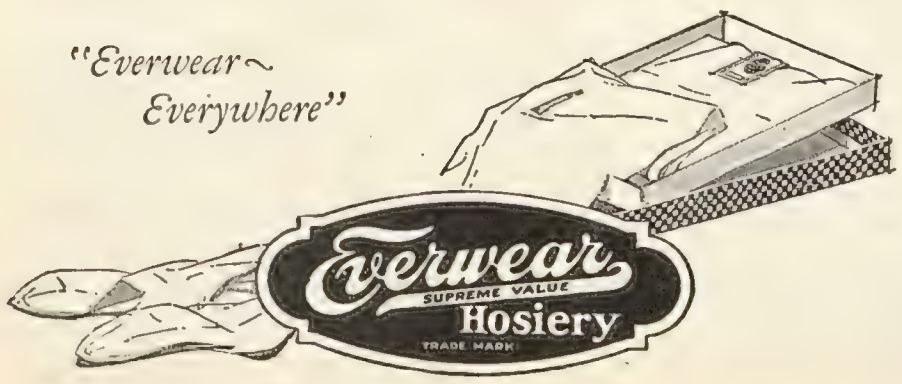
WHO EVER heard of a dainty woman having more than enough hose? Blacks, whites, tans, grays—whatever chosen, you may be sure are quite au fait when Everwear sponsored. Mystically sheer—crystal clear—of materials finest and freshest—of that, too, you may be sure when Everwear fashioned. Also, specially shaped in heel and foot to accent most graciously those flowing lines of slenderness. ¶ Now, when so many Christmas demands are made upon the widely stretched purse, how doubly welcome are Everwear's most moderate prices

Ask at your store. If Everwear Hose are not found there, then will you write us?

THE EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
Pioneer Makers of Quality Hosiery for Women, Men and Children

Milwaukee · Wisconsin

"Everwear— Everywhere"



[THIS HERO STUFF
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

ing, and using steam-shovels you can not expect the men to wear silk hats and coats with braid on them. But at least they do not have to be coarse and common in their manners.

I do not say this because the men refused to take me seriously and nicknamed me "Shorty," in reference to my size. It would have been a waste of breath to explain that I had not yet got my full growth and that in five years I might be big enough to work as a giant in some side-show. Instead, I was aloof with them.

ONE day at lunch-time I was standing outside the office shanty looking down on the men and the big rocky hole of the excavation. I could see all right in spite of my horn-rim glasses. My eye vision is perfect, but I had bought the glasses to make me look older.

The wops and hunkies were chewing their lunch. Some were tearing at whole loaves of bread smeared thick with butter; some were gnawing at red hunks of beef. The noise they made dredging up their milk and coffee was enough to make you grit your teeth.

I was trying to hide my undisguised scorn of this scene when I heard a voice behind me.

"Little boy," the voice says.

Have you ever seen those hanging bunches of glass in Japanese stores that tinkle and chime when the wind blows them together? Well, the voice sounded just like that. I wondered who it was talking to.

"Little boy," again it says. But louder and without the tinkles.

An awful suspicion crawled up my spine and set fire to my ears. Drawing myself up a little on my toes, I turned slowly and gazed at the speaker through my horn-rims in a dignified manner. The awful suspicion was right. She meant me.

This girl had her head stuck out of the window of a flivver coop. Her hair was kind of copper-colored. She had the blue eyes and white skin that often goes with hair that color—only you could see a lot of freckles through the powder on her nose. And she had practically no nose to speak of.

"Oh, excuse me," she says; "I thought you were a little boy."

"I understand."

This was said with a slight sneer. I then demanded sharply what she wanted.

"Why," she answers, giggling, "would you mind moving over a little? I want to park my car where you are standing."

"Car!" I says.

With that I looked at her old oil-can of a lizzie with evident surprise, and stepped lightly to one side.

That burned her up all right. She stopped giggling and raised that freckled excuse for a nose so high that I expected her to bump it against the roof of the coop. Then she gave that old can the gas and it began to jump and rattle and moan like it was going to fly all to pieces.

THE space she was trying to make against the curb was a little gap between a tool-box and a hole dug for water connections. You could not get in except by backing, and I have never yet seen a woman that could park a car by backing it.

This girl was as bad as the rest to start with, and the critical way in which I watched her made her all the worse. Her mouth shut in a straight line and her face got as red as her hair.

"Let me help you," I says at last.

"No, thank you," she says in a voice as cold as an arctic iceberg.

In spite of her refusal, I stepped behind the old flivver, gripped the springs, and lifted it over against the curb.

There were no thanks waiting for me when I got the kink out of my back. The girl was putting a very nifty ankle out of the door

and she slammed it behind her without giving me so much as a pleasant look.

Her actions made me feel very funny inside. All of a sudden I hated her worse than poison. Hardly knowing what I did, I followed her. My eyes were fixed in a fascinated gaze on the white of her neck below her copper-colored bob. I bet she would have been surprised all right if she had felt me grab her there and begin squeezing.

She crossed over to where Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons were lounging over their dinner-pails in disgustingly dirty overalls. From the slow way they pulled themselves to their feet I saw they knew her pretty well already.

"Oh, hello!" she says.

"Oh, hello!" Steve and Windy says, wiping their sleeves on their mouths.

"How is the big boy?"

"I am all right," responds Steve.

"I am fine, thanks," says Windy, glaring at Steve.

THE way they acted towards each other and to her was a tip-off for me all right. Steve and Windy were the operators that handled the two steam-shovels down in the excavation. The big stiffs gave me a worse pain than anybody on the job. They thought they were too good to eat with the other workmen. That was why they had sneaked off to one side like that at lunch-time.

Steve was a big, slow, blond guy with a lot of yellow hair he was so proud of he never wore a hat. Windy was not quite as big as Steve, but was quicker and more fiery. He got his nickname from talking so much and mostly about himself.

THEY were always jawing at each other and I had thought, until the girl came along, that it was only professional jealousy.

There certainly was no reason why I should hang around listening to the big saps in overalls and this girl that gave me such a pain. So I turned on my heel and sauntered away. From where I sauntered some of their words reached me.

"Oh," I heard the girl exclaim, "it must be wonderful to be a great, strong man! To handle those marvelous shovels. To know there is no one in the game as wonderful as you."

"I'll say it is," rumbled that big sap of a Steve.

"You'll say it is!" Windy's voice was quick and sharp. "A guy might infer from those words that you was the head-liner in the steam-shovel business."

"Well?"

"Well," says Windy, "that ain't possible, because I am the best."

"Says you!"

"And everybody else admits it. Everybody but guys with concrete domes like yours."

I heard Steve laugh a dirty laugh because he could not think of a good comeback. The girl seemed to be getting scared that she had started something she could not stop.

"Oh, dear!" she says.

"You heard me, baby," Windy resumes to Steve. "When you were still in knee-britches I was down helping 'em build the Panama Canal."

"You mean they was helping you," Steve speaks up, sarcastically of course. "Wasn't you the guy that dug the Hudson River? This bird"—he evidently had turned to the girl—"has been everywhere and done everything. You've probably read about him in the papers. They call him Windy. He was the man higher up in the Florida hurricane."

I knew Windy was getting mad. "Listen, fella," says he. "One of these days you are going to run into my knucks. I will be the man higher up then, because you will be down on your back looking up at me through a pair of black eyes."

"Oh, dear!" cries the girl, scareder than ever.

I HEARD feet running and decided to go back and straighten things out, since I had been put in charge of the shanty and so forth.

The wops and hunkies smelled a fight and they was swarming in on the jump. Steve pulled back a fist as big as a ham and made a bust at Windy's nose. It missed by a yard.

Windy was on his feet, dancing in and out, ducking his head from side to side, pumping his hands back and forth like a regular box-fighter.

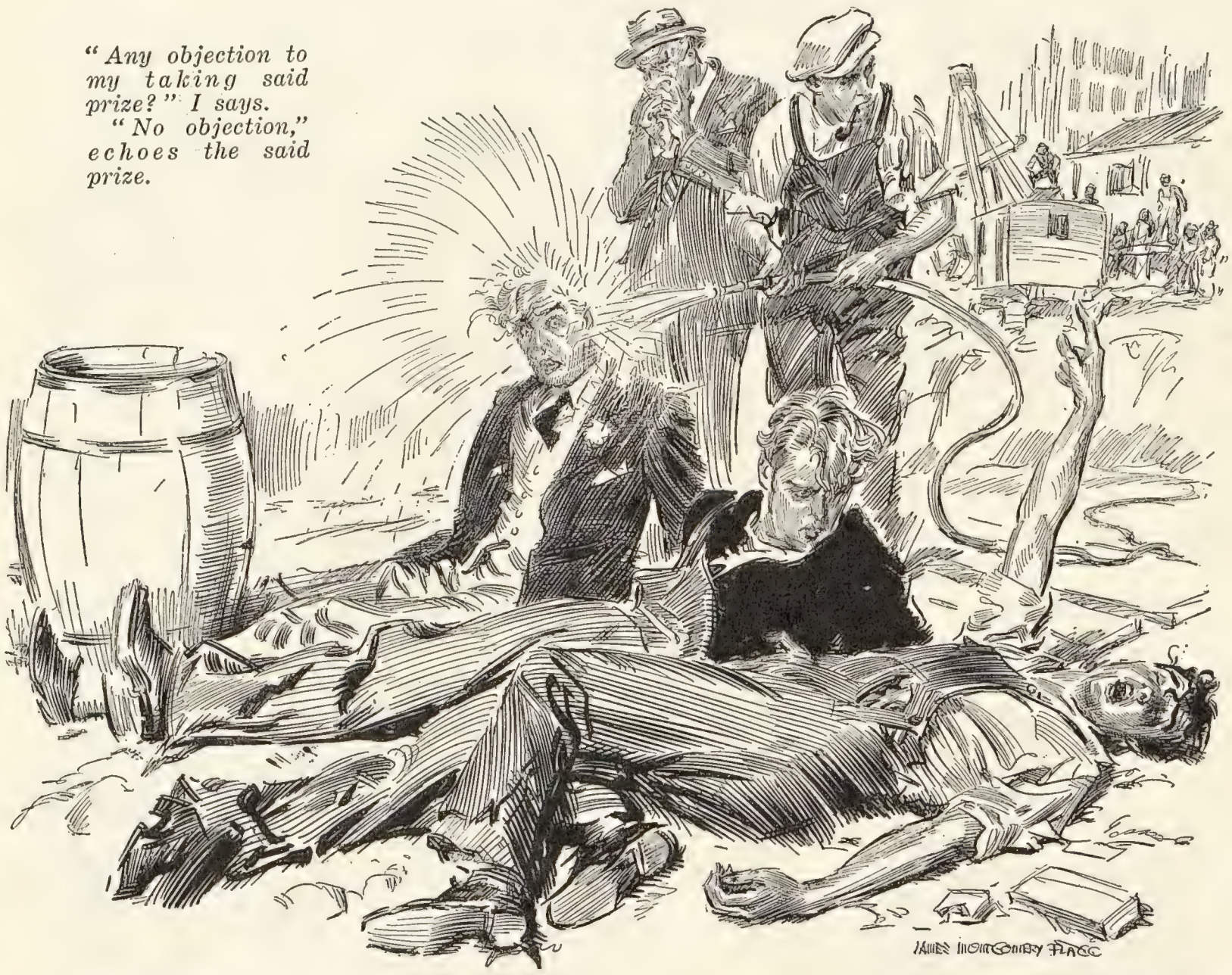
"Used to do a lot of this in Australia," he says. "Now, come on, you big cheese!"

The girl had turned pale as a corpse. I put myself between the two raging giants and looked up calmly from one to the other. Both drew back like they were going to sock me.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Any objection to my taking said prize?" I says.

"No objection," echoes the said prize.



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"Your Brown Bobbys were a success from the start. People actually stood in line to carry home the new delicious, greaseless doughnut. I made over $3000 in 3 months—more money than I had ever made or thought of making in my whole life."
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For birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas—whenever a gift is in order—give an Ashagon. Give *yourself* one!

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THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

Patents Pending. Copr. 1927, The Tubular Products Co.

[THIS HERO STUFF
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

"You can not hit me," I said with utter composure.

The two looked like they had suddenly become petrified with their fists in the air.

"Why can't we sock you?" asks Windy finally.

"Because," I says, "I have got on glasses, and it is against the law to strike a person with glasses on."

A murmur of undisguised admiration ran through the watching hunkies and the girl. It made me feel overbold.

"You are a fine pair of saps"—I was frowning through the horn-rims—"always jawing and rowing with each other when you ought to be working. I have a good notion to give you a kick in the pants."

"Yeh?" says Steve. And with that he gave me a very severe kick in the pants.

I was sorry then, because he never would have thought of it if I had not furnished him the idea. The concussion of the kick had knocked off my protection. Everybody, including the copper-headed girl, was laughing like a lot of hopeless fools.

I WAS facing the problem of stooping for the glasses without inviting another indignity, but the arrival of Barney Conroy saved the situation. Conroy was the drill boss.

When he gave them the old eye that bunch scattered back to work like they had suddenly fallen in love with their picks and shovels. Steve and Windy went with them.

Conroy glared after the men a minute and turned on the girl. And I knew then she was his daughter—the tone he used to her was one that nobody but a parent would use on a pretty girl.

"Mary Conroy," he says, "what did I tell you?"

"Why, father, I—"

"Down here making trouble again. True to your mother's red head. After me telling you repeated to keep away from the job. Ain't it enough that one or the other of them steam-shovel dumbbells is up at my house every night? Occupying the only comfortable chair in the place?" He picked up a piece of lath. "Don't ever let me ketch you around here again. Now git."

Mary Conroy got. But not fast enough. Just as she made a jump for the coop her father caught her a stinging spank with the piece of lath.

I saw it and she knew I saw it. I could not help grinning, because that paid her back for laughing at me. Her face went the color of a danger flag and you would not have believed that blue eyes like hers could look so murderous. The flivver bounced up and down as she rattled away, like it was as mad as she was.

I never expected to see her around the job again. But she could not stay away from us men. Now and then she would just accidentally pass at lunch- or quitting-time. But it never happened unless her father was away.

Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons hung over her all the time, but I let her see I was not the kind of man to run after any girl. If you treat a girl like that it usually makes her think you are different and more interesting. In this case it did not seem to work very well. Mary Conroy usually went past me like I was somewhere else.

ONE day I managed to encounter her behind a pile of cement-sacks. She was trying to bury the freckles on her nose with powder. Her lips went tight and she waited for me to speak.

"This excavating is rough work, Miss Conroy," I began in a casual tone. "Most of the men in it are large and coarse. I hope you noticed that there are others of a finer sort. This is but a temporary position for me.

"Some day I shall choose a career and be making big money within a few months. I shall cease to associate with the men on this job, though I shall treat them courteously if I ever encounter them."

"How interesting," she says, yawning slightly.

"My real interests lie in more refined things—books, theaters, and the movies."

"Oh, the movies." She was enthusiastic all of a sudden.

"Yes," I says, catching the cue very neatly. "I notice, by the way, that Snuggles Lovely is down at the Strand in a tremendous drama of unbridled hates and passions. Would you care to go?"

She said she would and we did.

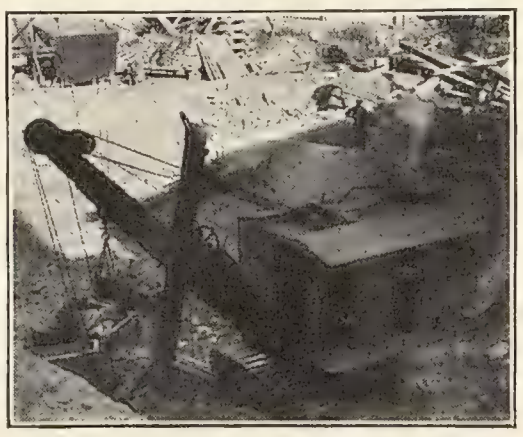
The picture was named Flames of Ashes. Under the spell of the passion scenes I tried to grab Mary Conroy's hand, but it always seemed to be somewhere else.

I took her home afterwards, although she lived to-hell-and-gone in the Bronx. We talked at the door for a time.

"Well, good night," she says at last.

"Well, good night," I says.

I took her hand and her fingers were so soft and warm that I felt something like electricity travel up my arm. And all of a sudden



I felt almost as unbridled as the actors in the moving-picture. With an inarticulate cry I grabbed her around the waist and before she knew what happened she had been kissed.

The next thing I knew, a lot of Roman candles seemed to go off inside my head and I heard the door slam. She had given me a smack on the jaw that made my ears ring for a week.

Well, down where we were excavating on West Eighty-sixth Street the row between Steve and Windy began to worry us. They acted painfully polite, but you could see that there was hate between them. They certainly moved a lot of rock with their shovels, only they tried to outdo each other and what they did to the equipment was nobody's business.

One day Mr. Lovelace, head of the company, came boiling into the shack. He was a thin old man with a pointed white mustache but a very snappy dresser on account of being sort of crazy about girls. I had read pieces about him in the tabloid papers a couple of times. This day his face was redder than I had ever seen it.

"Mr. Lovelace," I says to him, "what on earth is the matter? Your face is the color of an eggplant, Mr. Lovelace."

He sputtered a minute and said some words that only a man in the contracting business could use. After that he got a little calmer.

"Everything is the matter," he says desperately. "This job is all shot to hell."

"Shot to hell, Mr. Lovelace?" I says in soothing tones.

"Yes, Shorty," he says, and for a minute I was afraid that he was going to cry on my shoulder. "Everything has gone wrong. We are 'way behind already. It looks like I may have to cough up forfeit money.

"Now, to cap it, the two steam-shovels break down at the same time and tie up everybody else. One of them has a busted cable and the other stripped the teeth off the drum gears."

I removed my horn-rim glasses and tapped my teeth in a judicial way that I had acquired.

"I could tell you a lot of things, Mr. Lovelace."

"I do not want to hear anything but why this job is all shot to hell."

"That is what I can tell you, Mr. Lovelace."

HE implored me to disclose what I meant and I spilled the whole works. Maybe I should not have done it, but I will let any man who has ever been dizzy about a girl decide whether my loyalty was to my employer or to those big steam-shovel saps.

I told Mr. Lovelace about the rivalry between Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons: how they broke up their machines trying to outdo each other; and the way Mary Conroy would come around and make all the men crazy about her when her father was not there.

"Barney Conroy's daughter, eh?" Mr. Lovelace says when I had finished. "I think I have seen her. Red-headed kid with blue eyes and fair skin?"

"And about seventeen freckles on her nose, Mr. Lovelace."

"Shorty," he says reprovingly, "you must not notice things like that. At least not until love's dreams are over."

He was silent for a while and a kind of romantic look spread over his face, which had become less purple than formerly.

"Shorty," he says at last, "bring Conroy here."

I obeyed with my usual promptness. It was plain Mr. Lovelace did not require my services at their conference because he shut the shanty door in my face. Nor

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Hum-Hum – *say the mixers*

Good-Good – *say we all*

EVERYWHERE the mixers are going at top speed. Mixing that delicious packed-with-goodness Borden's Malted Milk. Everywhere the crowds are coming back for more. They know a good thing when they taste it.

For Borden's is a fountain leader, the popular light lunch, the favorite between-meals snack, the best food-and-drink in the whole wide land.

Whenever you're both hungry and thirsty a glass of Borden's will set you up and keep you fit. Health and vigor in every glass. Because it's full of quick energy and sound nourishment. Just the thing you need these coolish days.

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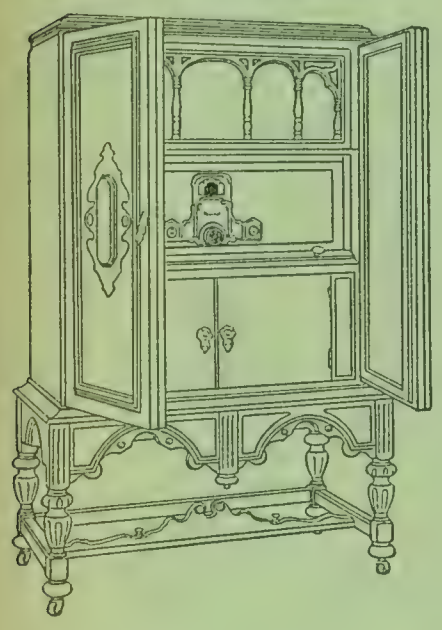
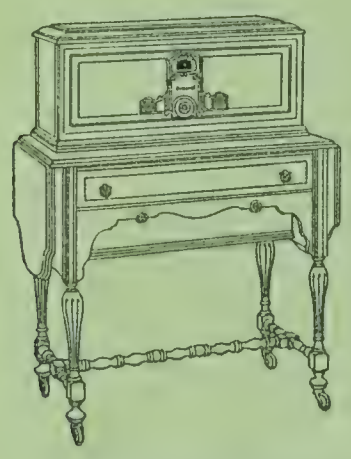
F-45-25. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes*..$620.00



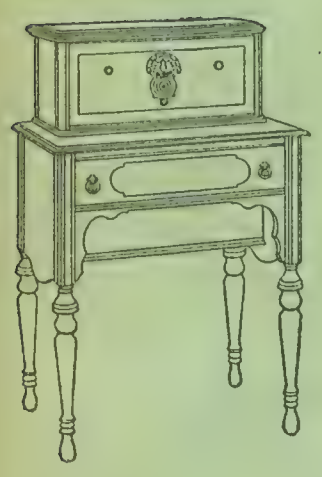


F-10—*7 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Used with loop only. Without tubes or accessories (but including loop)*.....$250.00

F-10-60. *Operated from light socket. Used with loop only. Without tubes (but including loop)*.....$360.00

F-10-25. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes* $380.00

F-5—*Console*..... 50.00

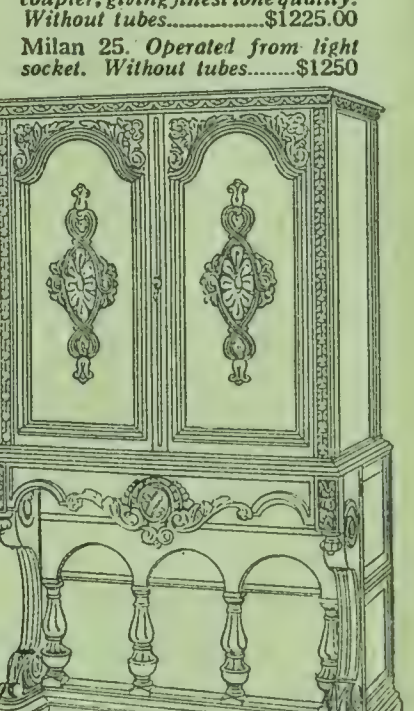


D-10—*5 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories*.....$100.00

D-10-60. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes*.....$185.00

D-10-25. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes*.....$195.00

D-5—*Console* 30.00



D-40—*5 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories*.....$200.00

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Federal is the *only* Ortho-sonic radio. Its tones, reproduced by the patented Ortho-sonic method, are different from all others . . . incomparably rich, pure, *full* from highest notes to lowest, resonant and true to life.

Its wonderful multi-shielded, all-metal circuits, its ease of station-finding with improved single control, its unusual selectivity, power, range, operative simplicity, and ruggedness are each a monument to the skill of radio pioneers whose years of experience mean every assurance for you.

And beauty? Note a few of the Federal models shown here. Never have you seen radio housed in richer, more exquisite furniture. No gift would be more acceptable, *less* ordinary. And in your own home what could be more fruitful of pleasure and pride in time to come?

Prices ranging from $100 to $1250 (higher in Canada). Table or floor type sets. Sets to operate from batteries or eliminators; or operated from light socket, self-contained, doing away with all A, B and C batteries and insuring reception that couldn't be better—and, remember, every set is *Ortho-sonic.*

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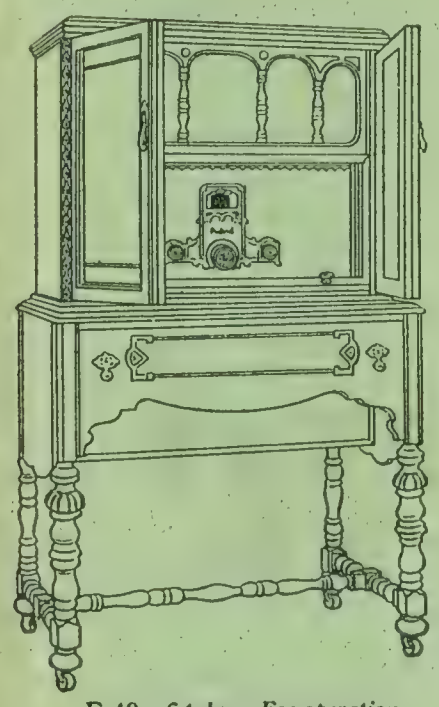
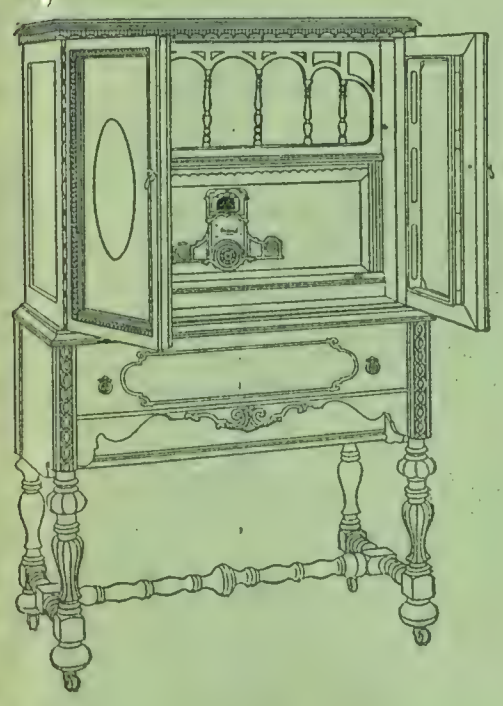


E-40—*6 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories.* $350.00

F-40—*7 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Built-in loop. Without tubes or accessories.*.....$450.00



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4. Federal throughout—built complete in Federal factories
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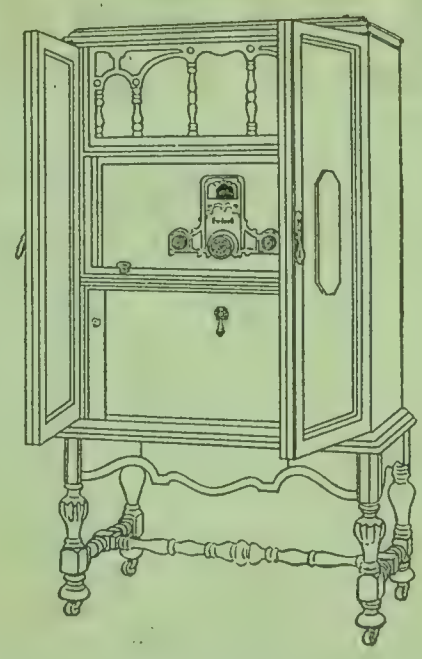
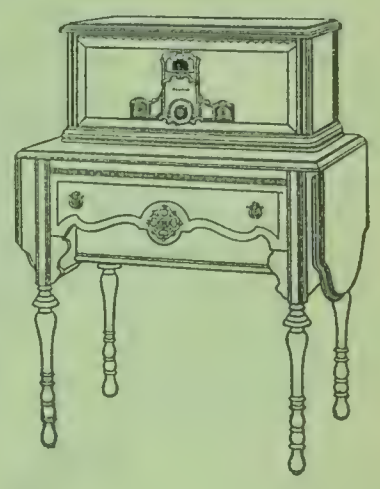
6. Single control—operating simplicity
7. True selectivity—cuts through high-powered stations
8. Rugged construction—enduring service
9. Self-indicating—calibrated, illuminated scale
10. Non-radiating—no interference with others
11. Precision instruments—made by electrical communication pioneers
12. Light-socket operation—as well as battery types
13. Complete price-range—model for every home
14. Permanency guaranteed—backed by a solid, substantial company



E-45-60—*6 tubes. Operated from light socket. Without tubes*.....$460.00

E-45-25. Operated from light socket. Without tubes..... $475.00



E-10—*6 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories*.....$165.00

E-10-60. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes* $275.00

E-10-25. *Operated from light socket. Without tubes*..... $290.00

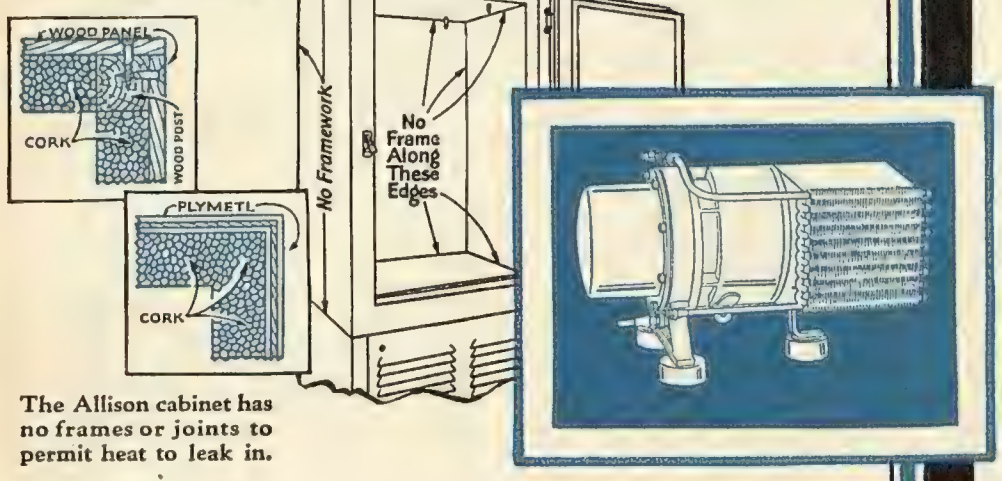
E-5—*Console* 40.00

-SONIC* RADIO

U. S. Pat. Off.

★ Federal's fundamental exclusive development making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

The old type cabinet with frames and joints permitted heat to leak in.



The Allison cabinet has no frames or joints to permit heat to leak in.

The quietness of the home is not disturbed with the Allison

There IS Something New in Electric Refrigeration!

THE latest great development in electric refrigeration for the home is *simplicity!*

This is the goal toward which engineers have been working. It has been attained in the Allison Electric Refrigerator to an extent that is nothing short of the highest achievement.

You are going to live with your electric refrigerator for a long time. You are going to expect quiet, efficient, economical, trouble-free and uninterrupted service from it. For that reason, by all means, investigate the Allison carefully and thoroughly.

In the Allison is not a single gear, piston, chain, belt or other mechanical complication to require adjustment or cause noise! The compressor is rotary, like the Westinghouse motor that drives it — not reciprocal, like a steam engine. This exclusive feature is the secret of the Allison's extraordinary *quiet.*

Both compressor and motor are sealed and permanently lubricated in a metal casing. You have absolutely no oiling to do. Just plug into your light socket and forget that your Allison has any moving parts.

The Allison cabinet is a marvel of insulation against heat. Metal, five thicknesses of ply-wood, water-proof glue and two inches of cork form its walls *with no joints along the edges* — no points of low-insulation where heat can creep in easily.

As a result of this heat-proof quality of the Allison cabinet, the automatically controlled motor has to run only 8 to 10½ hours out of 24 to maintain an average temperature of 45 degrees. And a motor of only half the usual size is needed. The most extreme economy ever developed in electric refrigeration!

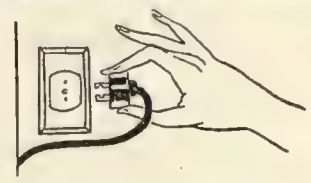
By all means, investigate the Allison.

Literature describing the complete Allison line sent on request

DOMESTIC ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR CORP., Two West 46th St., New York City

Distributors!

For reliable distributors who are seeking the most advanced electric refrigerator in engineering design and construction, with no profit-killing service costs; there are a few Allison territories still open—the Allison is priced right—it is built right—to give perfect satisfaction to users and distributors alike. Through its Director, Mr. Fred Allison, formerly Chief Electrical and Mechanical Engineer of the Ford Motor Company, the Domestic Electric Refrigerator Corporation brings to the Allison the highest type of ability in design and manufacturing. Write regarding the most attractive electric refrigerator distributorship today.



Just "Plug it in" and forget it has a motor

The ALLISON Dependable Electric Refrigerator

The ALLISON

Dependable domestic Electric Refrigerator

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

could I detect what they were saying from outside owing to the rattling of a drill near by.

When Conroy came out the look on his face made men jump out of his way and hide behind obstructions. He yelled for a taxi, shouted his home address at the chauffeur, and banged the door so hard he nearly tore off the hinges.

Next morning, after another

I put myself between the two raging giants and looked up calmly from one to the other.

conference with Conroy, Mr. Lovelace called in Steve and Windy. I was hunting a mistake some one had made in the time figures and Mr. Lovelace did not put me out. He gave Steve and Windy cigars. After they had puffed two or three times Mr. Lovelace says:

"Seems to be some argument between you two boys—about the —er—supremacy of the steam-shovel work."

"Yes, sir," Steve says in his slow way.

"No argument," Windy breaks in. "This sap just won't admit he is outclassed."

STEVE shoved his big body forward in the chair and Mr. Lovelace began to pat the air with his skinny old hands.

"Whoa! Wait! Easy!" he says. "Your rivalry on this job is playing merry hell. From the way you are tearing up my steam-shovels you must think I buy 'em down at the five-and-ten."

Steve and Windy glared at each other and puffed their cigars.

"Now, boys," says Mr. Lovelace, "I am going to help you purge this out of your systems."

"'Tain't only the work," growls Steve, looking at the floor.

"I know. It is the work plus that red-headed kid of Barney Conroy's. Now, I am old enough to be your father, but I hope—ahum! —that I may never get so old as to lose interest in the rivalries of men for the hands of maidens fair.

"In olden days it happened even as now. When two cavaliers became enamored of the same lady they had recourse to the ancient usages of chivalry. The fair one was enthroned on a dais and watched with heaving bosom while the burning warriors jousted for her hand."

"Apple-sauce," Steve rumbled.

"What is the idear of the fairy-stories?" demands Windy.

"Irrelevant as this may seem, it has a point. It is important to every one that the feud between you two should be settled at once. To end it I am going to arrange for you a tourney or joust."

"What the hell is a joust?" Steve demands.

"A kind of fight, ain't it?" Windy asks hopefully.

"It is," says Mr. Lovelace, "and again it isn't. It is a sort of polite argument with designated weapons. In medieval times it was a formal combat or combats. The men mounted horses and rode at each other with lances, each seeking to overthrow his adversary."

"Ah, hell!" Steve says in disgust. "Count me out. I will fight this bird with anything from bare knucks to shotguns. But I never been on a horse in my life and I am not going to get on one now. If it was only something I was used to."

"But it is!" Mr. Lovelace cried happily. "That was my whole idea. It is steam-shovels. A joust with steam-shovels."

Steve's jaw dropped until I could almost see his tonsils. Even Windy was speechless.

"I will arrange," says Mr. Lovelace, "a joust or contest with steam-shovels for you two. It will determine once and for all which is the better man. There will be judges and everything proper. Furthermore, as a prize the winner will get that red-headed Conroy girl."

I MADE an inarticulate noise and Mr. Lovelace turned to ask, "What is the matter, Shorty?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lovelace," says I, putting my head down so he could not see my telltale countenance.

"I got you!" shouts Windy. "I guess me and Evelyn can show this bird up all right."

"Evelyn? requested Mr. Lovelace.

"I call my steam-shovel Evelyn," Windy explains. "It is a matter of sentiment. I named it that in memory of a bull I used to handle."

"He means a bull he used to throw," sneers Steve.

"A bull named Evelyn!" Mr. Lovelace says in a faint voice.

"You get me wrong, Mr. Lovelace. This was an elephant. I rode it in a circus—in the old Sells show. Circus men call all elephants 'bulls.' Makes no difference

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THIS HERO STUFF Continued from Page Forty-three]

whether it is a cow elephant or a bull elephant, they call 'em all bulls. Mine was a cow named Evelyn."

"Well," says Mr. Lovelace in a relieved tone, "there will not be any elephants or any bulls in this. It will be a joust with steam-shovels to see which is the better man and to win the hand of a charming maiden. Is it a go?"

"I got you," says Steve.

"You are on," Windy agrees.

They went on talking about the details of the joust. I had to sit there and pretend to be hunting a mistake in the time figures while Mr. Lovelace arranged the destiny of a girl I had come to like very, very much. And I was not in the arrangement.

At last Windy asked a question that made me flutter with a momentary hope. "Hey," says he, "wait a minute! That's all right about the shovels. But how about Mary Conroy? Will she agree to take the winner?"

"I thought of that," Mr. Lovelace responds; "talked it over with her father yesterday. He says she is crazy about anything that wears pants. She likes you both and it will be a cinch for the winner of the joust because he will be a hero and women fall for the hero stuff. Besides, Conroy says she will go through with it; and you know Conroy."

"Fair enough," says Steve and Windy together.

It was all I could do to suppress a groan.

After Steve and Windy left, Mr. Lovelace looked at me as if I was some new discovery.

"Shorty," he says suddenly, "I am going to let you in on this joust."

It seemed like my heart jumped up and hit the roof of my mouth and then dropped down to my feet.

"Mr. Lovelace," I says, "you know very well I can not handle one of those shovel machines."

"And I wouldn't let you try. You can be one of the judges. It would look better if I had the counsel of a disinterested party in making the decision."

Distinterested! I gave a bitter laugh.

"O. K.?" he says.

"Yes, Mr. Lovelace," I managed to say, "I will be one of the judges of the joust."

YOU will no doubt be surprised to learn that I would consent to help judge a joust where the jousters were the two men that burned me up most and the prize was to be the girl I had come to like very, very much.

But I was not as dumb as I might seem. Because, while I could not do anything if I were merely an innocent bystander watching the joust, it was possible that something might come up during the joust which I could take advantage of provided I was one of the official judges. And that is why I told Mr. Lovelace I would act in that capacity.

The time was set for Saturday afternoon of the following week. It was a gala occasion—that is, for everybody but me. Men in the building trades flocked from all over.

Windows in apartments overlooking the excavation were filled with fat women leaning out on pillows, and there must have been two or three thousand sidewalk inspectors, which is what we call the people that do not have anything to do but stand around and watch men like us dig foundations for buildings. A couple of guineas were selling colored balloons and pop-corn around the edges of the crowd.

Down in the excavation everything was set for the joust. The machines stood side by side; safety-valves were singing and they were rearing to go.

I and Mr. Lovelace and Barney Conroy were standing on a rock ledge up above the shovels. Mary Conroy had not appeared yet, but pretty soon she came rattling up in the coop. Her skin was whiter than ever under her copper-colored hair and there was a red spot on each cheek which had not been put there by hand.

I could see that her father probably had a heck of a time making her agree to be the prize and it made me feel some better inside. She went over to the shovels and began talking to the firemen.

"Mary," calls Barney Conroy, "come up here."

EITHER she would not hear or she could not, because there was a lot of yelling and clapping then. Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons were making the grand entrance. They bowed and grinned at the crowd. But when one looked at the other it was with a glance that said he would like to knock him for a row.

Nodding very casual to Mary, they leaped on their shovels and grabbed the levers.

Steve had his pipe in his teeth like he always had when he worked. He was bareheaded, and to show off his big mop of yellow hair better he had covered it with cylinder oil or something.

Windy wore a crazy-looking hat on one side of his fat head. The brim had been cut off irregular, and holes were punched in the crown. He had stuck a red rose in the brim. You could tell he was sure of the result of the joust from the way he held himself and chewed his toothpick.

The crowd quit yelling and clapping of a sudden because Mr. Lovelace was making a speech.

He told about the steam-shovel joust and how Mary Conroy (there) was to be the fair and blooming reward and so forth. He indicated Mr. Steve Rankin (cheers) and Mr. Windy Parsons. (Cheers and cries of "Ataboy, Windy!")

Finishing, Mr. Lovelace pointed to me: "Mr. Shorty—er—who has kindly volunteered to act with me as judge of the joust." I smiled to mask a breaking heart.

When the cheers and applause

had died down Mr. Lovelace took off his hat and waved it.

"Go to it, boys!" he yells. "You first, Windy."

Windy's shovel blew a roar of steam from the end of its nose and the joust was on. Mary Conroy had not moved from near the machines. Windy's shovel stopped within an inch of the freckles on her nose, but she did not flinch.

"Salaam!" shouts Windy.

That seems to be a salutation or something in the Orient where elephants come from. The steam-shovel put its trunk down on the ground and the engine housing hiked up behind. Windy was making his shovel bow to her like it was an elephant. Mary could not help but smile and there was a big yell from the crowd, especially from the women. It seemed to infuriate Steve.

"That ain't nothing," he says.

He swung his scoop toward Mary. It swooped down. Next I hear a shriek, and there was the nose of Steve's shovel high in the air and Mary was inside the scoop. Swinging her over to the edge of rock where I and Mr. Lovelace and Conroy stood, Steve let down the shovel and Mary stepped out. He had picked her off the ground without scratching her pumps.

The crowd was speechless while Mary was sailing through the air, but afterwards they whooped and hollered like they would never stop.

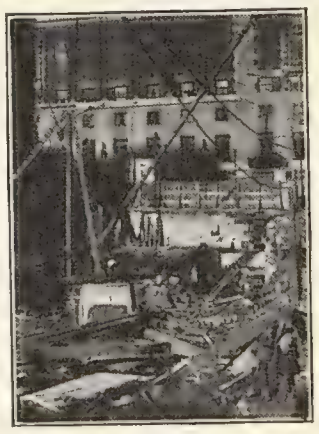
"The brute!" Mary panted. "Nearly scared me to death."

IT was Windy's turn with the shovel. With a grand-opera gesture he snatched off his crazy monkey cap and held it up for everybody to see. Then he threw it down before his machine and began to yank and push the levers.

The scoop dived, the bottom opened like a mouth; it gave a little snap and grabbed the cap in its jaws. Then it began to play with the cap like a kitten with a mouse: tossing it up and catching it, turning away like it had forgot where the cap was, and pouncing on it again.

They gave Windy a great hand, but it was almost equaled for Steve when he scooped up a rock about as big as my head and juggled it with the shovel like I have seen actors on the vaudeville stage juggle rubber balls.

From then on Steve and Windy settled down to their jousting in earnest. Their firemen were keeping the boilers just below the bursting-point. Seemed like the shovels were straining to win against each other. No sooner would Steve pull something good than Windy would top it. Then Steve would champ down on his pipe-stem and step ahead. The crowd was wild.



I had got so interested in the joust that I had almost forgotten what it meant to me personally. Finally I glanced at my watch and a sinking feeling came over me.

"Five minutes more." I hardly knew that I spoke out loud.

"Well," says Mary Conroy, "the joust is about jousted out. Who is to get the maiden?" And her blue eyes gave me a funny look.

I let my expression answer but did not say any words.

Nobody was watching us. Knowing the time limit was nearly up, the crowd got more and more excited. Somehow my arm got around Mary.

Mr. Lovelace was about to signal them to stop when something happened. I do not say he did it on purpose, but while Steve reached for a stick with his scoop, its main beam swung around and hit Windy's machine and knocked Windy off his balance. He looked so funny dancing with one foot in the air that everybody began to laugh.

THAT laugh seemed to turn Windy into a madman. He grabbed a lever and caterpillared his shovel over closer to Steve's. Then he swung his scoop and landed Steve's machine a lick that could have been heard to the Battery. In a minute they were going at it hammer and tongs.

Well, I have lived in New York all my life and naturally I have seen some fighting. I have seen men fight with fists, brickbats, automatic pistols, and rotten tomatoes. But I have never seen anything like the steam-shovel fight between Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons.

Standing to their levers, the two were handling their scoops exactly like a box-fighter handles his gloves. Such bashing and banging, feinting and sparring, jabbing and hooking, I have never seen or heard. Steve swung for a knockout. Windy blocked and came back with a straight jab that made Steve bite through his pipe-stem. The noise was frightful.

"We gotta stop 'em!" Mr. Lovelace yells to Conroy.

Conroy nodded and they started down toward the clashing shovels. They leaped from rock to rock, waving their hands and shouting words that nobody could understand.

Steve and Windy paid no attention. They were too busy punching and sparring with the scoops. The firemen had entered loyally into the spirit of the event and were chucking in coal whenever the bucking and heaving machines gave them a chance.

Before Mr. Lovelace and Conroy got there, the two shovels went into a clinch. Windy gave Steve's machine a lick that sent it toppling. Steve saw he was gone, but as his shovel went over he put all his strength and skill into one last despairing swipe. It was a lucky shot. It caught Windy amidships and the two steam-shovels went over together with a deafening crash.

For a minute you could not see a thing but swirling clouds of dust and steam. When it cleared there were Steve and Windy rolling over and over on the ground with Mr. Lovelace and Conroy dancing

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THIS HERO STUFF Continued from Page Forty-five]

around, grabbing at arms and legs in the hope of prying them apart. They nearly rolled into a pile of live coals that had spilled out of the shovels' fire-boxes.

The crowd rushed in, whooping, to get a better view of the fight.

It was then that I smiled the first smile I had smiled for a week.

"Oh!" Mary Conroy cries, grabbing hold of my arm. "Stop 'em! Please!"

The smile died on my features. "Why?" I asks. "Which one of the two big goofers do you want rescued?"

"Them!" she says with a scornful expression. "I do not care what happens to them. People with no more brains ought to get hurt. But I am afraid for father."

Suddenly I felt like I had become four or five times my natural size, with the strength of a giant. There was no doubt I could settle the situation down below. On my way toward the scrap I picked up a short length of good, strong iron pipe.

In the middle of the whooping crowd Steve, Windy, Conroy, and Mr. Lovelace were going round and round like a Fourth-of-July pinwheel. I am sorry to say that I did not handle the pipe very good at first, because I socked Mr. Lovelace though I aimed at Windy. On the next time round I made up for it. The pipe gave a sort of dull klonk!—and Windy was out of it.

Conroy sat down and began sponging his bloody nose with his handkerchief. Kind hands were ministering to the fallen. Some one with a passion for system had laid Mr. Lovelace, Steve, and Windy out in a row and was sprinkling their faces with a hose.

THERE was some grumbling in the crowd because I had ruined a good fight, but I held up the iron pipe for silence. And got it. Then I spoke as follows:

"Being the sole remaining judge or umpire of this joust or tourney, I hereby declare myself the winner."

Somebody back in the crowd yells, "How do you get that way?"

"A fair question," I says; "and I will explain. The joust or tourney was arranged to determine the steam-shovel merits of Steve Rankin and Windy Parsons. Before I and my fellow judge could hand down a decision upon it, the steam-shovel joust had degenerated into an ordinary fight, in other words a trial of fisticuffs.

"By means of the instrument in my hand I managed to win the fight which succeeded the joust. Therefore I declare myself the true and lawful winner. The decision stands unless my fellow judge, there, makes some objection."

There was no answer because my fellow judge, Mr. Lovelace, was still very groggy.

MARY had come down into the excavation and was standing with her arm around her father, who was still mopping his bloody nose. She looked at me with shining eyes. My heart felt like it was full of canary birds.

"Furthermore," I says in a stronger voice, "I do declare the prize of said joust—i. e., Miss Mary Conroy—goes to the winner of the contest—i. e., myself; to be cherished from now on; to be supported in legal matrimony when I get to be more of a financial success. And if anybody has anything to say, let him say it now or forever afterward hold his peace."

I looked over to where the sprinkling was in progress. Mr. Lovelace was sitting up and Steve was reclining on his elbows. Windy groaned in his sleep and said something that sounded like "counter-attack."

"Any objection to my taking said prize?" I says again.

"No objection," says Barney Conroy into his reddening handkerchief.

"No objection," echoes the said prize. And coming over to where I stood she laid her cheek on the lapel of my coat.

THE END

The Balloon Man

By HARRY LEE

TILTED hat and little green feather!
Oh, how I wished that I were he,
Faring away in the windy weather,
Faring away so jauntily.
Faring on with the children following,
All in a flurry of midget moons.
I fear that I hanker still to be
Like the man that sold balloons—
The fusty old man with the flowery vest
And eyes so bright and dark—
The rusty old man with rings in his ears
Who sold balloons in the Park!

I fear, one day, before I am old,
I'll buy a hat with a little green feather,
I'll buy me rings and a flowery vest,
And sally forth in the windy weather.
I'll hire a van as big as a barn,
All brimming over with bright balloons.
I'll hire a hurdy-gurdy man,
To follow after us, grinding tunes.
And I'll peddle balloons for a thank-you-sir,
I'll peddle balloons from dawn to dark,
Till the children all scuttle away to bed,
And I'm left alone—in the Park!

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Leopold, Loeb, *and* LUCRE

Some Episodes in the Prison Life of Illinois' Wealthiest Murderers

An Article by

EDWARD DOHERTY

P. & A. photo

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

A LITTLE over a year ago, seven poor but dishonest young men, convicts in the Illinois penitentiary at Stateville, murdered Peter Klein, the deputy warden, and walked out through the gate.

Soft-hearted jurors—farmers and clerks and factory hands—had voted mercy to all of them. As a result, an upholder of the law was killed. And, before justice settled down to a neat job of hanging, the convicts had added a couple of policemen to the roll of their dead.

Only one man escaped at this time, the rest being recaptured. But there were four subsequent jail-breaks. Three of the seven are supposedly alive and free. One was shot while trying to escape. Three were hanged.

All of which might move some cynic to sing:

> He who's hanged and put in lime
> Can't live to kill another time.

These seven were ignorant, desperate felons, seemingly incapable of planning and executing an escape. Most of them could speak but little English. They were brutal men; and it seems they liked to kill. It was unnecessary to kill Klein. Indeed, their lust for killing almost interfered with their escape.

They had captured John M. Keeley, captain of the guards, who must escort them through the gate, and they began to hack at him with their knives. Only the realization that this man was necessary to them saved his life.

It seems odd, then—does it not?—that these men should stop long enough in their bloody work to attempt to release a friend?

This friend was Nathan Leopold, Jr., a mild-mannered youth who had planned and executed, with the help of his pal, Richard Loeb, the foulest murder in Illinois. Leopold was not the type of any of these seven. He was an abnormally brilliant youth, the son of a Chicago multimillionaire, a lover of birds.

They went to release him even before they captured Keeley. It seems they knew exactly where he would be, in one of the solitary cells near the warden's office, the rallying-point for the seven. He was standing up, his arms thrust through the bars, his wrists locked together with gyves.

The dead man's pockets gave up a number of keys, one of which unlocked the handcuffs; but none of them would unlock the door. They had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wide World photo

THE final move in the famous Leopold-Loeb case: Sheriff Peter Hoffman handing John L. Whitman (right), then warden of the Illinois penitentiary, the court order committing the young Chicago slayers to a double penalty of ninety-nine years and life in prison. At left stands one of the armed posse which guarded the prisoners en route to Joliet. Leopold, as he now looks, and the cell house where he is confined, are shown above.

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[LEOPOLD, LOEB, AND LUCRE]
[Continued from Page Forty-seven]

to leave young Leopold in his cell.

Hjalmur Rehn, State's Attorney of Will County, who indicted and prosecuted the six recaptured killers, wanted to indict Leopold with them. But he says he could get no corroborative evidence. He had nothing but the word of six ignorant felons.

They swore that Leopold had planned and contrived the escape, and that he would have gone with them if they had found the key. They swore he had spent much money in bribing the guards. They said he had had himself sent to the solitary cell for a slight infraction of the rules, so that he might be in the right place, and not be in the shoe shop, out of reach.

There seemed to be some indication that Leopold knew of the plan, even if he were not a party to it; for on the leather cover of his cell bunk he had scratched this message:

> DEAR FATHER:
>
> As I am about to go away, I want you to know that in my last hours I acknowledge that had I followed your teachings I would have avoided trouble. I am sorry, dear father, for the trouble I have caused you, and realize I did not do the right thing.
>
> Lovingly, your son, NATHAN.

Leopold explained that when he wrote, "Dear Father: As I am about to go away," he meant, "Dear Father: As I am about to die." He pointed out, as confirming this interpretation, the words "my last hours."

He admitted he had heard of the plan for the jail-break; but he said he did not intend to leave his cell. He asserted that when the convicts told him they had killed the deputy warden, he refused to go with them.

"I wasn't going to escape," he declared; "and I was afraid that when they learned I intended to stay here, they would kill me."

But they didn't kill him. It would have been a simple thing to jab a knife into his body as he stood there, pinned to the bars, helpless. They had done this to Klein without excuse. They almost did it to Captain Keeley.

Several investigations were begun. Warden John L. Whitman was relieved of his charge; some of the guards were fired; a number of scandals were set going—rumors to the effect that many convicts had bought paroles for as little as $1,000, said to be a cut price in Illinois. But matters were hushed up finally.

Rehn and others tried earnestly, but in vain, to get some confirmatory evidence to back up the statements of the six recaptured men about Leopold.

AS for the guards who let the seven get away, there was something that seemed very odd in their blindness; but no proof of corruption. Captain Keeley tells the story of the escape.

"One of the seven caught me around the neck," he says. "The others pitched on me, threw me on the body of Klein, took away my gun, and some of them started slashing at me with knives. Each man had a knife or an iron bar. The knives came from the shoe shop where Leopold had worked, and the bars from the blacksmith shop. Some of the knives also were fashioned in the smithy.

"They cut the first finger on my left hand, slashed it so that the blood ran strong. Then they insisted I take them to the gate. They made me walk in the center—and I was glad of that, for I thought the men at the gate would realize something was wrong. A guard always walks behind his prisoners.

"I held that cut finger up to my chin and let the blood drip down over my shirt and coat; and how any man with eyes couldn't notice that, I don't know. I might just as well have waved a red flag.

Underwood & Underwood

THE trial proved so sensational that the defendants were almost lost in the crowd. (Left to right) Clarence Darrow, chief defense counsel; Benjamin Bachrach, his colleague; and Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb.

"And yet, when we were twenty feet away from the gate, it opened. This is something unprecedented in my twenty years as a guard in the State penitentiary. I never heard of such an occurrence.

"Not a word had been said. The gate opened almost by magic and the men walked out. Only then one of the guards asked a question. I kept silent, figuring that silence would warn him that I was the prisoner. But he didn't take it that way. One of the prisoners told him they were a work party. The guard was satisfied.

"I was forced into the telephone-booth and made to call for my car. When I came out of the booth, I had the opportunity to jab my elbow into the stomach of one of the gatemen without being seen.

"I nudged him twice, but he paid no attention. Then I had to get into the car. I was afraid to say anything, for fear these men would kill the gatemen as well as myself. So I took them down the road. They decided to kill me. I don't know why they didn't. Instead, they chained me to a tree and left me there to holler my head off for hours."

They let him live—and so he was dismissed from the prison after twenty years of faithful service. And the fact that he had collected some of the $650,000 that Governor Len Small recently turned back to the State Treasury of Illinois helped him not at all. There had to be a goat, and Keeley was a good one.

It's a crazy sort of yarn, eh? One of the looniest ever written in Illinois, where the most outlandish things are always happening—where beer-runners mow each other down with machine-gun fire; where bootleggers fly in planes and bomb the forts of their rivals; where murderers and robbers and panderers buy their way out of jail, or walk away at leisure; where employees of the State "kick in" to aid the Governor repay $650,000; where murderers are given life, that honest men may die.

Nothing happened to Leopold—officially. He was kicked and beaten slightly out of shape by the guards who "questioned" him. Oh, nothing at all official; nothing to be admitted; nothing that would be draped on a record; nothing that could be proved.

The guards and keepers knew they couldn't prove that Leopold had anything to do with the murder of Klein; but they didn't like all the coincidences that associated him with it.

Then, too, it gave the prison a bad name and revived interest in the crimes for which Leopold and Loeb were sentenced to life and ninety-nine years.

Leopold and Loeb, respectively nineteen and eighteen years old, the youngest graduates of their universities, the pampered sons of enormously wealthy and respected families, kidnaped and slew the fourteen-year-old son of another of Chicago's richest men—little Bobby Franks.

Their fathers' money saved them from the rope, bought the services of well known alienists and a world-celebrated lawyer.

They had confessed the murder, and their attorney, Clarence Darrow, pleaded them guilty and gave their fate into the keeping of Judge John R. Caverly, with a plea for mercy.

The trial, which took up six weeks of the summer of 1924, was one of the sensations of the year. Every day the courtroom and the corridors of the Criminal Court Building were packed. And, on each of the three days on which Darrow made his plea for mercy, hundreds of police had to be on hand to maintain order.

Hour by hour, day by day, State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, and his ace, Joe Savage, piled up the evidence against the two gilded youths, revealing how the young men had plotted the kidnaping and murder long before they selected the victim; how they had considered sacrificing Loeb's little brother, and abandoned the idea only because it was not feasible; and how, at the last minute, they had accidentally come upon the Franks boy.

THE State related again and again how the defendants lured little Bobby into their auto, hammered him over the head, gagged him, chloroformed him, killed him; how they stripped his body and shamefully abused it; how they

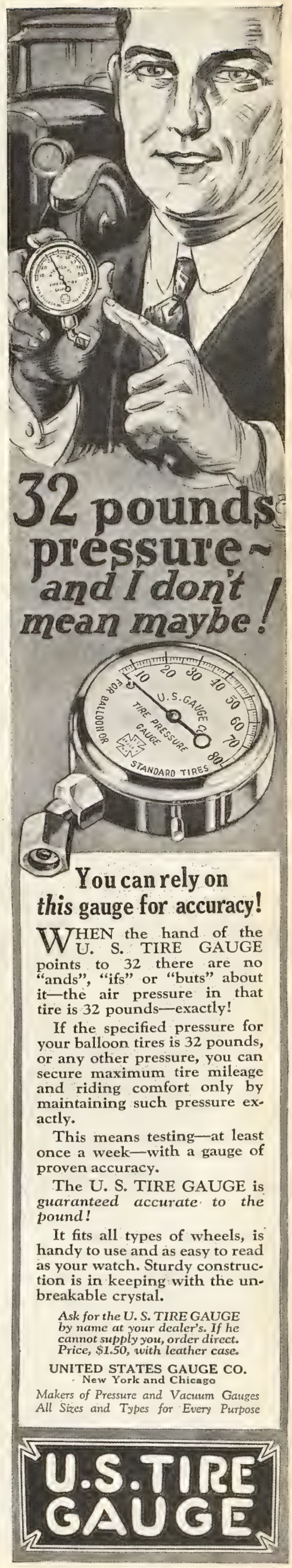
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Int. photo

© Underwood & Underwood

P. & A. photo

THEIR farewell to Chicago: (Left to right) Sheriff Hoffman, Leopold, Loeb, and Hans Thompson, assistant jailer, leaving Cook County Jail for the penitentiary. Judge Caverly, who was both judge and jury at the trial, is shown above, and below is Warden Whitman, whose removal from office followed a murderous outbreak of prisoners in the investigation of which Leopold was involved.



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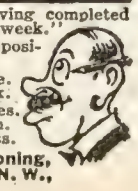

Washington School of Cartooning,
Room 1311-E, 1113-15th St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

[LEOPOLD, LOEB, AND LUCRE Continued from Page Forty-nine]

stuffed it in a culvert far out on the edge of the city; and how they set about collecting a ransom of $10,000 from his grief-stricken parents.

"Foul, fiendish, cold-blooded murder!" yelled Bob Crowe to the venerable Judge.

"Inhuman, devilish, unnatural murder!" cried Joe Savage. "Murder for what? Murder for a thrill! Murder for the thrill of planning and committing the perfect crime and getting away with it! Murder for $10,000 ransom and the joy of perpetrating it!"

They demanded that the two young men be hanged. They begged it.

And Darrow nodded and dozed—Darrow, who had saved a hundred men from the gibbet, Darrow of the golden words, wise in the ways of the law and wiser in the ways of man. Darrow snatched his forty winks, and let the Bachrach brothers, Ben and Walter, his associates, jump to their feet to make occasional protests.

What could Darrow say that would have any effect after all this testimony, especially in view of the fact that he admitted the boys were not insane in the legal sense of the word, though they were not normal either, in the medical meaning of the term?

What could he say? Plenty.

"It was the mad act of fools," he said. "It was murder, for what? For nothing!"

OH, he acknowledged their guilt—the terrible nature of the crime. But these boys were young, they were fools, they were boys who dreamed—boys not rightly made.

"I do not know but what Your Honor would be merciful if you tied a rope around their necks and let them die!"

An old man glowing with sympathy and with pity for the mistakes of youth. An old man talking to another old man who was both judge and jury, wisdom and mercy, life and death.

"The easy thing and the popular thing to do is to hang my clients," he said. "I know it."

But—

"Wouldn't it be a glorious day for Chicago? Wouldn't it be a glorious triumph for the State's Attorney? Wouldn't it be a glorious triumph for justice in this land? Wouldn't it be a glorious illustration of Christianity and kindness and charity?"

He looked at the Judge and asked in a low voice:

"A lifetime spent behind prison bars—is that not enough for this mad act?"

He made it look very terrible. He made it appear an awful punishment. He made it seem just.

Well, who knew, here among the living, what was justice and what was not? Did His Honor know? Then indeed was His Honor wise. The alienists who had examined these boys said they were abnormal. They were sick and they were young; and who knew what went into their making, and what had been left out?

"BUT take them out and hang them! Deck Chicago in holiday garb and let the people have their fill of blood. Put stains upon the hearts of every man and woman and child. Yea, take them out and hang them until they are dead! For God's sake, are we crazy?"

He talked of the barbarous days when men were hanged for every little offense. He pictured a high hill in England and men being hanged there for picking pockets—while other men picked pockets as they watched. He showed the Judge men being hanged for murder—and other men being murdered as they went home from executions. Hangings did not stop murders.

The State's Attorney was barbarous and cruel, he said. The State's witnesses had in the main told the truth—but a few of them had lied. One witness, especially, Darrow said, was not to be believed—the policeman who testified that he had asked the boys what they had planned to do in the event that they were brought to trial for the murder. He had testified their answer was that they would go before a friendly judge and "get away with it." The inference was that money would buy them out of trouble.

"Ah, that was a blow below the belt!" Darrow cried. That was a damnable lie told to embarrass the defense, he said.

Judge Caverly was the chief justice, and the assigning of the case against Leopold and Loeb had fallen into his hands. He had assigned it to himself for reasons he felt were warranted and good.

Int. photo

Nathan Leopold, Sr., multimillionaire father of one of the slayers.

And this thing about "the friendly judge" must have hurt him.

Darrow was indignant about it, indignant at the rumors that filled Chicago. Folks were pointing out that millions of dollars were being paid to save these boys—and that there was only one man on earth who could save them—and that man was the trial Judge.

Darrow knew that all this made the Judge's lot doubly hard. But should the Judge—should anybody—take into account these insinuations in determining the fate of these two boys? Should he be influenced by the mere fact that their fathers had millions of dollars?

The only point at issue was—could His Honor hang a boy of nineteen and a boy of eighteen, a pair of mad young fools?

"If you can, then some other judge can hang a boy of seventeen, or of sixteen. And some day, perhaps, there will be a judge who can hang a child of nine."

Judge Caverly reserved his decision for ten days, and then sen-

tenced Leopold and Loeb to life imprisonment for murder, and to ninety-nine years for kidnaping.

Darrow and the two Bachrachs received $130,000 for saving the pair of rich men's sons. The fee was fixed by the Chicago Bar Association.

The alienists who had spent many days in making their examinations, and many more days in testifying as to Leopold's and Loeb's pineal and pituitary glands, the "king-and-slave" complex that existed between them, the "shameful compact" that bound them together, the holdups and the murder they had committed, their dreams and thoughts and ideas—each of these alienists received $250 for each day he gave to the defense.

And the two gifted and fortunate killers went to the penitentiaries—Loeb to the old stone prison in Joliet, Leopold to the new concrete prison at Stateville, eight miles away.

"A lifetime spent behind prison bars—is not that enough for this mad act?"

They have good beds. They are given good food. They are allowed plenty of exercise and recreation: picture shows every Saturday during the winter months, baseball games in the yard when the days are warm. Loeb worked in the chair shop for a time, and Leopold was a clerk in the shoe shop. Both are messenger-boys now, and Loeb is a sort of straw boss.

There is no lock-step; there is no prison hair-cut. They are shaved every week, and every second week they have their hair cut by the prison barber. There are books to read in their idle hours, and they may talk whenever the keeper calls, "Rest."

THE keepers are kind, and a boy who has money to spend for cigarets and magazines and chocolates—and a few cents for the "screws," as the keepers are called—can live very well.

The cells are clean and comfortable and like hotel rooms—at least, in the round houses of the penitentiary at Stateville. They have hot and cold water, electric lights, and steam-heat. The service is excellent. Many men struggle all their lives for the comfort these fellows enjoy, and never attain it.

The prisoners are awakened at 5:30 in the morning, or thereabouts—it all depends on the weather. Breakfast is served at 6:30 or 6:45—potatoes, bread, butter that is nearly genuine, and a mug of coffee; or it may be pancakes and syrup and coffee; or it may be a stew—not the same every day.

They go to work immediately after breakfast. They lunch at 11:45, and are locked in their cells for an hour to rest and digest their food, and are then sent back to work.

Supper and accounting come before dark. Then they are locked in their cells. Lights go out at 9 P. M., with each little convict tucked away in his neat white bed.

P. & A. photo

Int. photo

PETER KLEIN, deputy warden, killed in a prison escape. The interior of the cell house is shown above.

Not a hard life. Not an unhealthy life. Charles Lindwall, who in 1900 was believed to be too old for hanging—Governor Tanner commuted his death sentence to life—stood it for over twenty-seven years. He died of old age. He was ninety-eight years and nine days old when he reluctantly departed Joliet.

Leopold and Loeb have not pined away. They are not eaten with remorse. Loeb sees his mother or other relatives every once in a while. Leopold's father visits him.

Leopold had an attack of appendicitis some time ago. The prison doctor operated on him; and his father paced up and down in a room near by, waiting again to hear whether the verdict would be life or death. How would he have received the news if his son had died?

So long as he lives the old man will worry and sorrow over his son. The memory of his boy's crime will shame him.

So long as the Loebs and the Leopolds live in Chicago—even though they remain the honest, reputable, decent people they always have been—they will be associated with the foulest murder on record.

But, even now, visitors to Chicago are taken to the South Side and shown the palaces in which young Leopold and Loeb lived.

One of Loeb's brothers was married recently. He is a young man, generally liked and admired. And he was forced to ask the newspapers not to print the address of his home, so he and his bride might not be subjected to the pitying, prying gaze of the morbid.

It is hard on the families. It always is. Their pride is in the dust, their hopes crushed, their name a byword. But it is not so hard on the boys. They are only numbers in the penitentiary. And no one scorns them.

Then — there is always hope. It is possible that either one or both will be put on the honor farm some day. And it is so easy to get away from the farm that it is almost laughable.

Herman Coppes walked away not long ago.

Herman was a fumble-minded boy hired by Manny Sleep, a farmer near Plano, Illinois. Manny gave him as little work to do as possible, let him play most of the time with the babies, bought him clothes, and tried to give him an education.

But Manny's wife, Coppes thought, was too bossy. So he shot her, hacked her body with an ax, and threw it down a dry well. He knew her children would tell. So he chopped them up, too, and flung them down upon their mother.

As he was only fourteen and "mentally foggy," he was granted mercy and life imprisonment. Then came the honor farm and freedom for him.

The honor farm would be delicious. But there is a chance, also, of being transferred to a nice quiet madhouse and bribing one's way out in due time. And there is a chance that a clever lawyer may get them out on parole, or that a soft-hearted governor may pardon them.

LAWYERS have pointed out that Judge Caverly did not say the sentences of ninety-nine years and life should run concurrently, but that the law could so construe it. In such a case, the parole law would apply to the longer of the two sentences.

Now, which is longer, ninety-nine years or life? It would be easy to prove—especially to an Illinois parole board—that a life sentence is much longer than ninety-nine years.

All right; suppose it is. A man sentenced to life is eligible for a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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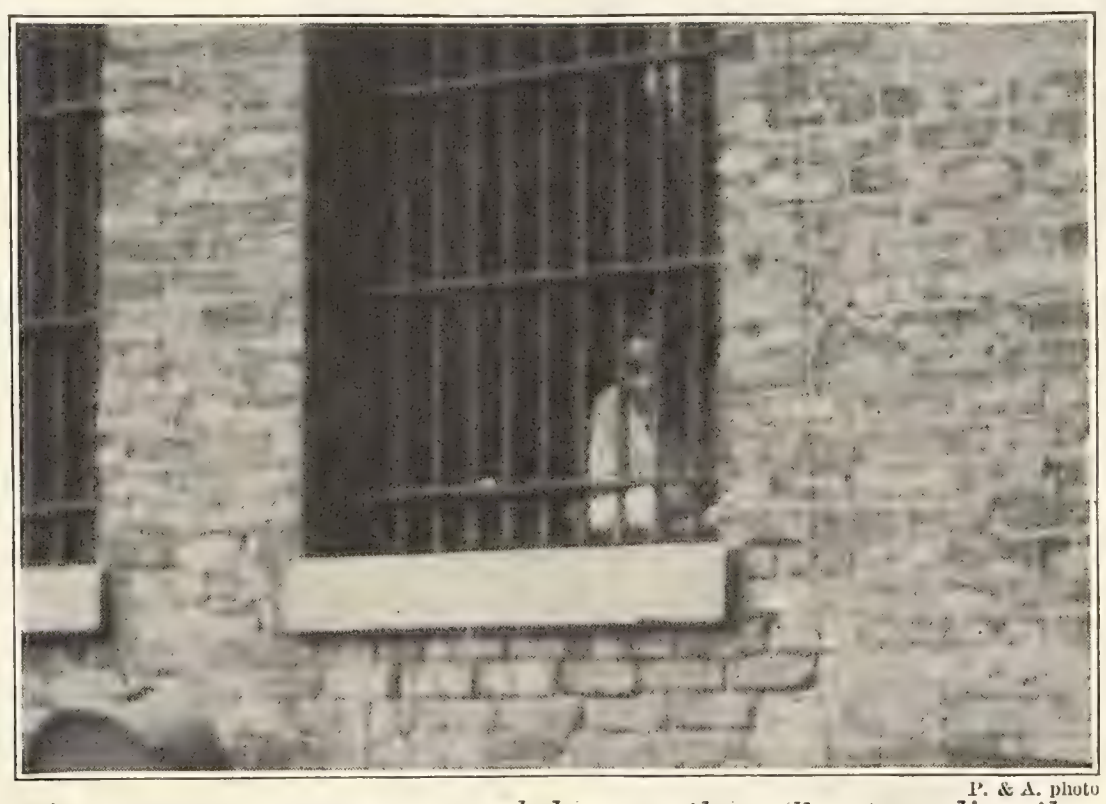
[LEOPOLD, LOEB, AND LUCRE]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

parole after serving twenty years, and that, counting time off for good behavior, means about eleven years and three months.

Judge Caverly never meant the boys to come out of the penitentiary alive. But, as the years go by and times and sentiments change, it is possible that no one interested will be in a position to fight a motion for parole. And when the day for such a motion comes, Leopold and Loeb will have excellent records.



P. & A. photo

A newspaper cameraman crawled up on the wall surrounding the Chicago jail and made this picture of Loeb in his cell there.

Warden Elmer Green, a nice, elderly man, says they are good prisoners. He is a humanitarian, and he looks on Leopold and Loeb with a sympathetic eye.

"Of course"—he admits it rather grudgingly—"of course, they committed an awful crime. But—"

An awful crime? It makes the Hall-Mills murder look like a benevolent gesture, and the slaying of Albert Snyder by his wife and her lover with a sash-weight and a bit of picture wire seem only a romantic interlude. But—

"But they are good prisoners. We have many worse ones here."

Mr. Green will let nobody see either Loeb or Leopold. They have met but once since they were sent down, when they were allowed to go into court to defend the suit of Charles Ream, a Chicago taxi chauffeur. He charged them with removing his glands—early on the morning of November 20, 1923. He wanted $100,000 damages.

The young men's attorney told the jury that Ream named the two as his attackers because they were wealthy and because he thought he might make it appear they were guilty.

The mutilation occurred just after a party Leopold had given for himself on his nineteenth birthday. It took place at a spot near where the body of Bobby Franks was found some six months later.

Leopold, the attorney pointed out, was skilful in dissecting birds, and always had sharp knives. This fact, he said, was twisted into "a bit of evidence" to show that Leopold must have wielded the knife on Ream.

The attorney said further that Ream looked at Leopold and Loeb, after they had confessed the Franks murder, and said he could not identify them.

Leopold and Loeb grinned all during the trial, denied the charges, and presented alibis.

The jury disagreed.

There will be no retrial of the case—a settlement out of court was reported to have been made last September. There will be no more trials for them, probably—unless it be a trial of their sanity.

Loeb was reported going crazy not so long ago—but he got over it. The explanation made by a keeper was that Loeb was separated from his cell-mate, and bitterly resented it.

"He started to sham insanity," the "screw" said; "but I darn soon put a stop to that by telling him that I'd recommend a long spell in solitary for him unless he snapped out of it. He snapped out, believe me."

WELL, that's the story.

Four of seven men who killed a deputy warden and two policemen in trying to escape were put to death—one by a bullet, three by a rope. Four poor men, most of them speaking little or no English, none of them with brains or money or influence! Three men, who were saved from the scaffold, murdered and got away.

Leopold and Loeb, shrewd and keen, of wealthy and influential families, killed for the sport of it—and are honor men in Joliet.

And, though Leopold was accused of framing the escape that led to three new murders and the death of four of his friends, nothing could be proved—and there is no mark against him.

Maybe he was innocent. He was once accused of plotting to kill all the "screws" by sprinkling a little arsenic in the soup caldron, but it was proved that the man who made the accusation never saw him.

Maybe he was innocent. What do you think?

THE END

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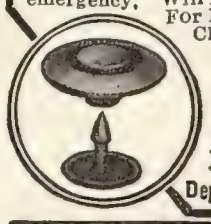

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From Soup *to* Nuts

The à la Carte of the Morses' Family Feed

A Thanksgiving Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

ONE o'clock! The turkey sizzling in the oven! A luscious potato-squash-onion-and-gravy blend!

"What's that funny smell?" Mrs. Morse asked Rosaleen, the dumpy colored girl she'd hired to cook and serve Thanksgiving dinner. Ma was shaking out olives into a dish—as always, careful to save the juice for flavoring the celery salad. Rosaleen was silent; recognizing the odor, silence seemed best.

"You didn't put brandy in the pudding?" Ma continued. She was now piling one-dollar-a-pound bonbons into her silver dish, hoping that nobody would take the lone chocolate-dipped pistachio cream.

"Vanilla," Rosaleen said. "What you smell is—cocktails."

"*Cocktails?*" Ma screamed, and a passing taxi driver thought somebody was hailing him. "I do declare! Cocktails!" And intuition led her to the ice-box room, where she found Pop officiating:

A row of glasses. Orange juice. Cider. Maraschino cherries. Her only bottle of cooking brandy. And a lemon.

"Cocktail *à la* Morse," he called it!

"I never thought you'd turn my ice-box room into a saloon," his wife glared. And she sniffed in a Carrie Nation manner.

"It'll liven up the festive board," Pop said.

"It sounds like a night-club affair to me," was Ma's parting shot. She hurried into the kitchen, praying for tact in asking Rosaleen to park her slipshod red carpet slippers with her street clothes before serving dinner.

One-thirty! The door-bell: two long and one short! Junior rushed out to meet Lil, hoping that Sandy would have a present for him!

"Here's an assorted package of one thousand stamps," Sandy said, looking to see if he had erased the price-mark. "Happy Thanksgiving!" And he also slipped his philatelic brother-in-law a Stone Mountain half-dollar.

Sandy was no human sponge: In return for his free eight-course dinner, he donated a box of cigars (questionable brand) to his father-in-law, three yellow chrysanthemums to his fond mother-in-law, and had a dollar tip in his vest pocket for Rosaleen.

Mr. Morse's tangy cocktails brought good-natured slurs. Each prohibitionist drinker's lips smacked loudly!

"The dreadful smell is enough for me," Ma declared, resolving to drink her nectar on the sly in the hall closet.

Rosaleen's carpet-slippered shuf-shuf-shuffle followed her as she scuffed around the table. She stepped over a slippery rug here, Junior's dog there, and hummed audibly as she made the rounds. It was 'twixt the soup and the turkey that she remembered to remove her gravy-and-vegetable-garnished kitchen apron.

Lil asked for the turkey's neck; Junior yelled for the wish-bone; Ma anticipated "the part that went over the fence last"; Sandy accepted the right wing; and poor Pop got the wing that was left!

Shuf-shuf-shuffle!

They all wore tissue-paper caps, which ripped during the salad. And each person found a fortune in a little cup of nuts. Ma had to "beware an Italian sheik"; Pop's omen was "a pious-looking lady"; Lil was to "take a trip"; Sandy would "be forsaken by a dear one"; and Junior had to "beware a fortune-seeker"!

Shuf-shuf-shuffle!

Ma's famous pumpkin pie—oh, boy!

Thanksgiving!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

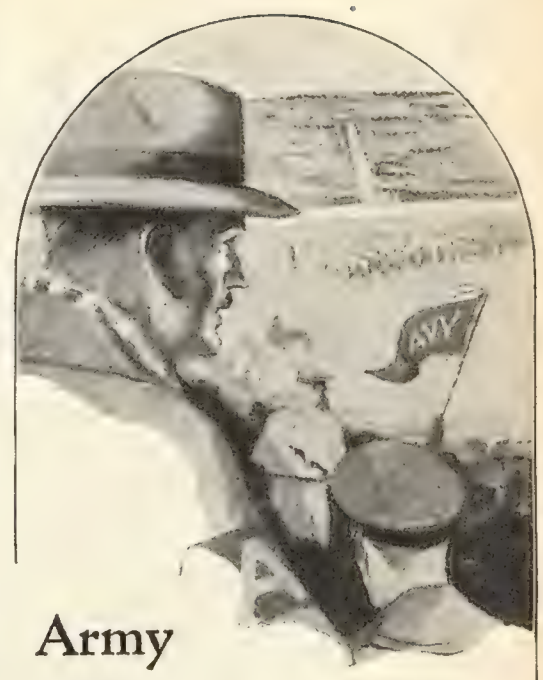
LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Unreasonable Mother

Harry, age six, was starting off in great excitement for a day in the country with some favorite cousins. Mother, standing at the door, called to him, "Have a good time, and be a good boy." Promptly came the reply in most disgusted tones, "Aw, you can't do both!"—Mrs. Thomas P. Keck, Rose Dhu, Savannah, Ga.

The Final Straw

Five-year-old Arthur came in from a strenuous day on the farm. His Aunt Louise suggested that he wash his face and hands and prepare for supper. He heaved a sigh and said, "Oh, Aunt Louise, please don't talk to me about washing. I've had enough bad luck for one day."—Mrs. C. D. Bool, Jett, Ky.



Army *vs.* Navy

New Model

Pocket Ben

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Pocket Ben—made by the makers of Big Ben and other Westclox—is sold everywhere for $1.50. With night-and-day dial $2.25.

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VOX POP

First Lesson: Warum Nicht?

NEWARK, OHIO—Just received a very beautiful portrait of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm from LIBERTY.

Why not print the magazine in German and give us all free instruction with each copy?

Next week, gentle readers, we will have on deck:

What I Liked Best About the World War, by the ex-Crown Prince. —*J. T. A.*

He Gets His Picture in the Paper

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I would like to send the Kaiser twenty-five copies of the article that you called What Life Means to the Kaiser. I wonder whether you would be good enough

to see to it that they are sent at once. They should be registered and the package should be addressed to: "His Imperial Majesty, Emperor William, House Doorn, Doorn, Holland."—*George Sylvester Viereck.*

LATER CABLE: "Please send further twelve LIBERTY articles Haus Doorn. —*William.*"

Dutch Treat

HARTFORD CITY, IND.—Take a look at your issue of October 15! A stanch American public—yet you fed us Richthofen, What Life Means to the Kaiser, and even a portrait of the Old Boy himself. Now, I ask you —is that nice?—*D. C.*

Scents a Frame-Up

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You advertised a binder for sale to save the Richthofen story. I suppose, now, you will be advertising a picture-frame to save the Kaiser's picture?—*A Very Disgusted Reader.*

Kamerad, Don't Shoot!

MOBILE, ALA.—When I picked up one of your recent issues and saw the picture of the former Kaiser, I instinctively grabbed my gun. The more I see of him the more I love diphtheria.—*O. S. T.*

Diagnosing the Kaiser's Case

MONTREAL, CAN.—In your article What Life Means to the Kaiser it is amusing to note how His Nibs pulls off a lot of religious stuff. He is forever talking about God.

But, as you know, his God was not our God. His God was the God of war, rape, and often worse. And yet, this man has the nerve to discuss *our* God with various correspondents.

The fact of the matter is, the Kaiser is trying hard to square himself with the *only* God, and he is finding it quite a job. His mind is filled with those four years of bloodshed. He can never forget them. They are with him night and day, and he has no peace of mind. And he never will, and he knows it.—*Berry.*

Toni or Nothing

AURORA, ILL.—What's the matter with that bozo from Beverly, Mass., trying to knock the article about Toni, Jr.? That article is all right, and don't you dare cut it out. When LIBERTY quits printing Toni's stories, I stop reading LIBERTY.—*Blondie.*

Have You Heard This One?

RED OAK, IOWA—The name of your magazine should be changed from LIBERTY to License—and then the license should be revoked.—*W. E. W.*

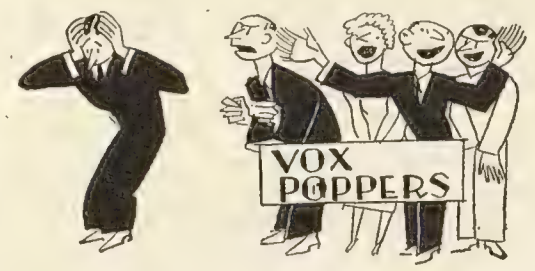
Paging the Real Lucy

NEW YORK CITY—Among the letters which have reached me relative to a story of mine, Toboggan, which appeared in a recent issue of LIBERTY, is one from a woman who calls herself "a real Lucy." The letter has no other signature.

I wonder whether you can suggest any way to get in touch with her, for I should like so much to drop her a line.—*Rita Weiman.*

Let Him In, Pop; He Belongs

OMAHA, NEB.—We as a nation are the greatest liars on earth. And for positive, unadulterated, double-width



proof, I refer you to Vox Pop, the greatest collection of lies extant.—*C. F. Distelhurst.*

Want Ad

CANONSBURG, PA.—*Lost:* Dog answering to name of Trub. Breed: bull-terrier. Sex: Male. Intelligence: Greater than the editors of LIBERTY, since they persist in filling a good magazine with that rot about the German Ace (or Ass).

Return dog to LIBERTY and reward your readers.—*S. V. D.*

The GOOD Old Days

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—As I have reached the age of seventy-nine years "young," I had thought my days of getting excited were past. But this Donner female who wrote Times Is, Times Was—Times Is, certainly has got my goat (to use a modern expression).

Permit me to say to Miss (if it *is* Miss) Donner that in the old days home was a place where we lived; not merely a parking-place between gin parties, shows, dances, and, in some cases, worse things.

A boy or girl was born, raised, lived, and died, as a rule, in one place, where every one knew him or her and he or she knew every one. And, Miss Donner, to all human appearances they were far more contented, and surely just as happy, as the young jazz-mad folks of today, who smoke (both sexes) at the age of twelve, go eight-tenths stark naked ordinarily, and nine-tenths at the beaches. —*Frederick L. Houston.*

They Never Grow Old

CANYON, TEX.—In his review of Wings, Frederick James Smith says that Richard Arlen, actor, is now twenty-five years of age. When America entered the World War, Mr. Arlen, then fifteen, presumably, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, becoming a second lieutenant. Rather young, eh what?—*H. B. Collier.*

They Talk with Their Hands

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—So Miss Oelrichs, who wrote What's the Matter with American Men, prefers Europeans, heh? A marriage with a European would be funny. One would be forced to hire an interpreter to keep the family quarrels up.

It would just make me boil inside if I were made love to in any other language—or to have my reputation ruined that way; 'cause you can't sass them back when you don't know what they're talking about.—*Gertrude O'Rourke.*

A Sinn Fein Plot

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Isn't it a pity that the gifted author, Charles J. McGuirk (evidently from the south of Ireland) couldn't let his hatred of Englishmen alone in his really interesting article, The Light Eyes Have It?—*Geo. Woodruff.*

An Opinion of Richthofen (1918)

PATERSON, N. J.—I have been reading the adventures of Richthofen during the World War, and I thought this clipping from the London *Daily Mail* might help to make the story more interesting.—*S. McKeague.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This poem was published in the London *Daily Mail* after the military funeral given to Richthofen by the British fliers.]

RICHTHOFEN

The baron on his blood-red plane
  No more shall sally forth to slay;
The dashing master ne'er again
  Shall lead his "circus" in the fray.
Victor in many a stirring fight,
  A very eagle on the wing,
Death found him on his final flight
  And drove him down, a broken thing.
The men who met him face to face,
  Like to himself in hardihood,
Knew courage as a saving grace
  And, while they fought him, understood.
And since his day is now gone by,
  And certain loss must be confest;
Something is missing from the sky
  Now that the foe has lost his best.

So, with due honor, he is laid
  To rest by men who knew him well,
And tribute to their foe is paid
  By those at whose brave hands he fell.
A superman, they loved to pit
  Their strength and skill 'gainst such as he.
And thus his epitaph is writ,
  "He was a sportsman. R. I. P."

Touchstone.

An Opinion of Richthofen (1927)

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am another who can't see how any one with honest-to-goodness *red blood* and the *true Yankee spirit* can enjoy The Red Knight of Germany.

Whoever says Richthofen was a sportsman is not fit to pronounce the name of Elliott White Springs or Lindy, who have proven themselves *real* sportsmen.

Some say Richthofen's log is interesting, and that his bloody murders were sportsmanship. Bah! How about those of us who lost sweethearts, husbands, sons, and fathers?

Forgive and forget? How can we? —*R. L.*

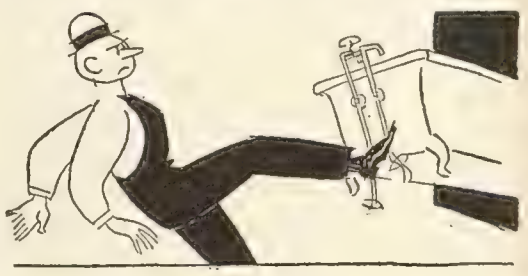
A Cold Wind from the North

WINNIPEG, MAN.—I have a question to suggest for your Twenty Questions, which is: Do Canadians live in igloos? I wonder how many Americans could answer that correctly.

I have just read an article in one of our daily papers about a tourist from the United States who brought a pistol with him to protect himself from the Indians and wild animals in Canada. I suppose he awakened from his deep sleep when he was fined for carrying a firearm on his person without a permit.—*One of Your Canadian Friends.*

Results of Our Saturday Date Line

ROCHESTER, MINN.—Apparently, in their frenzied efforts to convince the censors that their stories are



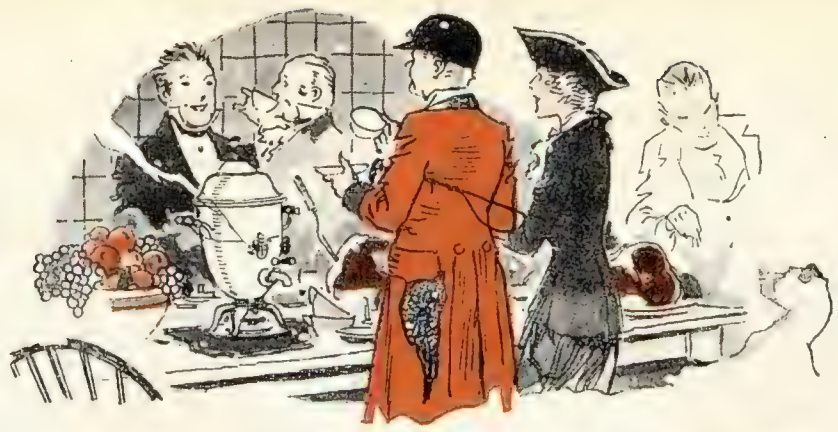
clean, your fiction-writers give undue prominence to the morning tub. Cut out the bathroom stuff.—*F. D. W.*

Hopeful?

HOUSTON, TEX.—I just read LIBERTY to see if there is anything objectionable in it for the youngsters. *You* know . . . .—*C. R. Rishmiller.*

Noted and Approved

CHICAGO, ILL.—Can't help writing you to congratulate you on your very able and pleasing movie editor, Frederick James Smith. More power to him!—*W. L. Doyle.*



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Come weary into hall,
Then hail the quick'ning, cheering draught!
Hail Coffee, goodfolk all!"

—OLD SONG.

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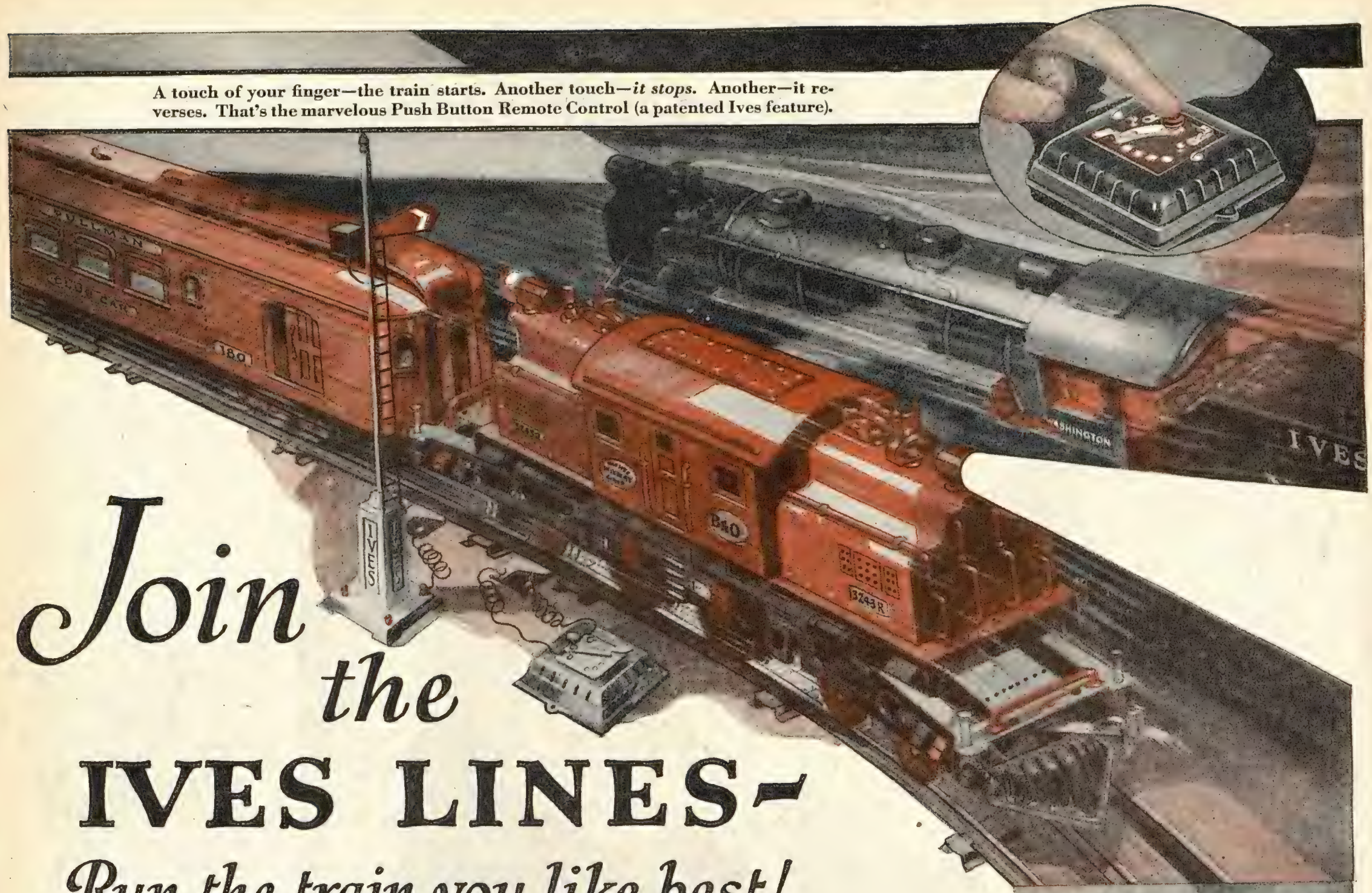

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STORIES *versus* STARS

Film Companies Discover that Good Plots Are More Important than Famous Actors

An Article by

BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON

Int. photo

JEANIE MACPHERSON, now star scenarist for Cecil B. De Mille (right), was once a leading woman for D. W. Griffith (center), who is shown inspecting a piece of film from their production, The King of Kings.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 15 seconds.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, an active young man engaged in the show business in London quite a while ago, once declared rather earnestly, "The play's the thing."

At the time of making this observation Shakespeare was analyzing the receipts of his show-shop for several years, during which period he had experimented with stars, settings, unique arrangements for seating his leading customers, and with every other thing his eager mind could lay hold of.

The Bard of Avon, cherished idol of our highbrows, it should be remembered did not pretend to be more highbrow himself than is a motion-picture producer today. Shakespeare was a theater manager, a manufacturer and retailer of entertainment, whose guiding policy was to give his public what it wanted.

He got material for his plays wherever he could find it, and whipped it into shape to fit the demands of his audience. Apparently he had no thought that he was creating imperishable literature.

His business was to produce performances pleasing to his ticket-buyers. This accomplished, he regarded his job as ended. He was so little interested in the intelligentsia that he cared nothing about having his plays printed.

If Shakespeare lived today he probably would be in Los Angeles making motion-pictures. He would have tried to produce them in England, but would have given up the battle against stuffed-shirts in high places, and would now be writing and directing best sellers for Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Mayer, C. B. De Mille, Joseph Schenck, or Winfield Sheehan.

Shakespeare would find the Los Angeles studios filled with people who would understand him. His general attitude toward the entertainment business and his own experience in writing and producing plays have been paralleled by the movies.

RAISING the first United States flag in Cuba. A scene from The Rough Riders.

Paramount photo

To "give the public what it wants," always being just a wee bit ahead of box-office demands in the hope that a new and profitable field may be discovered, was the Stratford man's policy; and just as it was successful with him, so it has been successful with picture-makers. Now all leaders in motion-picture work have reached Shakespeare's conclusion that the play's the thing.

Today the energies of each of the great studio organizations is focused on ways and means of obtaining a steady supply of interesting stories, skilfully written for camera and screen.

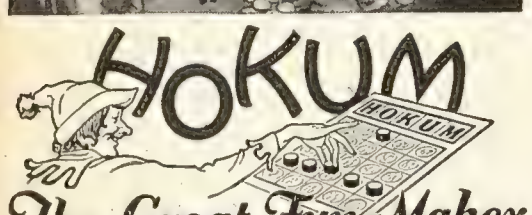
STARS will exist as long as stage or screen remains, but the producers have learned that no actor or actress has sufficient hold on the present discriminating public to carry the burden of a weak story. A few years ago even second-rate celebrities could get by the box-office with fairly feeble plays; but that day has gone.

Several of the widely popular stars of recent years are now *out*, and others are on their way out, because their stories have been too flimsy, or too elaborate, or unsatisfactory in some way to audiences. These players look as well and act as well as they ever did, but unless their plays interest the public they lose their drawing power.

When this occurs, the celebrity can make his own pictures, usually with capital furnished by friends; but very few stars who have become their own managers have been successful.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Famous PARKER GAMES



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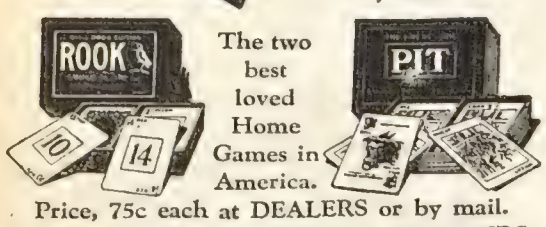

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[STORIES *VERSUS* STARS Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Almost invariably the self-managed star selects poor stories, or stories not adapted to his or her personality.

Nearly all of the stars of the present era were advanced to stardom because of their appearance in pictures that were great because the stories were interesting. Almost invariably the most successful pictures are those that do not depend on a star, or those in which the star rôle is not permitted to distort the story.

The soundest of studio axioms is that "a good story makes a good cast and a good director." Players are inspired to their best work by adequate, fitting rôles; and directors are stimulated to artistic accomplishment by seeing their raw material of scenario and cast progressing into a strong, convincing play.

THE Birth of a Nation brought fame to Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Ralph Lewis, Henry Walthall, and Robert Harron.

Thomas Meighan, Lon Chaney, and Betty Compson sprang into stardom with The Miracle Man. Gloria Swanson's appearance in Male and Female and other De Mille pictures quickly advanced her to the front rank. Pola Negri was unknown until Passion.

Renée Adorée was made a star by her portrayal of the peasant girl in The Big Parade. Karl Dane was playing small parts when the same picture gave him his chance. Rudolph Valentino fairly leaped from obscurity to dazzling fame in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Directors achieve the heights through one great picture. Witness Griffith and The Birth of a Nation, Frank Borzage and Humoresque, Rex Ingram and The Four Horsemen, James Cruze and The Covered Wagon, and many others, including, recently, King Vidor and The Big Parade.

Directors of several successful pictures are invariably moved ahead by a powerful story. Fred Niblo's handling of Ben-Hur is one illustration; Herbert Brenon and Beau Geste and Victor Fleming and The Rough Riders are others.

C. B. De Mille's The Ten Commandments and The King of Kings are two great additions to his long record of interesting stories well presented. Raoul Walsh's joyous handling of What Price Glory added greatly to his reputation.

Selecting an interesting story and preparing it for the screen is the most difficult element in motion-picture production. Studio officials spend fortunes searching for stories and for methods to insure a reliable supply of continuities of high entertainment value. They buy stage-plays, novels, and original manuscripts and pay liberally for them.

The screen rights of stage-plays have become very valuable. Even though a play fails to make a hit on the stage, a picture producer may pay $10,000 or more for its theme if he sees in it the possibility of a successful photoplay.

If a play enjoys a long run on the stage, its advertising and publicity in newspapers and in discussion create box-office value in picture theaters, and the screen rights for such a drama will yield $50,000 to $150,000 and even more.

Abie's Irish Rose, which made a record run in New York, will be filmed by Paramount, and the author, Anne Nichols, will receive a royalty. It is unlikely that the screen will yield less than a half million dollars to Miss Nichols; it would not be impossible for her to receive a million.

Movie-makers read novels eagerly and pay liberally to screen desirable stories. Rex Beach, the first novelist to become interested in motion-pictures, has seen a score of his stories made into movies, beginning with The Spoilers and continuing to Padlocked, which was bought by Jesse Lasky on a royalty contract with a guaranty of an $85,000 minimum.

Int. photo

P. & A. photo

P. & A. photo

FILM-WRITING adds many thousands to these noted authors' incomes. Zane Grey (top), Peter B. Kyne (center), and (below) Rex Beach.

Zane Grey's great army of readers has been augmented by a greater legion of movie fans, who welcome eagerly Mr. Lasky's several Zane Grey productions each year. They add from $100,000 to $200,000 to the author's annual income.

Rupert Hughes went into the Goldwyn studio and learned the game of producing and directing, filming his own stories personally. Elinor Glyn is active in the preparation and production of her pictures. Mary Roberts Rinehart, Peter B. Kyne, Edna Ferber, and many other authors are almost as popular in film as in print.

STAGE-PLAY, novel, and short story must go through the mill of adaptation before it is ready for the camera. The spoken drama, consisting almost always of a slight plot and depending for its effect on dialog, does not contain enough action to sustain six reels of film. Its three to five acts, with a total of seven or eight scenes, must be expanded to twenty or thirty episodes, or sequences, in a continuity.

Successful screen adaptations of novels are those in which the author's central theme is presented by not more than five or six principal characters.

Novel-writing is usually accomplished by one man, plugging away alone. Motion-picture continuities are often the result of the cooperation of several minds.

It is not unusual for the producer to engage several continuity writers to prepare separate adaptations of a play or a novel, the editor-in-chief selecting the one that seems best, or merging portions of each in a completed story. Producer, author, director, and screen-writer often work together in creating a manuscript for the camera.

The Big Parade, a typical illustration of building stories for the screen, was produced by the combined energies of Irving Thalberg, King Vidor, Laurence Stallings, and Harry Behn. Thalberg bought the screen rights to Stallings' novel, Plumes, without reading it. He had a hunch that the brain that had conceived What Price Glory would have put into Plumes something suitable as the basis of a picture.

King Vidor found the story undesirable for screen purposes, but it inspired him with a deep desire to produce a great war film. A conference with Thalberg was followed by a wire to Stallings:

"Will you come to Los Angeles to assist us?"

Stallings answered:

"I will."

By the time Stallings reached Los Angeles, Vidor was saturated with war dreams, and had impressed into service an eager and intelligent young continuity writer, Harry Behn, trained as a newspaper reporter. Vidor talked with Stallings, and drew from him a wealth of observations, incidents, actions, emotions; Harry Behn all the while engaged in asking reporter-like questions and in making notes.

IN this King Vidor followed the practise of William Shakespeare, with the exception, be it noted, that Vidor's source of material, Laurence Stallings, received both money and credit, which was not common in Shakespeare's time.

Like The Big Parade, The King of Kings, Old Ironsides, The Rough Riders, and many other successful photoplays were written directly for the screen.

Los Angeles has several hundred professional screen-writers. Among them may be found nearly every species of dramatist, from interesting old-time hacks, prepared to deliver a twenty-minute vaudeville sketch or the book of a grand opera on short notice, to the breezy young men and women spe-

cializing exclusively in snappy subtitles for plays written by other authors.

The system of dealing with writers varies somewhat in the various studios. Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer have had as many as sixty or seventy writers on salary, and for a time the Paramount-Famous-Lasky corporation had nearly as many.

Salaries range from $100 to $3,000 a week, and while only two or three of the most famous photo-dramatists receive as much as $3,000, there are several who get $1,000 to $2,000, and many who have to worry along on $200 to $1,000.

The tendency seems to be toward free-lancing, the writers accepting assignments from various studios. They receive from $2,500 to $25,000 for each adaptation or story. Original stories are worth from $2,500 to $25,000, and no producer would hesitate to pay $50,000 for a script that seemed to contain a great story.

A LIST of the leading photo-dramatists would supply a neat text for a lecture on the increasing power of women. It is probable that nowhere else in art or industry have they won such high position and profit as in the profession of screen-writing. Famous women writers in the studios outnumber the men.

Jeanie Macpherson is the author of many successful Cecil B. De Mille productions, her latest being The King of Kings, in which Miss Macpherson causes the New Testament to flow simply and convincingly to the screen.

Frances Marion wrote the screen adaptation of Humoresque. Anita Loos, author of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, wrote for the screen when but a child. The late June Mathis adapted Blasco Ibañez' The Four Horsemen and made a film classic of it. Clara Beranger has a brilliant string of successes to her credit. Lois Weber was a continuity writer who has since become a star director.

Jane Murfin is both stage and screen dramatist, Smilin' Through being her best known play. Adela Rogers St. Johns won fame by continuities, short stories, and novels. Barbara La Marr was a screen-writer who became a star.

Eve Unsell, Marion Fairfax, Sada Cowan, Beulah Marie Dix, Hope Loring, Olga Printzlau, and Doris Anderson have won high standing as film-writers.

The tendency among the masculine members of the writing guild is to move into other studio positions. John Gilbert is the only continuity man, to my knowledge, who abandoned the fountain pen for make-up; Larry Semon being hard to classify, with his record as vaudeville actor, newspaper reporter and cartoonist, scenario-writer, comedy star, and director.

Several writers have become directors, among them Eric von Stroheim, Rex Ingram, Charles Maigne, Edmund Goulding, Monta Bell, Howard Hawks, Clarence Badger, and Lambert Hillyer.

Many of the executives in charge of production came from manuscript desks, among them being Benjamin P. Schulberg, of Paramount. In important editorial or supervising positions are Louis D. Lighton, Ralph Block, Hector Turnbull, Charles Furthman, Julian Johnson, and Lucien Hubbard.

William Le Baron is the head of FBO studios. C. Gardner Sullivan, Bert Millhauser, Wid Gunning, Ray Schrock, and Edward Montagne won their executive positions by ability as writers. J. Leo Meehan rose to the directorial ranks from scenario work.

Benjamin Glazer, stage dramatist who adapted Seventh Heaven, and Frances Marion, according to general belief, play par on salary, each receiving $3,000 a week.

Owen Davis, Elmer Harris, Thompson Buchanan, and Anthony Paul Kelley are among the playwrights who have mastered the camera and can create for stage or screen. Al Cohn, Tom Geraghty, Monte Katterjohn, and Waldemar Young confine their work to the studios, with occasional one-act plays and vaudeville sketches.

Others who have made their marks as screen-writers are Joseph Jackson, Elliott Clawson, Josephine Lovett, Harvey Gates, Forrest Halsey, Willis Goldbeck, Anthony Coldewey, William Ritchey, Rex Taylor, Percy Heath, Hans Kraly, Gladys Unger, Douglas Doty, Jack Hawks, Carey Wilson, Lenore Coffey, Bradley King, John Goodrich, William Conselman, A. P. Younger, Raymond Cannon, Wallace Smith, Bess Meredyth, and Julien Josephson.

Within the last year or two the new business of writing titles has come into existence. George Marion, Jr., is, I believe, the most successful in this lively art, removing something like $2,000 each week from producers' purses.

The era of the photo-dramatist is here, and men and women—for this field seems distinctly one in which women have every opportunity—now have the chance to show their stuff in the studios.

The producers have poured millions into the creation of stars, only to find that a star is no better than his or her story.

Other millions have been invested in elaborate, expensive productions; and while the movie leaders are convinced that settings and environment must be attractive and convincing, and are willing to spend all the money necessary to obtain these results, they are equally convinced that mere money - spending will not make a successful picture.

STARS will continue to twinkle, but they will have to twinkle in interesting plays or their huge salaries will diminish. Expensive productions will continue, but only when high costs are justified by a strong, appealing story.

The brains, energies, and resources of the companies that dominate motion-pictures are concentrated on stories. The men at the head of the great corporations insist that an interesting theme must be the foundation of each picture.

This insistence has back of it the limitless urge and resistless eagerness that have enabled American movies to dominate the screens of the world. The producers have proved that their energy and dollars can bring to the screen acting and directing of high quality; settings and furnishings as beautiful as dreams or as grimly realistic as iron girders. Photographic effects believed impossible a few years ago are common today.

Now that this driving force of brains and money is being focused on the creation and building of stories, it is not too much to predict that the epoch into which the movies are entering will prove to be the most important in the history of the world's most popular means of entertainment.

THE END

Int. photo

Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose novels invariably are screened.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, who writes about the films and for them (right).

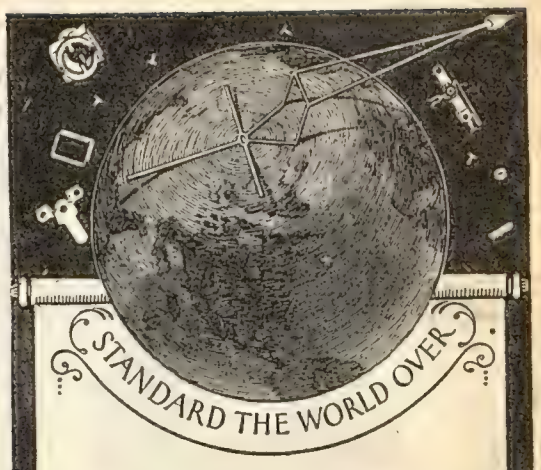
Int. photo

Brown Bros. photo

Many motion-picture hits have come from Edna Ferber's typewriter.

Keystone photo

Elinor Glyn has lent her genius to the screen with highly successful results.



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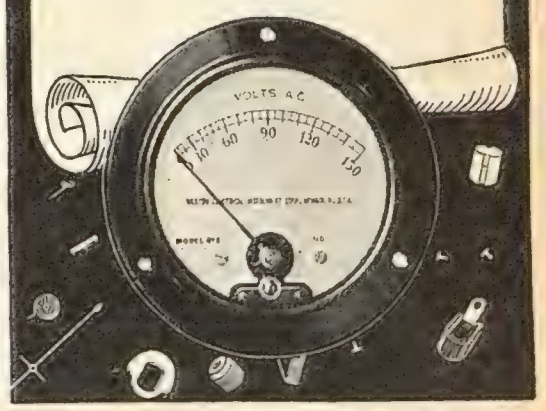

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

IF you have ever battled over the relative extravagance of men and women, it is likely that the argument was not conclusive. Now, however, there are figures to tie to, and you will find them in next week's LIBERTY in answer to Question No. 2 of the following group.

The other nineteen will, of course, be answered as well, and there also will be the usual twenty new knowledge tests for your diversion and profit.

1—Why was the old-fashioned dog-cart so named?

2—Do men or women spend the larger proportion of the world's money?

3—Where are the Olympic games to be held next year?

4—Which State extends farthest north?

5—What country is the largest purchaser of diamonds?

6—What is the Gulf Stream's maximum rate of speed?

7—What proportion of the earth's surface do the seas cover?

8—What is the average annual loss of life from lightning stroke in the United States?

9—How large is a sea-horse?

10—How many home runs has Babe Ruth made in his major-league career?

11—What is the origin of the word "cantaloup"?

12—What is the largest railroad system in the world under one management?

13—How many ribs in the human body?

14—What is the greatest single cause of death in the United States?

15—What is a morganatic marriage?

16—What play was being performed when Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C.?

17—What team in big-league baseball includes the greatest number of college men?

18—What proportion of deaths in the United States is due to accidents?

19—Which State's motto appears on United States coins?

20—How large are the largest hailstones?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Are there more States east or west of the Mississippi River?
A.—There are twenty-six States east of the Mississippi River, and twenty States west; Minnesota and Louisiana are not included in this count, as the river runs through them.

2—How is the percentage of a baseball team determined to decide the pennant-winner of the league?
A.—The number of games won is divided by the total number of games played.

3—Can you name the *Three Musketeers?*
A.—*Porthos, Athos,* and *Aramis.*

4—What is the Fifteenth Amendment?
A.—It is the amendment, passed March 30, 1870, giving suffrage to the Negro.

5—Can you name the thirteen original States?
A.—Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Virginia.

6—Does the United States own the Panama Canal?
A.—No. Under treaty of 1903, the United States may use, occupy, and administer the affairs of the Canal Zone and the canal forever. But the Republic of Panama is the actual owner and is paid $250,000 a year rent.

7—What was the first successful newspaper printed in the United States?
A.—The Boston *News-Letter,* started in 1704. *Publick Occurrences,* printed in 1689 at Boston, was suppressed.

8—Which carries the most passenger traffic between Canada and the United States—railways or automobiles?
A.—Eighty-five per cent is carried by automobiles.

9—In what year was the Johnstown flood? How many lives were lost?
A.—In 1889; and 2,209 lives were lost.

10—When did the first steamboat cross the Atlantic Ocean?
A.—In 1819 the Savannah crossed from New York to Liverpool.

11—When was Tammany Hall founded?
A.—In 1789.

12—Why was March 4 selected as the date for the inauguration of Presidents in the United States?
A.—Because it was discovered that over a very long period of years this date falls on Sunday less frequently than any other.

13—Where is Patagonia, and to what country does it belong?
A.—It is in the extreme southern part of South America. It belongs almost entirely to the Argentine Republic.

14—What is the fastest time ever made by a steamship in crossing the Atlantic Ocean?
A.—Five days, three and one-half hours, by the Mauretania, in 1924.

15—What are the three greatest oil-producing countries in the world?
A.—The United States, Russia, and Venezuela. Until recently Mexico held third place.

16—What is the fastest controlled speed at which man has ever traveled?
A.—Lieutenant A. J. Williams, U. S. N., flying at Mitchel Field, L. I., on November 6, 1927, established an unofficial record of 322.6 miles an hour.

17—What is the only animal supported by the League of Nations?
A.—An appropriation of eight dollars monthly is made for Loulou, a German shepherd dog, kept at the League Palace at Geneva.

18—How many times has Gene Tunney been knocked off his feet in the ring?
A.—Once. Jack Dempsey, former champion, knocked him down in the seventh round of their bout at Chicago on September 22, 1927.

19—What is the Taj Mahal, and where is it located?
A.—It is a mausoleum at Agra, India, built in the seventeenth century by the Emperor Shah Jehan in memory of his favorite queen. It is regarded by many as the most beautiful building in the world.

20—How many plays is William Shakespeare credited with having written?
A.—Thirty-four in all, counting as one Henry IV, which is in two parts, and Henry VI, in three parts.

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It Wears
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Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

(TENTH SPASM)

Wet Work on the Ocean

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 30 seconds.)

On Bord S.S. Beeringeria.

DEER MARG,—

You wood have herd from me sooner but they poured me on bord.

Well, hear I am Lovelips with a head on me like the statue of Liberty, on the high sees, parked in the Prince of Whales sweet. On the levil Marg I never new I had so many friends. Just to give you some idea of how I stand, Im goin to tell you the swell people that saw me off.

There was Terry O'Toole and his brother Mike from the ninth Ward. Larry Grogan and his wife Kate, chief of the Fire department. Tim McClusky who tends bar at the Hangover Inn. Eddie Ryan, President of the bricklayers Union. Joe Donnovan of the Bomb squad. Eddie McCarthy head of the Gas house. Pete O'Neil, stage manager for the French Follies.

Jimmy Mc.Nulty of the cykopathic ward, Wards Island. Knock-Out Sullivan and his broad Mazie. Tim Riley, the Undertaker. Joe Maloney and his pal Spike, the bouncers at the Stagger Inn. One Arm Kelly, Con Man, who runs the Honky Tonk and Arcade over on Second Avenue and about a dozen plastered reporters from the city news and other papers.

So you see how I stand Marg. Every one of em, big shots. Thats me!!!

Now listen Marg, just because I left New York in a hurry in order to grab some pre-war laughing soup cheap over in England, I dont want you to get all reddened up and full of distemper because I did it. I didnt mean to. But wimin dont understand them things. With men, its diffirent. And just to show you how much I love you, Im just goin to have you foller me around the ship as though you were hear. Big harted, thats me.

Well, to begin with, I woke up in the morning about 4 Bells,—Thats nortical for ten oclock. On ship bored, they always talk about time in bells. Fur instance, at Eight oclock they wring eight bells. And at nine Oclock they wring Two Bells.

I dont know why! Thats just a twist they have. Thats navy stuff. Its just like in the army they say Mount Guard, but you really dont mount nothin. Its all tecknickle stuff. It just sounds good, if you know what I mean.

After breakfast all the customers roll out on deck and start walkin. After theyre winded they flop down in one of the deck chairs (what has more joints than a jelly fish) and call for the deck Steward. The steward is the guy what brings you the booze. He comes by that name naturilly.

After the deck steward has fixed you up with a few shots of Scotch and soda, you do a bit of sleeping. And about six bells another steward comes around and hands you a cup of Mutton broth and some pasteboard crackers. After you have gotten that under your suspendars you break out in another tour about the deck.

ONE game is called quoits, but I think they must mean quarts because nobody plays it unless they are plastered.

THEN some fat head suggests that you go up on the boat deck and play a few games. They have great games on board ship. I'll tell you what they are Marg, so you wont be more ignorant if ever you get a chance to go over.

One game is called quoits, but I think they must mean quarts because nobody plays it unless they are plastered. The way they play it is this,—On the deck they have a coupla things marked out like time tables with numbers. Then one of the fellos take the quoits what really look like big asperin tablets, and shove em along the deck with a gadget what looks like a cross between a crutch and a tooning fork.

The feller that knocks out all the other guys tablets wins the game. Exciteing, eh Marg. Heavy stuff!

Theys also another game the English call deck hockey but its really nothin more than Shinny. We kids used to play it over by the gas house on second avenue. The way they play it on the boat is differant. They play it in a box what looks like a chicken coop or an egg krate, otherwise the pill would take a hop in the see.

One fello gets on one side of the coop, and the other fello gets on the other and they start playin with a pair of shinny sticks what has a peace of fire hose on the bottom. They get all steamed up tryin to get the pill through the little hole. The way they go at it you would think there life depended on it—if they ever had to do that for a livin they would take poison.

Oh yes, they have another gag they call deck golf. Its played on a sort of a carpet. In the middle there is a couple of stove lids like, and the idea is to drive the ball between em. It must be awful hard by the expresshuns on their pans. The first one what puts the pill in the thing what looks like a sugar bowl wins the game. I think they get the name from the Golf Stream. Thats a river they have in the ocean. I know all them things Marg.

I was just down to see the Perser. Hes the guy what takes care of the dough. He changed a coupla yards for me into English money. I wish you could see it Marg. It seems that the English money goes by waits and measures. For instance, if you ask how much something is, they say, " one pound."

It gets you dizzy. They hand you back a bunch of pound notes that look like cigar coupons. On the front theres a picture of a feller on a horse spearin somethin and on the other side they got a picture of George Five just after he had his wiskers trimmed. On the back they got a drawing of a museum with all the blinds pulled down.

And you should see the silver. Thats the kick of em all. The shilling has on the back

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TWO *UNUSUAL GIFTS* he will like—

Gift No. 1—will smooth the trouble from his one never-ending source of irritation—his daily shave. How all men hate it! And what wouldn't they give to make it easier, quicker and smoother! A

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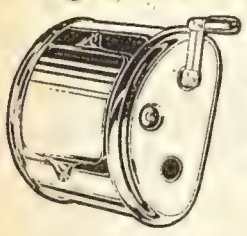

will improve the edge of a NEW blade so much he wouldn't recognize it. A few quick turns and he has a blade that will shave in a jiffy and as smooth as silk. He will use his Twinplex morning after morning for years—and will bless you daily for the comfort and economy you have provided. Ready packed in Christmassy red and green boxes—$2.50 to $5.00.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

a picture of a lion ready to jump. And around the edge they have these words, FID: DEF: IND: IMP: Thats private stuff. All you have to do is hand the shilling to a steward on the boat. He reads the words like a druggist, and gives you a shot. Clever, eh?

It dont take me long to clock em. Then they talk about one bob and two quid. I cant dope out weather they are speakin about hair cuts or tobacco. Its all hamburger to me. And if you ever had ten english pennies in your kick you would be round shouldered carrin em. They look like man hole covers.

I JUST had a chat with the chief engineer. Hes a good egg. He told me that when he was in New York last trip he had a drink in a speakeasy. He says he didnt know weather to burst out in flames or run the engines on a bottle of it. I guess he means all right.

They certainly give you swell groceries on this ocean chariot. Every time you go down to the table it takes three of the waitors to feed you. At lunch time they slip you a menu that looks like a report for the Regulation of Tariff. And then they start in and pack the chow around you. Well, Im not kiddin you Marg.

One of the lunches would floor the 57th division. Then, when you cant eat any more, the head steward comes around with another menu, about the size of the Chicago *Tribune*, and asks you what you will have for supper. No wonder they call it the Frantic Atlantic. You walk around the deck like a stuffed shirt tryin to wear off the lunch when the bugle is sounded for supper.

Then rite away everybody climbes into the trick clothes and start coming down into the saloon. And in front of you you find at the table a menu with your name printed on it what reads,

R. M. S. Beeringaria
MENU
Mr. Michael Shea
Cavier
\- - -
Petite Marmite
\- - - - -
Grouse Rotie
\- - - - -
Brocolis
\- - - - -
Salade
\- - -
Souffle en Surprise
Petits Fours
\- - - - - -
Desert Cafe

Then, the three waitors start servin you as if you never had a feed in your life. First, they slip you a platefull of bullets they call caviar.

That reminds me of a story of a cullud boy that was tellin the other cullud boy that he got blackbawled outer the club. The other guy says, "How many black balls have you all got against you?" And the other says, "Boy, did you ever see caviar!"

Then they give you a soup they call PetITE Marmite which is supposed to be Ritsy. I think its chopped up turtles or aligators. Then they bring on a thing they call Grouse Rotie. Thats the swell name for it. But between you and me its nothin more than a buzzerd or a pelikin like they have stuffed in the museuim of Naturil History. You can see them any day.

THERES a dame tryin to feather a guy who is down as "The Hon. Sir George Lawson Adenoid." She has his ear half worn off.

But the English are nuts about them freak eats. Then they bring on a salad that looks like the top of an old ladys hat. All smeared over with cheese, cylinder oil, and cleaning fluid. Its supposed to be the bugs ear. But I cant give it a thing. Next comes the Souffle en Surprise. That's the dish!

It looks like somethin they dug up in Alaska. In the middle its all fancy ice cream. And on the outside its bean cooked. Between you and me Marg, most of em dont know what theyre eatin. I would rather be in your old ladys kitchen havin an order of cornbeef and baggage. Im not much for puttin on the dog.

THE chief engineer had a drink. He says he didnt know weather to burst out in flames or run the engines on it.

While youre in the middle of punishing the groceries, a feller comes around with a silver chain around his neck. And on the end of the chain hes got a sign what says "Wine Steward." Hes the guy Im jealous of. Hes a real Interior Decorator. Hes afraid to leave the ship in New York for fear theyll make him President of the United States, or kiss him to death.

As you sit back he hands you a beautiful booklet with the name on the front, Wine List! And, what I mean! I am enclosing one of them. Show it to your old man. He'll set fire to his under shirt when he thinks of me on the high sees goin down the list.

After you stagger out of the dinining saloon, all the english people go up to the lounge to watch the Americans get drunk. You never see the englishmen get plastered because they put it in their milk when theyre kids. Thats a quick way of making the babys talk.

After you get up in the Lounge everybody is all dressed up in fried shirts and the women are all half nakid and they start hoistin the giggle soup again. They all put on the dog and con one another as if they was used to it.

Between you and me, most of em aint never seen a carpet, let alone the flowers on em. The old guys try to make the young fluffs. And the old hens doll themselves up like a easter lillie. Theyre all dizzy.

As soon as they run out of conversation they all retire to the Palm Room where everybody gets more plastered. Then they start dancing. Between the roll of the ship and the liquor in the tween decks the dance *is good*. Take it from me.

After the dance, some of em start walkin the deck again and then come back and chill a few more.

Theres a dame what sits next to me at the table who has a face that would freeze the water in your bath tub. Shes tryin to feather a guy on her right who is down on the passenger list as "The Hon. Sir George Lawson Adenoid and manservant." Hes a heavy sugar daddy and she has his ear half worn off. I'll bet when he gets to dear old London hes goin to buy himself a rod a foot long and sing her to sleep. Hes bin tryin to shake her all durin the voyage.

Well, I got to go up to the bar now and get a shot. I havent had one for nearly fifteen minutes.

Remember me to your mother and your girl friend with the crockery eye. I'll write both of you when I get to London. Write me at The Interior Decorators Convention at the Haig and Haig, London.

Yours internally,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I aint fed the fish yet. I'll bet theyre hungry.

This bozo'll be the berries when he gets to London. You'll hear from him there—and how!

The Break of the Game

Michigan vs. Northwestern and Mud (1925)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

LELAND "TINY" LEWIS, Northwestern full-back, whose field-goal defeated Michigan.

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

WEATHER conditions, the condition of the playing-field, and the direction of the wind are some of the important points coaches consider on the eve of an important football struggle.

This is done primarily to determine the style of play to be used. When advantage is taken of such conditions, the carefully planned break may come at any time.

This is just what happened in the Michigan-Northwestern game of 1925, which Northwestern won on a water-logged field, 3 to 2.

The day before the game, rain made a quagmire of Soldiers' Field in Grant Park, Chicago, and the downpour continued through the struggle. Still, 20,000 fans saw the game.

Previous to the game, Northwestern had not played good or smart enough football to warrant a prediction of even a good showing against the Michigan Wolverines, who had defeated Michigan State, 39 to 0; Indiana, 63 to 0; Wisconsin, 21 to 0; Illinois, 3 to 0; and the Navy, 54 to 0.

Northwestern had won from Indiana, 17 to 14; South Dakota, 14 to 7; and Carleton, 17 to 0; losing to Chicago, 6 to 0, and Tulane, 18 to 7.

But when the playing-field is ankle-deep in mud and puddles of water cover parts of the gridiron, anything may happen. Formations adapted for a fast, firm gridiron are useless, and nearly any coach is satisfied with a tie. This is just the way Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan felt before the game.

"That field is not fit for hogs to wallow in, let alone human beings," he said.

Coach Glenn F. Thistlethwaite of Northwestern and his assistant, Jack Ryan, however, welcomed the conditions, and the day before the struggle they started to make their preparations. They realized that a victory or even a tie with Michigan would make the season a success.

They decided upon a single line of defense instead of the box style used by a majority of teams on dry fields.

The Purple ends moved out with the halfbacks on the line of scrimmage. Captain Tim Lowry, the Northwestern center, who usually played in a roving position, was told to take his position on the defensive line, which was instructed to play closer together.

The Purple coaches were aware that Michigan's running and forward-passing attack could not be used satisfactorily under the conditions, and expected a line-crashing offense.

Michigan did this, but was stopped with slight gains throughout the struggle.

Coaches Thistlethwaite and Ryan decided to force a break early in the game. They instructed Captain Lowry to take advantage of the strong north wind if he won the toss.

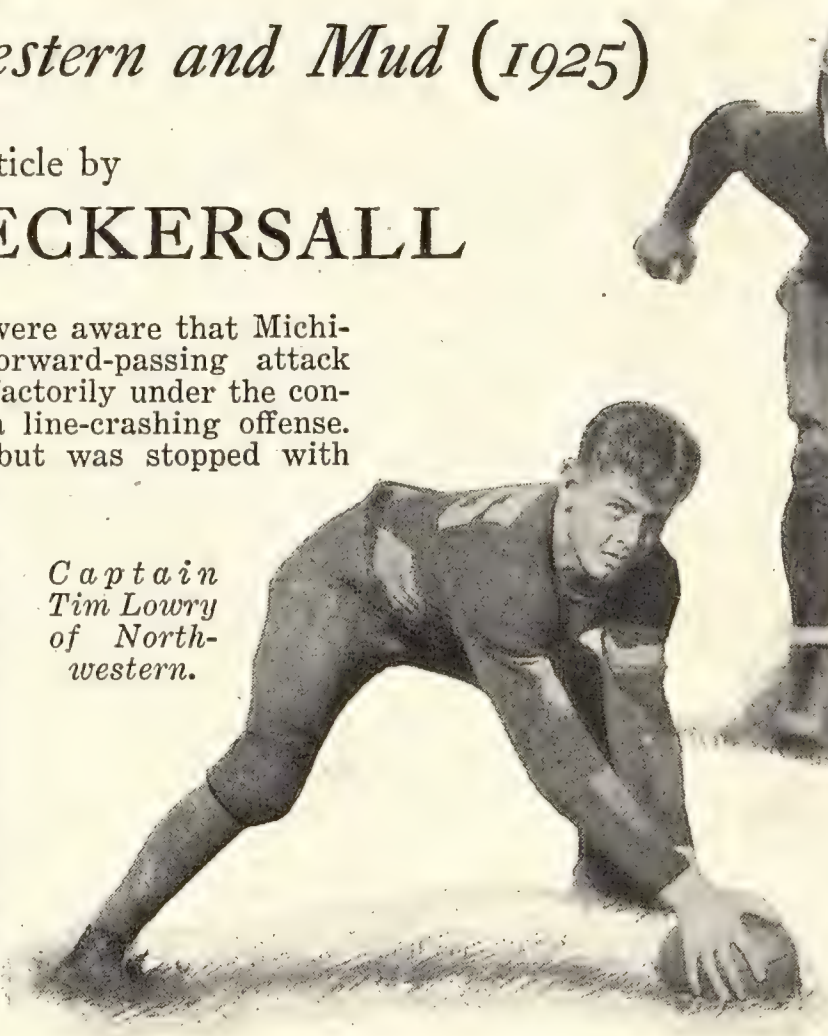
The Northwestern captain called the turn of the coin and elected to defend the north goal with a miniature gale at his back. Captain Brown of Michigan kicked off.

The ball was lifted to White, one of the Purple backs, who returned it to his own thirty-five-yard line. On the next play, Leland "Tiny" Lewis, the Northwestern full-back, punted the dry ball high and far down the field. Bennie Friedman, the Michigan quarter-back, permitted the oval to strike the ground.

He stayed back of it a trifle, and then came the planned break of the game.

The Northwestern players had been coached to get under that punt with all possible speed. They did.

Friedman failed to take into consideration the slippery condition of the ball. It went through his hands, and Frank "Barney" Mathews, the Northwestern right end, fell on the oval on Michigan's three-yard line.



Captain Tim Lowry of Northwestern.

FRIEDMAN, the Wolverines' quarter-back, who dropped a punt in front of his goal-line.

THE play that saved Northwestern: In a pouring rain, it was the Purple's ball on their one-yard line. Rather than risk a fumble, Captain Lowry ordered Lewis to down the ball behind the goal and give Michigan two points. It became the Purple's ball on the thirty-yard line, and Michigan was licked, 3 to 2.

Gustafson, White, and Lewis, the Purple backs, each tried to advance the oval, but at the conclusion of the third attempt the ball was further away from the Wolverine goal-line. There was only one thing left to do: attempt a field-goal.

Lewis dropped back to Michigan's eighteen-yard line, and Bill Christman, the Purple quarter-back, bent on one knee to hold the ball. Captain Lowry wiped off the ball before making his pass.

Tim made a perfect toss to Christman and Lewis drove the ball over the cross-bar. That was the play Thistlethwaite and Ryan had planned. They wanted Lewis to make his effort when the ball was fairly dry.

In the second quarter Michigan had the wind, and kept Northwestern fighting to defend its goal-line.

AT the beginning of the third quarter Michigan had the advantage of the wind because it had the choice of goals.

The Wolverines played like madmen and gradually forced Northwestern against its goal-line. Gilbert, the Michigan back, made a beautifully placed punt, and the ball came to rest on Northwestern's one-yard line.

At this point Captain Lowry exercised rare judgment. He ordered Lewis to give Michigan two points by making a safety. Lewis caught the ball in punt formation eight yards back of his goal-line and downed it for a safety.

The oval then was taken out to Northwestern's thirty-yard line, where it still remained in the Purple's possession.

If Captain Lowry had not ordered that safety, anything might have happened.

It was a very smart piece of strategy on the part of the Northwestern captain, but his decision influenced the football rules committee to take action on the intentional safety. Hereafter the ball must be put in play on the team's twenty-yard line and the team must kick on first down.

Northwestern's intentional safety took away Michigan's last chance to score. The Purple had the advantage of the wind in the final period, and protected its margin of victory. Thus the situation at the end of the game remained much as it had been after the break that occurred a few minutes after its start.

How Carnegie Tech used psychology to beat Notre Dame is told in next week's LIBERTY.

My Side of the Story

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

WINDOW shades I like just for the fun of pulling the strings and watching them fly up and out of sight.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 12 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I made a threat some time ago to tell what I think about the way homes should be built and furnished so that children could live in them without the trouble most of us ex-pe-rience in our young days.

The time has come.

There has been a great deal of head-shaking around my home lately, and I seem to be the cause of it. The excuse, anyway.

"Don't bump your carriage into that writing-desk, Toni."

"Don't touch that table, Toni. Haven't I just had it done over?"

"For pity's sake, don't scratch that chair! Can't we ever keep anything nice around here?"

And so on and so on.

It does just seem as if no house is large enough for furniture and children. Nice furniture, I mean. What Mom would call nice but I wouldn't. And, so long as we youngsters haven't much to say about being landed in the midst of the troublesome stuff, I wonder if we couldn't get parents to listen to our side of the story and not pay so much attention to the furniture's wrongs.

Speaking for a whole army about my own age and size who can not live in great, wide open spaces for reasons we don't under-stand (although I suppose there must be some good ones or parents themselves would hardly put up with the in-con-ve-niences of close quarters), I wonder if we can not get together and work out some plan to relieve the con-ges-tion.

What discourages us most of all is the fact that as we get bigger and bigger the homes we have to live in seem to get smaller and smaller, and more and more cluttered up with stuff that inter-feres with our happiness, to say nothing of our prog-ress around the place itself.

Just let us take chairs, for one thing. Only they're never one thing. There are always a lot of them. Why do there have to be so many to sit on when we're around for the purpose, seemingly? Only this morning Daddy told me that I had to be sat on.

Then there are things on tables which we try to get acquainted with by handling (the only way really we can learn about a lot of things in the world in which we live), and succeed always in being thought "naughty" because we don't keep our hands off them.

I feel par-tic-u-larly het up on the subject right now, because the furniture around our house and I were just getting used to each other and Mom got to the point where she didn't even bother to warn me not to bump and scratch. One more bump or scratch wouldn't make any difference anyway, she agreed.

Then she took it into her head to move because there was a moving-day, and it seems if one isn't in the moving procession one feels awfully out of it.

That meant disposing of all the old pieces that were in-cur-able and fixing up to look like new what still had legs left. And just so there wouldn't be any room left at all to run your doll-carriages around in, new stuff was bought for corners and passageways.

I don't wish to appear too complaining about parents, because really I am very, very fond of mine and I'd like to see some one try to get them away from me or me from them. *But*—

"Go ahead and complain," Aunt Toni urges me. "They ought to be complained on. They're old enough to understand that the one great uncontrollable desire youngsters have is for activity, and if they won't supply them a park, a big yard, or a big play-room to let loose in, parents have to expect to give them the run of the house, and any furniture damage is on their heads, not on the youngsters'.

"It's hard enough for us inactive adults to fit into small city apartments, much less try to fit anything so much at variance as a child's primitive impulses and a sardine box of a home."

"But," says Mom, "so long as Toni chose us for relatives, we have to treat her to some dis-ci-plined mode of living. She can't be encouraged to wreck the place, can she?"

My suggestion, however, is not to have anything around to wreck.

As spokesman for my generation, we guarantee with our proposition to parents that housework will be simple; that mothers can go to bridge parties every day in the week instead of once or twice, and that they will have the time they are always crying for to do the things they want.

Don't have anything in the rooms at all, is all we ask.

No matter how big or how little, how dear or how cheap it is, furniture is always in the way, some of it more than others of it. Chairs, while I've already said they weren't necessary, aren't really so bad. If they're not too heavy and you come up against them hard enough you can move them out of the way. But pianos are terrible things to bump into when you're running on high.

Aside from the damage to the furniture that mothers talk about when they meet, there is also the damage to us that could be prevented. I've had some bad spills myself coming suddenly upon a table-leg or sofa-end.

After one of them, not so long ago, it looked for a bit as if it was the hospital for me. But, as Daddy says, you can dent a rubber ball, but you can't break its bones, because it hasn't any. So I managed to heal up without even having to call a doctor.

I don't believe, if I were parents, I'd have any walls around a home, either. And then there'd never be any sighs over the smudged patches made by small, dirty hands. And if you've ever tried going through them, as I have, you know what a blessing a home would be without walls.

Ceilings I don't mind so much, because I've never been able to get very close to them. And window shades I like just for the fun of pulling the strings and watching them fly up and out of sight.

Of course, my ex-pe-rience has been with city apartments entirely, where kids haven't as much room to jump around in as a pet poodle, and which I suppose is one of the reasons one finds so many of the latter occupy-ing laps that could be better used.

"DON'T bump your carriage into that writing-desk, Toni."

I DO wish Mom would live out in the country with lots of ground around the house, so we wouldn't have so many dis-agree-ments on this subject I am all het up about.

I think it would be eco-nom-ical for her, because it does cost her a lot having to send furniture away to get cavities filled where chunks have ac-ci-dent-ally fallen out after some kind of contact with me.

They were dis-cuss-ing such a place recently, agreeing that a city apartment is no place to bring up a youngster.

"Houses and youngsters," Daddy says, pulling on his pipe, "have a good deal in common. The architects draw up plans and they're often not what was expected at all. The cost in each case is usually more than is planned on; little expenses cropping up here and there you never dreamed of."

"Well," says Mom, "one thing we won't have to count on with Toni, as we would with a house, is any de-pre-cia-tion."

Oh, dear, suppose I don't turn out to be worth the investment! Maybe I'd better not do any more com-plain-ing like I have been doing today or she may change her mind.

And that *would* be terrible!

Toni, Jr., discovers vanity—and how she likes it! See next week's LIBERTY.

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IT HAS earned them, you may say. But Camel is proud, just the same, to have more friends than any other cigarette ever had. And they're the best friends any smoke could have. Particular, fastidious and loyal. They've made up their minds after comparing Camels with other brands. Modern smokers, millions strong, who do their own thinking, are voting straight for Camel every smoking hour.

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A new, remarkably easy way to prepare delicious Mazola-Mayonnaise

"Beating" requires only 30 seconds—perfect results guaranteed

Here is the new Mazola-Mayonnaise recipe that has amazed thousands of housewives. Easily, quickly made—and you can prepare a pound of this wonderful mayonnaise for less than twenty cents—about one-half the price of manufactured mayonnaise. Merely follow carefully the recipe to the right—the results will surprise you.

* * *

Salads made Mazola famous for purity, quality and economy and this new recipe again demonstrates the excellence of this Perfect Oil for all Salads.

1 egg	*⅛ teaspoon paprika*
2 tablespoons sugar	*¼ cup vinegar*
1½ teaspoons salt	*¾ cup Mazola*
2 teaspoons dry mustard	*1 cup water*

4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Serving the THANKSGIVING DINNER

By ETHEL SOMERS

Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

ONLY definite plans and a schedule of work will insure against any possible disappointment to the Thanksgiving Day hostess' guests. If she will follow the day-before-the-feast program outlined in last week's issue of LIBERTY, and proceed with it on Thanksgiving Day, with the help of the one herewith presented, her labors will be considerably lightened.

The dinner is planned for six persons, to be served at 2 o'clock. Simple addition or subtraction will make any necessary revisions in the time.

Menu

Grapefruit Cocktail
Bouillon
Stuffed Roast Turkey or Crown-Roast Pork
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Squash (plain or en casserole)
Baked Onions with Parsley Butter
Cranberry Jelly or Ice
Curled Celery Flower Radishes Olives
Green Salad
Pumpkin Pie
Cider Coffee
Nuts and Raisins Mints

Schedule for Thanksgiving Day

9:00 A. M. Prepare pumpkin pie.
9:30. Put the pies to bake in a 425° F. oven that has been lighted at least 10 minutes before the pies are ready to be put in.
9:35. Reduce oven heat to 375° F.
10:25. Remove the baked pies and heat oven to 450° F.
10:30. Put the turkey to roast in a hot oven (450° F.).
11:00. Reduce the oven to 400° F. and baste the roasting turkey every 10 to 15 minutes—see recipe in next column.
11:10. Set the table for the first course with the service plates. Make sure that the silver, napkins, nut cups, and all are ready for the dinner, so that the table may be complete without further attention except for placing the cold entrée plates with the cocktail.
Also set the tea-wagon or side-table with the soup tureen, ladle, bouillon cups, crackers, etc.
Arrange the dessert plates with the pumpkin pie on the lower shelf.
12:40 P. M. Place the onions in the oven with the roasting turkey to bake. They may be crowded in around the edges, if necessary.
12:45. Arrange the relishes in the relish dish and place in the ice-box, ready for instant service.
1:10. Put the potatoes on in boiling salted water to cook.
1:15. Put the squash to heat in the casserole in the oven (the warming-oven will suffice if there is no room elsewhere). Or heat the baked squash in the top part of a double boiler over boiling water.
1:20. Arrange the grapefruit cocktail, thoroughly iced, in the scalloped shells on the entrée plates. Place in the ice-box, ready for instant service, or put directly on the table. These will remain cold for the time that is left. If the room is especially warm, a small piece of ice may be added to each.
1:30. Dampen the rolls on top and place in the warming-oven to heat and crisp.
1:32. Put the relish dish on the table.
1:35. Cut the cranberry jelly into individual molds and place on the table on a relish dish or on the individual bread-and-butters (if used).
1:40. Heat bouillon to boiling and pour into the soup tureen previously placed on the tea-wagon or side-table.

Cold appetizers are a convenient first course for the busy hostess.

1:42. Prepare individual salads or assemble materials for preparing the salad and serving it at the table. The hostess may do this while the host carves the fowl.
1:48. Mash the potatoes and place over hot water to keep hot.
1:55. Prepare the coffee and allow to percolate or settle while the first course is being eaten.
2:00. Dish up the dinner and place in the hot oven.
Announce dinner to the guests.

Pumpkin Pie

2 cups sieved cooked pumpkin
½ teaspoon salt
1/3, ½, or ¾ cup brown sugar, according to taste
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves, if desired
2 eggs
1 cup scalded milk and
1 cup scalded cream
or 2 cups scalded milk and 2 tablespoons butter

A set of sharp carving-tools and ample platter room aid the carver in his work.

PROCEEDING from the day-before operations, scald the milk and cream, or milk and butter if used instead. Slowly stir this into the other ingredients which were mixed and stored in the ice-box. When the whole is well blended, pour the pumpkin mixture into the pie shell and place *at once* in a hot oven (425° F.) for 5 minutes; then reduce the temperature to a moderate oven (375° F.) for 50 minutes. At this time the pie should be brown and firm enough not to stick when tested by inserting a silver knife in the center of the pie. Pumpkin pie may be glazed by gently pouring ¼ cup of milk on top before it is put to bake. The milk remains on top and forms a shiny brown skin.

Roast Turkey

TAKE the 10-pound turkey, already stuffed, trussed, larded, and floured, from the ice-box, wind the end of each drumstick with a strip of salt pork, and place it on a roasting-rack in the roasting-pan. If the turkey is to be cooked in an uncovered roaster, place in a hot oven (450° F.) for 30 minutes, and reduce to 400° F. for the remainder of the roasting period, allowing 20 minutes to each pound—3 hours and 20 minutes for a 10-pound turkey. If during the roasting the fowl should become too brown, cover it with a tent of brown paper and continue the roasting. Every 15 to 20 minutes baste with a mixture of ½ cup butter and ½ cup water. Oft-basted turkey cooked in an open roaster is superior to a turkey that is roasted covered. If frequent basting is not practical, cover the roaster and bake in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 30 minutes and 400° F. for the remainder of the time. Remove the turkey and the rack from the roaster, prepare the gravy, and serve the turkey garnished with parsley and vegetables.

Baked Onions

PLACE the onions, unpeeled, of uniform size, in the oven with the turkey 1 hour before serving dinner. When baked, take hold of the onion with a heat-proof holder, holding it at the root end, and pinch firmly to free pulp from skin. Spread with the parsley butter and serve hot.

WHAT and how to prepare—whether for breakfast, lunch, or dinner—is told in 100 Standard Recipes. For parties and other entertainments order also LIBERTY'S other two cook-books—Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes. Each 10 cents—all three for only 25 cents. Send coupon, please.

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WINTER WEAR
and How to Wear It

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A COAT of gray velours de laine trimmed with a flat fur. The coat has a cape over one shoulder only.

A COAT of black velvet, with the prevailing shawl collar and a trimming of light beige fox fur.

DO you remember how we made a specialty last season of hiking up our coats on one side and persistently holding them in place there throughout the year? If you do, then forget it, because we make a point of not doing that this fall.

Every season has its fashionable gesture, the one of last autumn being preceded by a year of clutching at something, a little in the attitude of the Venus de Milo, with one hand (if only she hadn't lost it) near the throat and the other holding a vestment closely below the hips.

This year the gesture concerns itself with the shoulders and consists in a pose as of having thrown the collar back. In other words, when seated, you should look as if you could drop your wrap with a simple movement of relaxing the arms.

When walking, the fur should not draw round your face closely, but should set back from it in a wide V-shaped line that runs to the waist. The effect is obtained by having your coat cut with what used to be known as the shawl collar and edging its outer circle with the fur.

This is but one more concession to the rage for old-fashioned prettiness, since nothing is lovelier than a comely face thus framed. One reason it makes for prettiness is because no one with a sense for beauty would ever choose short-haired fur to use this way. The style inevitably calls into use the old-time long-haired lynx and squirrel and mink and sable, which we had to admit were becoming, even when they made us feel too luxurious for the boyish, close-cropped styles of the years just past. While the shaved skins are still considered best for garments themselves, the downier ones are favored for trimmings, and the manner of using them is shown admirably in the illustrations.

The girl on the right wears her coat exactly in the manner of the day, with the look of its having been thrown back from the shoulders, the whole simple wrap of black velvet being swathed in light beige fox fur. Both of the coats follow the line now favored, which crosses from right shoulder to left hip and continues in a diagonal movement to the hem.

The wrap on the left further exploits the present love of the eccentric and the individual by displaying a cape over one shoulder only, while the other leaves a smoothly fitting sleeve exposed. The style of the shawl collar is really the loveliest and the most ladylike that we have tolerated for many a day. It was started by Mme. Paquin, as most of the fashions in wraps are. This one is especially valuable because it gives you a long, thin piece of fur to do things with, and its heavy weight across the back pulls the coat into the place it is supposed to take, thus relieving you of the everlasting business of adjusting it, which is the handicap which many French styles intrude.

The two lovely models (just arrived from Paris) should convince us of what we do not always realize, which is that cloth coats are every bit as important as those of fur and should be as thoughtfully selected.

FOR the rest, one can scarcely do better than copy a few jottings from one's note-book, compiled while wandering recently round Paris. Small all-over geometric designs are predicted as the motif in silks for 1928. Madonna chiffon, satin Phryne, and Extasia are some of the persuasive names assigned to them.

Strings of colored stones are appearing at the smart dining-places in what is known as "costume jewelry." Fox skins this year trail each other around the hems of coats and sometimes venture up the fronts to the hipline. This is in contrast to last year's cascade of fur from the collar down.

Emerald-green satin slippers are worn by chic women with black evening frocks. Capes, coats, dolmans, and shawls are all smart for evening, if they blouse over a snug hipline in the manner described last week.

Get Yourself a CLOAK of Mystery Says Paris

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, October 30.

A LITTLE bit of mystery adds allure to anything. The deep, dark mys-ter-y of a front-page murder or a vamp in fiction is a whole lot too much to put into the clothes line, but a dash of it " will lead millions (of men) by the nose."

The scantiness, the rigid lines, and the banal colors of many present-day clothes leave no place for even a tiny whiff of this magic. On the other hand, dripping veils and full-length layers of concealing drapery are too antique to give the right kind of mystery to modern women. No extremes are necessary.

A too frank revelation of charms nullifies them; and too much concealment destroys any effectiveness. Between these two lies the secret of chic and the source of mystery. Fashions are most attractive when they are most highly feminine.

Paris puts the eluding riddle of feminine personality into subtle draperies, silhouette lines that suggest without revealing, sparkling trimmings, and rich fabrics and furs. The two parts of the smart toilette—the coat and the dress—each does its share. It is the business of the coat to present the mystery, and the job of the frock beneath to indicate its solution. Indicate, mind you, and not tell the whole secret.

Your coat being, therefore, a garment that in a sense wraps you in a sartorial enigma, should be made one of impelling attraction. It need follow no standardized silhouette nor be trimmed in any set kind of way. It should have at least as much variation from every other coat of the season as one daffodil has from every other flower of the same kind.

Choose some kind of luxurious and soft material, and have it cut so that its folds or draperies wrap around you without giving any clear-cut outline. If your coat is so cut that you may arrange it in various ways yourself, its charm will be greater. An example of this is shown in the Worth evening wrap. This is neither coat nor cape. It has on the right side a loose sleeve gorgeously embroidered in rhinestones and silver, and on the other side it is a circular cape.

The material is black velvet, the lining is gold-and-silver lamé, and the rich fur collar is of blue fox. This collar is arranged as a shawl collar on the right side and ends just below the left shoulder with a long spray of silver-and-rhinestone fringes.

This coat has the right kind of originality—the arresting quality of a striking cut, combined with interesting details.

Half-cloak, half-cape, this evening wrap from Worth is of black velvet, lined with gold-and-silver lamé, and adorned with rhinestones and blue fox.

There are many women who will wear fur coats for evening, and very sensibly too, because of our semi-arctic winters. The only trouble with a fur coat is that often its only mystery is that of price. However, even a fur coat may be given the necessary allure of the unknown by expert treatment. Mere beauty and expensiveness of the fur is not enough.

The sable cloak illustrated here would be just a gorgeous example of this if Worth had not enhanced it by the deep draped sleeves and the double-panel fronts of amber-brown-and-gold lamé. The panels are lined with golden velvet, which shows at the draped closing.

The roll collar is draped in many irregular folds, and it gives to the head a flowerlike quality. This model was created for Kathleen Howard of the Metropolitan Opera, who wears it in the photograph.

FOR afternoon wear, Worth made for Miss Howard another type of draped cloak. This coat of black velvet, with its full-length scarf of silver fox, demonstrates the witchery of reticence and taste in smart clothes. The velvet is cut to slender lines, becoming circular at the hemline on the right side, and the marked diagonal closing allows the wearer to drape and redrape the coat according to her whim, thus getting many attractive effects. The loose sleeves, too, add to the general impression of easy gracefulness. Such a wrap has a greater chic and more personal appeal than any daring cut or brilliant color could achieve.

Brilliancy belongs more specially to the evening cloak, that must make an attention-compelling entrance when all the world is scintillating with bright lights and fine clothes. A perfect type of evening wrap is shown in our central model from Drecoll.

Violet velvet, most subtle of color and fabric combinations, is used to make this coat, with its dropped shoulder-line, its shirred sleeves, and its concealing but beautiful drapery. Mink fur forms the becoming shawl collar, and gold lamé edged with lines of pearl embroidery makes the gorgeous incrustations on sleeves and coat proper.

This priceless sable cloak has a draped front of amber-brown-and-gold lamé and velvet.

Slender lines in black velvet with a circular movement, and a marked closing edged with fox.

A Drecoll cloak of violet velvet richly incrusted with gold lamé and pearls, with a mink collar.

Sombrero Solo

The Short Story of the Private War of a Young American

By MEIGS O. FROST

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

With drawn revolver, Carlisle wheeled, but he did not fire.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 10 seconds.)

YOU could feel the tension as you walked up the Avenida Independencia. The very air crackled, the way a cat's back crackles when you stroke it on a cold night, Carlisle thought to himself.

A year in the field as a free-lance American machine-gunner with the revolutionary column of Alvarado Benites, topping three earlier years of soldier of fortune campaigning up and down Latin America, when you lived on a hair-trigger, waking and sleeping, had made him peculiarly sensitive to that sort of tension. The folk of Ciudad San Tiburcio were hostile.

Well, he should worry, he told himself as he swung along with easy, sauntering strides. He had taken care of himself in worse jams than this was likely to become. Wiry, darkly tanned by months in the sun, lean from a year in the saddle, booted, clad in pale scoured khaki, a heavy pearl-handled pistol swinging easily at his hip in worn leather holster, he stopped for a moment before a bookseller's window.

He glanced at the silver watch on his wrist. Two hours yet before he was due for his interview with *El Presidente* in the National Palace. He turned to resume his stroll.

Instantly his cigaret flipped into the gutter. One hand swept from his head the worn white hat; the other reached out in welcome.

"Margaret Fenton! Peggy! What under the sun—why, this is the last place in the world I'd expect to find you! Whatever are you doing down here?"

Incongruous and adorable, she stood. Copper glints in her bobbed brown hair. Slim and boyish in white. One slim hand holding a little bag of white kid; one stretched forward, firm and slightly tanned, to meet his in greeting as her wide gray eyes smiled at him.

There had been nights, asleep under the stars, when he had dreamed this sort of thing. But here, in broad daylight, on a street in Ciudad San Tiburcio—

No shadow of their old, old quarrel marred the sunny camaraderie with which she hailed him. The same old Peggy!

"What's so strange that I should be here?" she smiled. "Even the late lamented mid-Victorians permitted visits well chaperoned. And I'm chaperoned to the eyebrows. Have you been so busy revoluting that you don't know who's the new American Minister at Ciudad San Tiburcio?"

"Of course I knew that he was none other than that distinguished young diplomat, John Allbright Winters." His voice was mocking. "But what does that pup's appointment here have to do with you?"

"Only this, good sir." Her voice held its old-time remembered lilt of badinage, as she did the barely perceptible beginnings of a curtsy at which a passing peon stared in astonishment. "Jack has done me the honor to ask me to become Mrs. John Allbright Winters. And aunty and a couple of her spinster friends and I are his guests at the Embassy."

Carlisle's jaw tightened a bit.

"You picked a mighty poor time for a visit," he said. "The Republic of San Tiburcio is no place for house-parties just now."

"You and your wars and rumors of wars—" She laughed at him boyishly. "We were talking about you at dinner the other night, Dickie; and somebody contributed the news that when your friends here get in power you're going to get some kind of lumber concession that'll make a millionaire of you.

"Then somebody else said that if your enemies here got hold of you, the luckiest thing you'd get would be a 'dobe wall and a firing squad. But"—he had the sensation of being held off at arm's length and inspected by those wide gray eyes—"you haven't changed a bit, have you, Dick?"

"NOT in several things I haven't," he said. There was a touch of grimness in his voice. "Not about you, for one. I don't love you any less than I did five years ago."

She flushed the least trifle. But her gray eyes looked straight into the brown of his without faltering, and the lilt of her badinage did not leave her voice.

"And the others?"

"A lot of 'em," he said slowly. "I haven't any less contempt for folks whose dirty little minds smear everything they touch with their own dirt. And I haven't any less contempt for folks who aren't willing to take a chance. The kind who keep their own precious reputations and hides all wrapped up in cotton batting, like a bunch of gossiping, scared old maids.

"Like Jack Winters. Like any of his gang of gossiping cooky-pushers who squat on top of a bag of money their grandfathers or their fathers took a chance to make, and try to give a feeble imitation of a British novelist's idea of a gentleman."

"Quite the parlor bolshevik yet," she thrust lightly, though he saw there was something more than a jest in her eyes.

"Well"—he glanced down at the outfit he wore and indicated his bared head with a gesture—"my hair's cut short, I bathe with rea

"It is Tomaso, señor," said a voice in swift Spanish.

sonable frequency, and I've never seen a bolshevik in these kind of clothes yet. Not that we haven't plenty of them down here recently. But, Peggy—"

His shoulders straightened and squared. His hat went back to his head.

"I don't know just what colossal jackass at the Embassy let you go wandering around this city alone. Inside the Embassy is where you ought to be just now. I know. Please let me take you back there."

The gray eyes looked at him closely for a moment. The note of badinage was gone from her voice when she spoke again:

"Of course—if you say so, Dick."

Side by side, with no evidence of hurry or concern on his part, they walked down the street. He knew better than to show hurry or concern in that street at that moment.

"Jack rather laughs at all this talk of trouble," she began, the least bit uncertainly, as they strolled along.

"Jack Winters probably would." Carlisle's voice was curiously hard. "These babies who sit inside an Embassy with a flag and a navy and the Marine Corps to back 'em up—why should they worry?

"Usually they don't know enough about what's going on outside their front door to give 'em anything to worry about, anyway. But it happens down here, I can tell you from pretty intimate inside knowledge, that the situation's bad."

SOME of the mockery crept back into her voice.

"Just what *is* your mysterious situation?" she asked.

"El Presidente has made up his mind to use the United States as a national bugaboo to whip all the San Tiburcian factions into line." Carlisle was speaking soberly. "What the Colossus of the North will do unless all loyal San Tiburcians stand side by side, and all that sort of thing. It's a powerful club, Peggy. I've been with Alvarado Benites, up in back, for a year. He'd be President in another six months, if it wasn't for this play El Presidente is making against Uncle Sam.

"I'm here, Peggy, with dispatches from Benites. I'm not supposed to know what's in them, officially. But Benites and El Presidente are burying the hatchet and teaming up. If you knew the enemies they've been for years, as I do, you'd know that means real trouble.

"It's coming to a head any minute. Especially with the American squadron on their training cruise stopping in down Puerto Tiburon, as it did yesterday. You and I know just how casual that visit is. But every native of San Tiburcio sees a threat in it: Uncle Sam waving the Big Stick, and all that sort of thing."

THEY were nearing the Embassy now. Natives passing them on the street looked scowlingly at the pair. In the light of her new knowledge, Margaret Fenton saw new meanings in the hostile dark-brown faces.

"Oh, why did you ever get mixed up in all this sort of thing, Dick?" Her voice was troubled.

He glanced at her keenly.

"I saw your father just a week before we left for here," she went on. "He's looking a lot older, Dick. He didn't give me any messages for you, of course. He didn't even know I was going to see you. But I'm not guessing wild, Dickie, when I tell you I think he wants you pretty badly, back there in the plant."

"You know perfectly well why I got mixed up in all this, Peggy." In his voice was deep feeling. "Just because I chose to stick by Mary Lanham when she was in trouble, the whole pure-minded band of Westville saints knew that I was the yellow cur who got her in trouble. And that night I came to you, looking for sympathy and support and a little belief—"

"Dick, I—"

"Oh, what's the use digging it all up again?" he cut through her interruption. "I had to get out of there. I barged off and wandered into New Orleans and took a banana boat. Honestly, Peggy, I didn't even know where she was going. She was just headed south. All the names down here looked alike to me, then. She landed us right in the middle of a fine young revolution.

"There was an American battalion. Railroad men, beach-combers, everything. Richard Harding Davis stuff. I joined up for the excitement. Seems they needed machine-gunners. They tell me I took to a machine gun the way a duck swims. So I've been playing around with one ever since."

They were at the Embassy entrance now.

"Peggy." Straight as a bullet sped his question. "Are you going to marry Jack Winters? I know I haven't any right to demand an answer. But, Peggy, are you?"

As she hesitated, seeming to search for words, down the street came tearing a squad of small brown newsboys, barefooted, ragged, rau-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SOMBRERO SOLO
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

cous. In their wake they left scores eagerly gulping the news *El Heraldo* offered in the fattest, blackest type its composing-room afforded. Carlisle scanned the head-lines.

"Peggy," he said abruptly, "no matter what anybody says, don't you leave this Embassy until you go out under guard with the Embassy staff. This means real trouble.

"That idiot General Sanchez,

down at Puerto Tiburon, has refused to salute the American flag and arrested two sailors who came ashore for mail. The fleet has been busy with wireless to Washington. They've sent a heavy landing party ashore and taken the town."

"But what are you going to do, Dick?"

"I've got those dispatches to deliver at the palace, and then I've got to make up my mind," Carlisle said slowly. "I've got a room at Hotel El Tropical, Peggy. Send a messenger there if there's anything I can do for you. By, Peggy."

On the first step leading to the Embassy door, she thrust out one of those slim hands.

"You asked me something, Dick, before you got all excited over that newspaper extra."

He looked up at her, trying to smile. It was rather a creditable effort at a smile, on the whole. It softened the lines in his face.

"It dawned on me as I spoke," he said slowly, "that I had no right whatever to ask you that question. I take it back."

"I rather think I want to answer it, Dick," she said; "I'm going to, anyway. I haven't told Jack I would marry him—yet."

FROM the second step she looked down into his face. "I wish you'd come in with me, Dickie. After all, you're an American. It's your Embassy. It's not going to be extra safe for an American outside of here, is it?"

"Oh, I'll be all right." His grin was boyish now. "But if I had to choose between Jack Winters' hospitality—personal or official—and a run for the mountains ahead of a San Tiburcian mob, I'd take the mountains! I can take care of myself."

Their eyes locked again; held.

"*Au 'voir*, Dickie. I s'pose you can."

With a swirl of short white linen skirts and long white silken legs, she was up the steps and inside the door. In his ears were sounding the last words he heard before she vanished.

"Just the same incurable romantic idiot you always were, aren't you, Dickie!" she had said.

But what puzzled him was that he could have sworn there were tears in her eyes as she said it.

CARLISLE stepped into his room on the second floor of El Tropical and locked the door behind him. From the mellow old tiled floor at the foot of the bed, where he had been sleeping on a spread serape, his man had risen at the first click of the key in the lock.

"There isn't much to pack, Tomaso," said Carlisle, "but make up our two blanket rolls at once. You stay here. I will have food sent up to you. Be ready to leave any minute, whether I come for you or send word."

"*Si, señor.*"

Tomaso sped to his task. Native of San Tiburcio he might be, but all his loyalty was for Dick Carlisle since the day, long months before, in the fighting at Ramirez in the mountains, when Dick's revolver had been a split second swifter than the machete that would have halved Tomaso's head. After that episode, Tomaso had adopted the American as his own.

While Tomaso worked, Carlisle stepped to the window that led out to the balcony overlooking the Plaza de la Constitucion. The thin slats of the jalousies, lowered on their cords, let him see without being seen. The plaza below was all aswirl with milling, coffee-colored humanity.

"*Abajo los Americanos! Muerto a los Gringos!*" Up from throat after throat shrilled the cry.

A man in straw sandals, serape, and straw sombrero, rushed in from a side street trailing an American flag. Shouting hoarsely, he held it aloft and ripped it from end to end. Instantly he was the center of a swarm that tore the flag to bits!

"Good movie stuff," Carlisle meditated. "The patriots are all stirred up. Looks like a real party ahead."

His thoughts went back to the

interview just ended at the National Palace. He had given the Benites dispatches to El Presidente. Don Felipe had been courteous; but the look in his eye—Carlisle had been too long in the game not to recognize that look.

"You are at El Tropical?" Don Felipe had said. "Wait there. I will send word."

And then, just before Carlisle had left, Don Felipe had chuckled.

"Curious, the turns politics takes," he had said. "I have often wanted to see you face to face. My generals have told me you have done more damage to their men than any fifty others with Benites. We have honored you, even, by putting a price on your head. And now it seems we are allies."

He had chuckled again. It wasn't a pleasant chuckle.

THEY were getting keyed up to rush the Embassy.

OH, well, this sort of thing was what you looked for in this situation, Carlisle told himself. He ought to have grown used to it in the past few years. This was the first time, though, that there had been anything more in it for him than soldier's pay and the fun of the thing. That lumber concession Benites had promised—

Was Benites, as he had told Carlisle privately, negotiating with Don Felipe merely for delay; or was he really, as it seemed almost certain, honestly teaming up with the old dictator?

He lit a cigaret and seated himself in the bent-wood rocker, thinking hard. Tomaso, squatting by the two blanket rolls, was smoking impassively. He had no worries on his mind until he got his orders. He didn't have $2,000 gold due him at Benites' headquarters for four months' back pay as a machine-gun expert. A concession meant nothing in his young life. Carlisle half envied him.

CONFOUND it, was there really going to be trouble between San Tiburcio and *Tio Samuel?* Of course he couldn't fight against Americans. Latin-American history was all spattered over with these marine landing parties. Nothing much came of them, usually. But if this one should cost him the money due him from Benites, the concession—all of his prospects— His mind wandered into calculations.

A knock sounded at the door. He strode across the tiles to open it, loosening the pearl-handled pistol in its holster. In this country, you never could tell.

"Hello, Carlisle. Glad I found you in."

There was undisguised relief in the voice of Captain Burnett, military attaché at the Embassy. The officer's eye took in Tomaso by the foot of the bed.

"Will you have him step outside a minute?" he asked. "I want to talk privately with you."

"Just keep on talking English," said Carlisle. "All the privacy you need. He's my man and he speaks nothing but Spanish."

"Carlisle, we need you." Captain Burnett's voice was grave. "Hell to pay and no pitch hot."

"Who needs me? Where?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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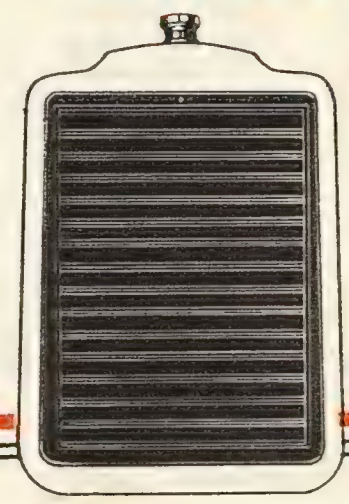

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[SOMBRERO SOLO
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

"The Americans in Ciudad San Tiburcio. At the Embassy."

"How come?"

"That little affair down at Puerto Tiburon started something. Streets up here full of wild-eyed patriots, now. I get it straight that the Embassy is due to be mobbed some time tonight. Don Felipe is teetering between whether he'll stop it or let the mob do its stuff. And we're packed to the doors with men and women and children who headed there the minute they heard about Puerto Tiburon."

"Why am I nominated? Winters is no friend of mine."

"Listen, old son," said Captain Burnett. "We've got just one machine gun up there. It's in the basement, in its case, just as they shipped it from the arsenal back in the States. All apart. Sticky with cosmoline. And not a man there who knows how to use it—how to assemble it, even, except me.

"And I'm not in your class by a million miles. Besides, we've got fifty rifles, too, in the same fix. I can get them ready for action; but that machine gun needs you."

There was a moment's silence. Carlisle was thinking harder than ever. Burnett wasn't the sort of man to get stampeded needlessly.

"I hate to ask you, Carlisle. I know something of what it means to you, just now, to break with your connections here. I couldn't offer you anything to make up for what it'll cost you. And I'm not even thinking of insulting you by offering to pay you for this. I'm just telling you what the situation is and putting it up to you."

Carlisle's voice was icy when at last he spoke:

"Thanks for not offering me money, Burnett. I'd feel a bit more thankful if you hadn't mentioned it, even. Yes, I'll come."

He turned to Tomaso.

"Take my stuff up to the American Embassy," he said. "And then—"

His hand thrust into his pocket. It emerged holding half a dozen gold pieces—the last coins he owned in the world. He handed them to his man.

"For you, Tomaso," he said. "I'm sorry it is so little, but it is all I have now. We ride together no more for a long time. Back to General Benites with you. Or back to your village. You have been a good man. *Adios, amigo. Vaya con Dios.*"

Abruptly he turned to Captain Burnett.

"Let's go," said Dick Carlisle.

NOT a light showed inside the Embassy windows. Up and down the street outside surged a shouting, cursing mob.

"Not ready for the rush yet, though they're mighty near it," Captain Burnett, by an upper window, gave cool appraisal. "But we're ready for them, thank God."

In the darkened inner rooms the women and children were huddled. A little way back of the darkened windows, front and rear, stood men with rifles, their pockets stuffed with clips of cartridges. Business men, three newspaper correspondents, Embassy attachés.

"Remember, now!" Captain Burnett's voice carried all the rasp of military authority. "Keep a few feet back of those raised windows when you start firing. And, remember, I'll brain the man who fires a shot before I order it. Never mind if they shoot. Never mind what they throw at us."

As though to test the quality of his authority, a stone came hurtling through the plate glass of a raised sash. But not a shot from inside answered it.

"The longer we stay quiet, the better chance we have." Burnett spoke grimly to the American Minister, who stood beside him. "The first shot from us starts the rush—and we want to hold it off as long as we can."

"Unheard of, the whole business!" The voice of John Allbright Winters was querulous. "Utter violation of all diplomatic usage. It's hours since I sent a courier to El Presidente demanding armed protection for the Embassy. I can not understand why it is delayed."

This was just one small detail of the things

INCONGRUOUS and adorable, Peggy stood before him.

Winters did not understand, was Captain Burnett's ironic thought. He did not voice the thought, however. What he did say was:

"If we get out of this with whole skins, Winters, you can not put too much stress in your report on what this man Carlisle has done. I tell you frankly, if they rush the place I'm depending more on his machine gun up on the roof than I am on these rifles.

"I've never seen anything finer than the way he came without question when I asked. He kicked over all his connections in this country for us. It was costly kicking. There's nothing in it for him but trouble."

"Yes, yes. Good of him, I'm sure."

It was evident the diplomat's thoughts were elsewhere. Two more stones rocketed through windows, to a chorus of enraged howls.

"I wonder *when* that armed guard is coming."

"Hell!" said Captain Burnett.

John Allbright Winters didn't even ask him why he said it.

BEHIND the low parapet up on the flat roof, at one corner of the Embassy building, where a lean black muzzle slantingly commanded the street in front of him, Dick Carlisle squatted behind that lone machine gun.

They were getting keyed up for the rush, down there on the street. His finger lightly rested on the trigger. His thumb caressed the safety. The first belt was in the mechanism. Loaded belts were piled beside him.

This waiting was a nuisance. But you had to wait, in a fix like this. Hold 'em off two hours at the outside, would be about the best anybody could do. If only those women and children were somewhere else! It would be a rough session, down inside, toward the end. Alamo stuff. He grinned ruefully.

"Dickie."

Out of the darkness beside him the voice sounded. He looked around swiftly, and as swiftly swung back to watch the street below.

"Get down behind the parapet, Peggy!" he ordered sharply. "Don't you know somebody's likely to pick you off, standing up like that? Who the devil let you up here, anyway?"

"I just slipped up quietly, Dick." Peggy Fenton's voice was even and unshaken. "I overheard Captain Burnett talking with Jack, and I know how serious it's likely to be. And there was something I just had to tell you before the trouble starts."

"I can't take my eyes off this street, Peggy," said Carlisle evenly. "I guess, after all, you're as safe up here as you are anywhere in the building, as long as you keep behind the parapet. What is it you wanted to tell me? Go ahead."

"It may seem foolish to you, Dick. But it's about that night you came to see me about Mary Lanham. I did believe you, down in my heart, Dickie. Honestly, I did. But, somehow, that night I just couldn't seem to get the right words to say. I was awfully young, Dick. And everybody had been talking so, and I was so hurt, and—Oh, I just made a mess of it!

"But down inside me all the time, Dick, I knew that you were clean and fine, and doing something in standing by her that nobody else of all that crowd had the courage to do. And I feel a whole lot better now for having a chance to tell you so."

There was a most inconvenient lump in Dick's throat. He swallowed it fiercely.

"It's all right, Peggy. Quite all right," he managed to reply. "Mighty fine of you to trouble yourself so much. I'm just a plain damned fool anyway, I guess. See here, Peggy; I— Stay down behind that parapet!"

His whole being was centered on the street below. Well, here it came. Two blocks down the street, though it was too dim for him to see the details, his eyes, now accustomed to the dark, could make out a mass of men far different from the disorganized crowd that had been surging up and down in front of the Embassy.

STEADY, now. Wait till they start the real rush to break in. Then let 'em have it.

His right hand, squeezing gently, tightened on the little finger of metal that would send 450 bullets a minute, burst after burst, into the mass.

Out of the crowd shot six lancing streaks of pale flame. Six pistol bullets thudded on the stone façade of the Embassy.

"Let's go, then," said Carlisle softly to himself.

But, even as he tensed for the first burst to rake that crowded street, he swore gently and relaxed. The mass of men driving purposefully down through the crowd was not a mob. He caught the glint of bayonets—the outlines of the pom-pomed military caps of the regular forces of the Republic of San Tiburcio.

Don Felipe had been playing with them as a cat with a mouse; but he had sent the armed guard at last.

Peggy Fenton was sobbing softly.

"Come on, Peggy. Better get down below," Dick said.

Thunderous knocks sounded on the Embassy door. It was opened swiftly. Lights sprang up inside.

"May I see the Honorable Mr. Winters?" queried a smooth voice in perfect English. "I'm Colonel Rafael Asturias. I have the honor to present the compliments of El Presidente to Mr. Winters and convey the information that a special train has been prepared to take Mr. Winters and his Embassy staff to Puerto Tiburon, under the guaranties of diplomatic immunity."

"I am glad to hear it. I am Mr. Winters." The voice bore traces of deep relief. "How soon do we start?"

"Immediately," said Colonel Asturias. "Is your staff ready? I have merely to confiscate these arms to prevent any possible trouble—" A grim smile crossed Captain Burnett's face as he heard that. "And then I escort you to the Terminal Station."

A hand touched Captain Burnett's arm. It was one of the newspaper men from the group of volunteer defenders. He drew the captain to one side.

"Carlisle is in the next room," he whispered. "He just looked in through the doorway and asked me to ask you quietly to slip out in back and see him for a minute."

In a room to the rear the military attaché found the machine-gunner.

"I'm going to beat it out the back way and join you at the Terminal Station," said Carlisle, his voice low. "I just heard what Asturias said about the special train. It would be better if he and I didn't meet here.

"Blood feud and all that sort of thing," he added apologetically. "You see, a couple of months ago I broke up a column he was leading against Benites up in the mountains. Don't want to have our personal war cause any trouble for you and this Embassy crowd."

"But, man alive, you're going down to Puerto Tiburon on the train with us." Captain Burnett's voice showed deep concern. "This man's town isn't safe for you after you threw in with us tonight."

"Don't worry about me, old-timer," Carlisle grinned bleakly. "I've been taking care of myself some time. See you at the train."

He turned and was gone.

DOWN at the Terminal Station of Ciudad San Tiburcio, the special train waited with steam up. Out of a motley group of motors stepped the Embassy staff. There was an occasional shout of: "*Abajo los Americanos!*" from the street, but nothing more. Fixed bayonets of the escort squad seemed to hold more riotous demonstrations in check.

Singly and in groups, those who so lately had garrisoned the threatened Embassy climbed aboard. By the platform of the last car stood Captain Burnett.

Near him stood a *teniente* from the escort detail.

Up to the train from out the station strode a figure in scoured khaki. Straight to Captain Burnett it walked.

"Hello, old man. Glad you got here," said the captain simply.

"Miss Fenton and the other ladies safe aboard?" Carlisle asked.

"All safe aboard," said Captain Burnett. "They're in this coach here. Brought your baggage down?"

"I'm standing in my baggage," smiled Carlisle.

"We got the other Americans who didn't care to leave all stowed away safe in the British Embassy till they see how the cat hops," answered Captain Burnett. "Believe me, I was glad to get that settled. We roll in a couple of minutes. Climb aboard."

Carlisle glanced up at the rear door of that last coach. It was open. In the doorway stood Margaret Fenton.

"Righto," he said, and reached for the hand-rail.

"PARDON. A moment, please." The young teniente stepped forward. He spoke directly to Captain Burnett.

"Is this man on the Embassy list?" he asked.

"He goes on the train, whether he is on the list or not," said Captain Burnett bruskly.

"Pardon again," said the teniente. "The Captain is a military man. He understands that orders are orders. It will be impossible for this man to go on the train unless his name is on the official Embassy list filed with our Department of Foreign Relations. The only exceptions made were the American Minister's personal guests—all ladies.

"If the Captain wishes to take up the matter with Mr. Winters and Colonel Asturias, who are now up by the first coach, I will be pleased to escort him there."

White of face, Captain Burnett suppressed the curses that rose to his lips.

"Just wait a minute, Carlisle," he said. "I'm damned if I—"

"Forget it, old man," said Carlisle. "The deck's stacked. There wouldn't be a Chinaman's chance. Don't worry."

One instant he gripped Burnett's hand. The next he was striding back toward the station.

Back at the station end of the train-shed, he leaned against the pillar and lighted a cigaret. Might as well watch the train roll. Curious, what a sense of emptiness its departure would leave!

Without clang of bell or blast of whistle, the special gathered headway. The red lights on the last coach winked out of sight down the track.

Carlisle turned, with a shrug of his shoulders. Better head back to the Embassy and get his kit and get out of town. Find out what Benites really was going to do and make his plans accordingly.

He started through the crowd. A hand rested on his shoulder. Automatically, as he looked around, his right hand dropped to the butt of his gun. Then a cold shiver shot through him. His voice was low and shaking when he spoke.

"Good Lord! Peggy!"

"I was in the car-door, and I saw and heard, Dick," she said. "It was the most damnable thing!"

His mind was racing. His shaking voice steadied. This was no time for a man to lose his grip on himself.

"Come along with me, Peggy," he said quietly. "Don't ask questions. Don't stop to talk. I've got to get you to the British Embassy as quick as the Lord'll let me."

Side by side, they headed out toward the street. It must be the quiet side streets now, Carlisle knew. Across the main thoroughfare in front of the station they went, blessedly without interruption. Into the darkness of a side street they plunged.

THEY were half-way down it when Carlisle heard the steps behind him.

"Walk slowly, Peggy," he said softly. "And, whatever you do, don't grab my arm."

The footsteps were close behind him now. With drawn revolver, Carlisle wheeled, but he did not fire. A low voice said in swift Spanish:

"It is Tomaso, señor.

"They wait for you at the American Embassy," he went on, low-toned. "And in the streets by the British Embassy they also wait. I have been at both places. I have talked to the soldiers there, cursing the Americans. Don Felipe is ready to strike. I know.

"He would not have you taken at the train, where your people might see. But now is the time, he thinks, to pay you for what happened at Ramirez and some other places he remembers this past year."

"Picked a good time for it, didn't he!"

A look that Tomaso had seen there many times appeared on Carlisle's face. Peggy had seen it only once before. Her gaze held it steadily in the faint light of the little side street. It was curiously comforting, that look.

"If the señor will come with me," suggested Tomaso, "there is a place where he and the lady can stay this night and make his plans. It is a poor place. But at least it is safe. The home of my uncle and his wife. They are old. They stay silent if I ask."

In English swifter than Tomaso's Spanish, Carlisle explained to Peggy as they stood there.

"Why bother to do all this explaining?" She looked at him with a smile. "Whatever you say, Dick."

He turned to Tomaso.

"We go to the house of your uncle," he said.

And, as they trod those dark back streets of Ciudad San Tiburcio, with every sense alert, Carlisle gave his man his orders.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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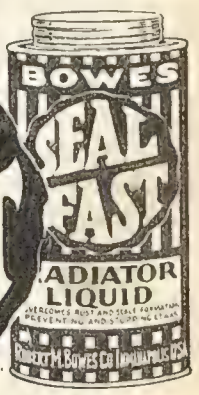

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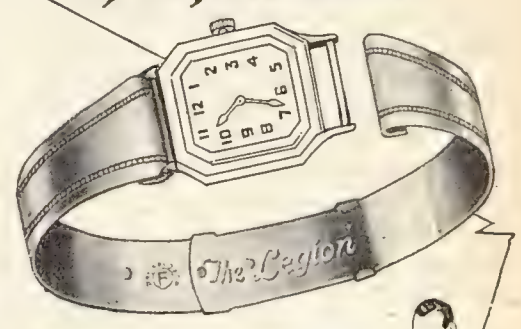

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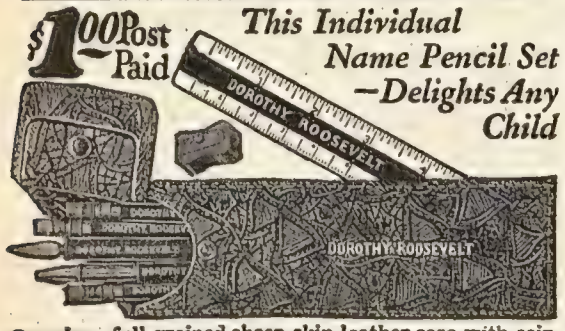

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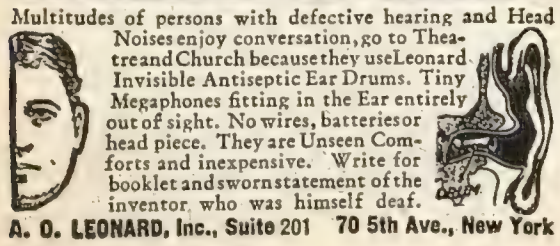


A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201 70 5th Ave., New York

[SOMBRERO SOLO Continued from Page Seventy-five]

TROPICAL rain in slanting sheets drove down on the little group that stood in the dark on the comparatively dry footing of a railroad embankment. It was the outpost of the United States Marines at El Tejar, on the outskirts of Puerto Tiburon.

Fighting had ended with the taking of the town, save for sniping at these same outposts. But no man knew just when a counter-attack might be launched. Any minute it might come.

Slicker streaming, campaign hat beaten limp of brim by the fierce dash of the water, Private Randall peered forward into the dark. It seemed impossible that a crunch of gravel could sound above that lashing rain, but that had been the sound he thought he heard.

He could see nothing. Flat upon the ground he dropped. His eyes focused down the track. The old stuff. It worked. Dim against the dark, like something blurred and ghostly, he could make out approaching forms.

"Halt! Who's there?" Over the length of his leveled rifle shot the challenge. Dimly discerned forms seemed to separate. Out of the blackness, through the roaring rain, came some sort of call. It might be the order to rush the post.

Private Randall took no chances. He squeezed the trigger. Whatever it was that had loomed in the darkness, it was down. Private Randall let loose with the rest of the clip.

"Corporal of the guard! Post Number One!" His call rang above the rush of the rain as he reloaded.

But as the corporal of the guard came running up the rails, out of the dark, faintly audible, came a voice in the speech of Private Randall's own people.

"Great shooting, buddy! That first one spoiled a good Spick sombrero. Now let up. Lay off your stuff. There's a lady out here."

The outpost muted its language. Electric torches cut through the blackness. A minute later two figures were added to the group around a screened bed of glowing embers behind and beneath a shelter improvised of puptent halves in a pit hollowed on one side of the embankment, a little distance to the rear.

The language and appearance of the figures were strangely incongruous. For both were in the garb, colorful once, sodden now, of the peons of San Tiburcio. But no peon of San Tiburcio ever spoke as did they. And both had introduced themselves.

The man had little to say after he told who they were and whence they had come. But the girl—

"Were ye not scared stiff, Miss Fenton?" asked Corporal Dennis.

"Scared? What was there to be scared about? Wasn't Mr. Carlisle with me? Why, it was perfectly thrilling, Corporal. We tramped down the most romantic old road out of Ciudad San Tiburcio in this comic-opera outfit to a little station called Santa Rosalia, a little ways outside of town. We boarded the train there and got as far as Cordoba. That was night before last.

"There was a squad of native soldiers on the platform, and they started to come aboard. We went right through an open car window on the other side, Mr. Carlisle and I, just before they entered the car. We disappeared in the dark just like bandits in a movie, with the soldiers shooting and everything.

"We made it on foot over the mountains down to here. Do you know what we had for breakfast this morning? Oranges, Corporal, actually! We picked them off a tree. I never thought they could taste so good.

"And once we thought we heard firing near us, and Mr. Carlisle hid me in some thorn-bushes while he scouted. What do you think it was? A peon clearing some land and burning the stuff he cleared. Bamboo joints in his fire were popping just like pistols! I was never so thrilled in my life.

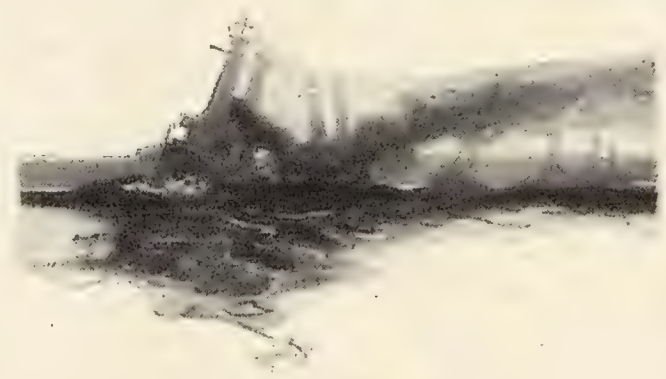
"And just now we crawled past a San Tiburcian outpost all huddled out of the rain in a little section shack about two kilometers up the line.

"Do I get a medal for scouting and services to Military Intelligence? And, Corporal, may I have another cup of that perfectly delicious coffee of yours before we go on into Puerto Tiburon?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Corporal Dennis. "If you'll pardon me, Miss Fenton, the marines lost a good man when you was born a girl!"

Drenched but glorified, filled to the neck with the outpost's hot coffee, escorted by a marine private Corporal Dennis detailed to the job, they tramped down the track into Puerto Tiburon.

AT the Hotel Imperial in Puerto Tiburon they have a very pleasant institution. Tables are set in the *portales*, where you dine in the open air. In over the tables stirs a cool breath of salt sea air wafted across the Malecon. Out through arched openings you look on the plaza to the kiosk in the center where a band plays nightly.



This night it was a battle-ship band. But the strains of La Paloma that rippled from its instruments held all the lilt and languor of the tropics, though the players had come from a land where jazz was born. Listening to them, a man and a woman sat at a table.

Peggy Fenton was in white. She had connected with her baggage. Dick Carlisle, too, was in white. For Captain Burnett had backed his insistence about a loan on the perfectly obvious fact that you can't go back to the States in the costume of a San Tiburcian peon. And there are shops, of a sort, at Puerto Tiburon.

"Yes, I've made up my mind, Peggy," Carlisle was saying. "There's a boat out of here for New Orleans in two days. I'm going back to Westville and throw in with dad. But there's one thing you've got to do before I leave. I won't take that boat unless you do it.

"You've simply got to tell me who was the star-spangled idiot in the Embassy party that let you get off that train back at Ciudad San Tiburcio." Unconsciously his hands clenched. "I've got a couple of things to say to that baby."

Peggy Fenton laughed.

"IF you'll promise me you won't hit that low person," she said, "I'll confide in you that you're talking to that star-spangled idiot right now. I saw them bar you from the train. So I just walked up the aisle for a couple of cars. They didn't have any guard on the side away from the platform. I just came down the steps on the unguarded side and joined you. That's all there was to it."

"You got off that train, once you were safe on it!"

"Same marvelous mind you always had, Dickie." The old note of badinage was in her voice.

"But why in the world—I don't wonder you refused to talk about it while we were on our way to the coast! Peggy! Why—"

"You said a lot once about cooky-pushers and old maids afraid to take a chance. Did you think you were the only one in the world who liked to take a chance now and then?"

Dick Carlisle's gaze into the gray eyes was long and steady. Then he spoke—abruptly.

"Was it that you'd rather take a chance with me than be safe with Jack Winters?" he asked.

Her laugh rippled.

"Do I have to draw a diagram for you?"

Sudden decision was in his voice.

"You're going to take a bigger chance than that inside the next few minutes, Peggy. There's a marine *padre* right here at this hotel. I think I'm going to let you finish this dinner. But we're going to dig him up as soon as we've had coffee and let him do his stuff. While we're talking about taking a chance, how does that strike you?"

"I don't think I'm taking any chance at all, Dick," said Peggy Fenton shamelessly.

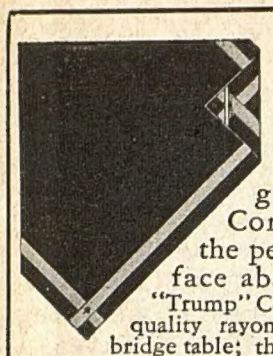
"If you're not, it's the only thing about our affairs that has been free from chance since chance sent you to San Tiburcio," said Dick Carlisle.

Peggy didn't answer him; unless answer rested in her smile—a guileless smile behind which lurked the wisdom of the serpent.

She was smiling still some hours later as, alone for a moment, she wrote a cablegram to one who would learn from that cable that he was her father-in-law.

"I told you I'd bring him home," cabled Peggy Carlisle.

THE END



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11. Lido sand and navy
12. Golden poppy and black
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14. Cinnamon pink and blue

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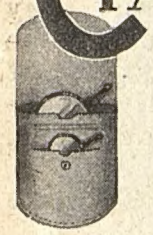

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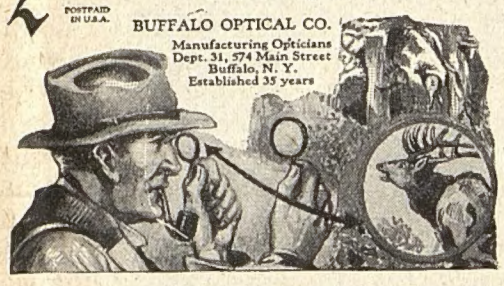

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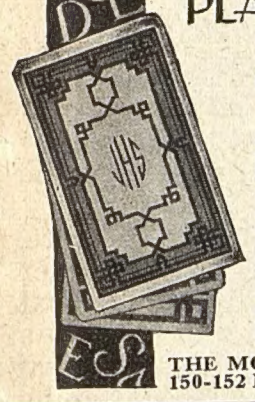

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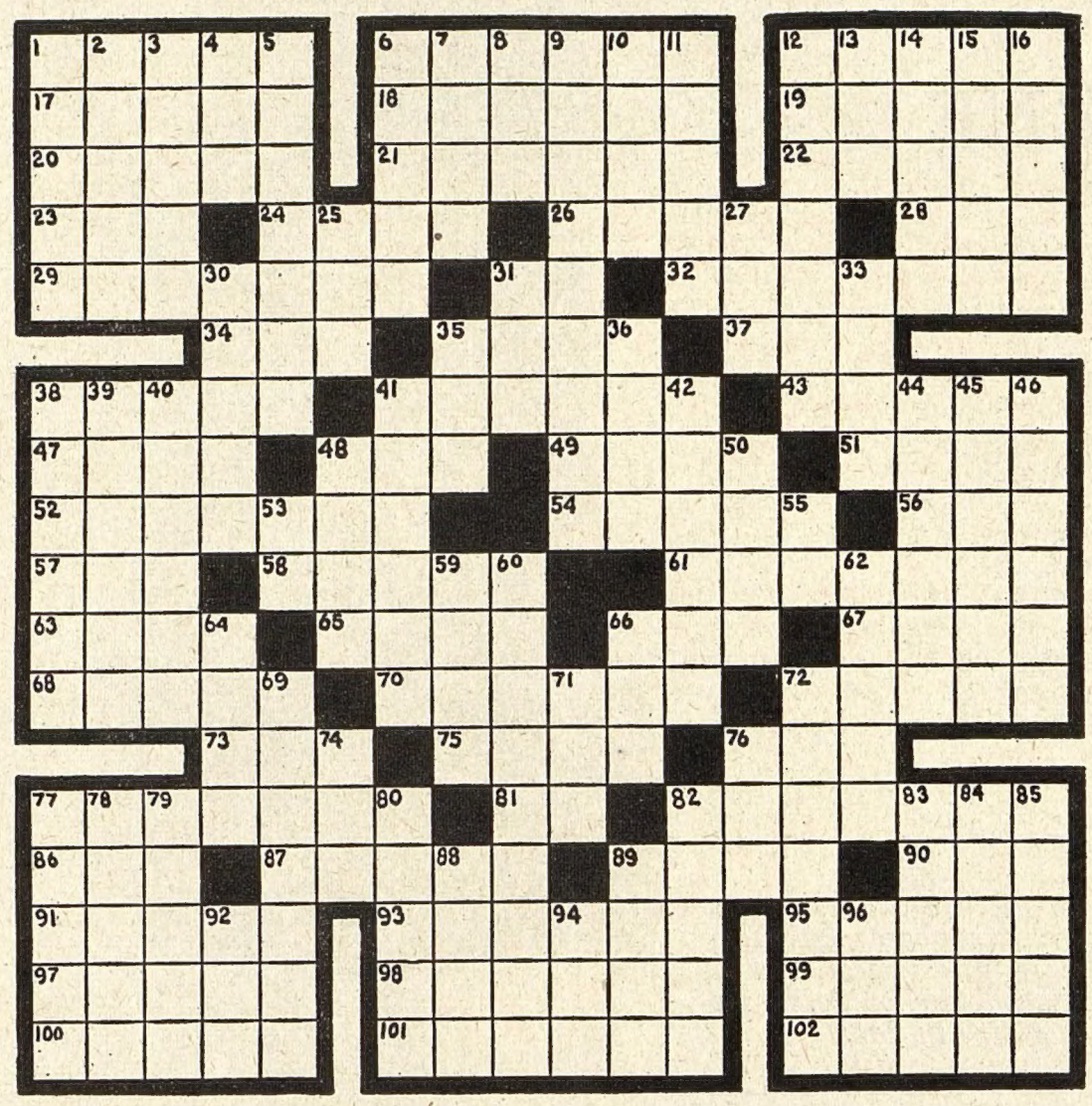


Prize Puzzle No. 64

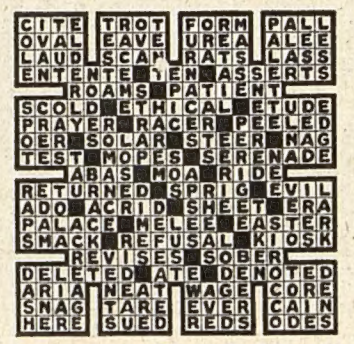
By J. MEYER, St. Paul, Minnesota

HORIZONTAL

1 Stalks of grain after threshing
6 Struggle
12 A bottle
17 Figure of speech
18 Moderately colder
19 Pertaining to the moon
20 Unweave
21 Animal's horn
22 Aromatic plant
23 Freeze
24 Passage-money
26 Jogs
28 Mound
29 Perchance
31 Either
32 Subdue
34 Craft
35 Ostrich
37 Born
38 Twenty
41 Claim as due
43 Defies
47 Weed
48 Offer
49 Abound
51 Saucy
52 Beasts
54 Vow
56 Sailor (colloq.)
57 Label
58 Repasts
61 Exact
63 Rainbow
65 Tiny bit of liquid
66 Fondle
67 Pronoun (possessive)
68 Misanthrope
70 Melted
72 Lens
73 Alighted
75 Mexican laborer
76 Strike
77 Zinc
81 Not
82 Individuals
86 Shallow vessel
87 Lift
89 Grit
90 Statute
91 Musical drama
93 Sums
95 Select class
97 Forgive
98 Educe
99 Competitor
100 Barter
101 Withdraw
102 Entrancement

VERTICAL

1 Denude
2 Track
3 Roamer
4 Monkey
5 Prosperity
6 Disfigures
7 Sound
8 Disease of sheep
9 Abuses
10 Swerve
11 Mistake
12 Embraced
13 Hasten
14 Join
15 Relieves
16 Perennial plants
25 Appropriate
27 Cardinal number
30 Mohammedan household
31 Electrical measure
33 Harvest
35 Color
36 Afresh
38 Pertaining to bodies at rest
39 A bird
40 Source
41 Render harmless
42 Make more profound
44 Membrane of the eye
45 Expunges
46 Emphasize
48 Drained
50 Market
53 Exist
55 Note of the scale
59 Noose
60 Ill-humored
62 Immature equine animals
64 Foundation timber
66 Sty
69 Salt of citric acid
71 And
72 Beams
74 Beverage
76 Fowl
77 Play
78 Document
79 Injection
80 Ceremonies
82 Cement
83 Fruit
84 Pertaining to birth
85 Expand
88 Only
89 Slipped
92 Free from
94 Playing-card
96 Rim



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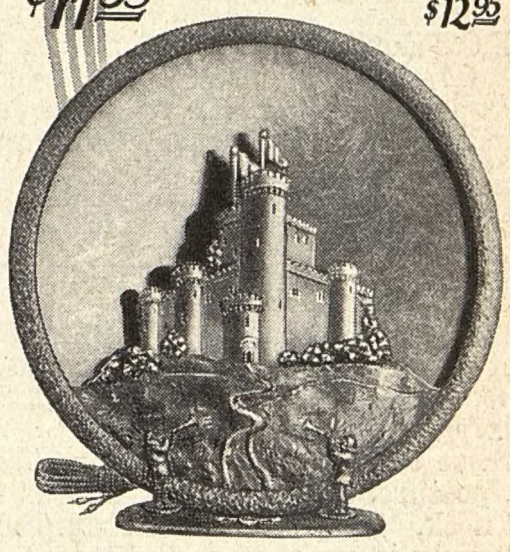

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BEAUTY Wins by a NECK

By
EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by NICKOLAS MURAY

YOU don't need to have a thin, bony neck. Even if, by nature or from choice, you are very slender, you can acquire a well rounded throat and neck. Moreover, you can do this without adding weight elsewhere.

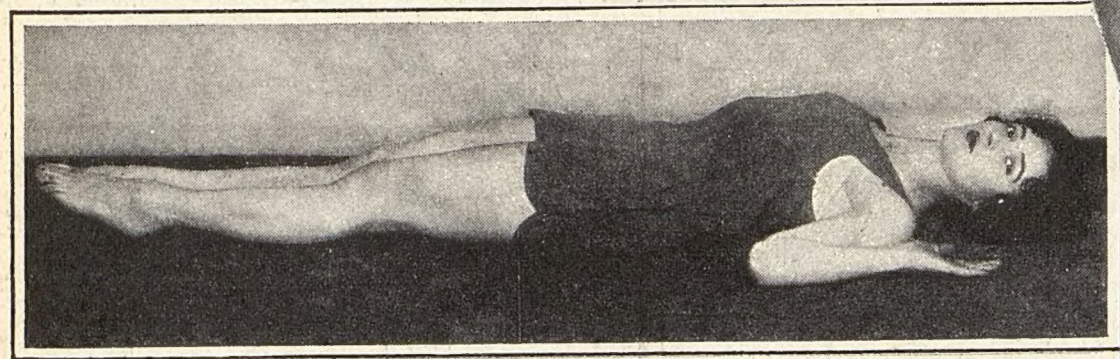
You are told of this magic by Dr. C. Ward Crampton in Physical Exercises for Daily Use, a book which gives a readable presentation of exercises for special needs.

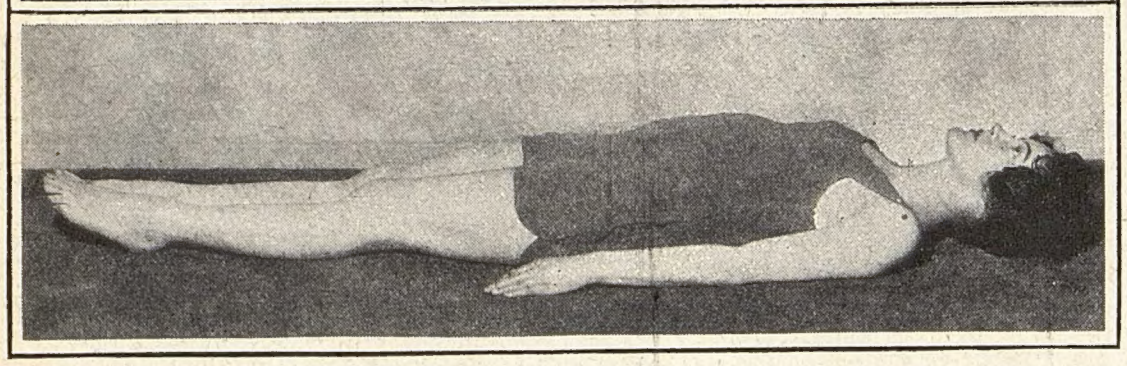
Today we are illustrating his suggestions for improving the beauty of neck and throat as demonstrated by one of Dr. Crampton's health-training assistants.

These three exercises improve the complexion, posture, and figure, as well as the throat and neck. They take flesh from the abdomen and apply it to the neck and throat.

Keep them up every day.

THE pumping exercise consists of two alternate movements taken on one breath. Because this exercise squeezes and massages the vital machinery of the body and lifts the chest, it will redistribute flesh around the bones of the neck and shoulders. Do the following set ten times, lying perfectly flat.



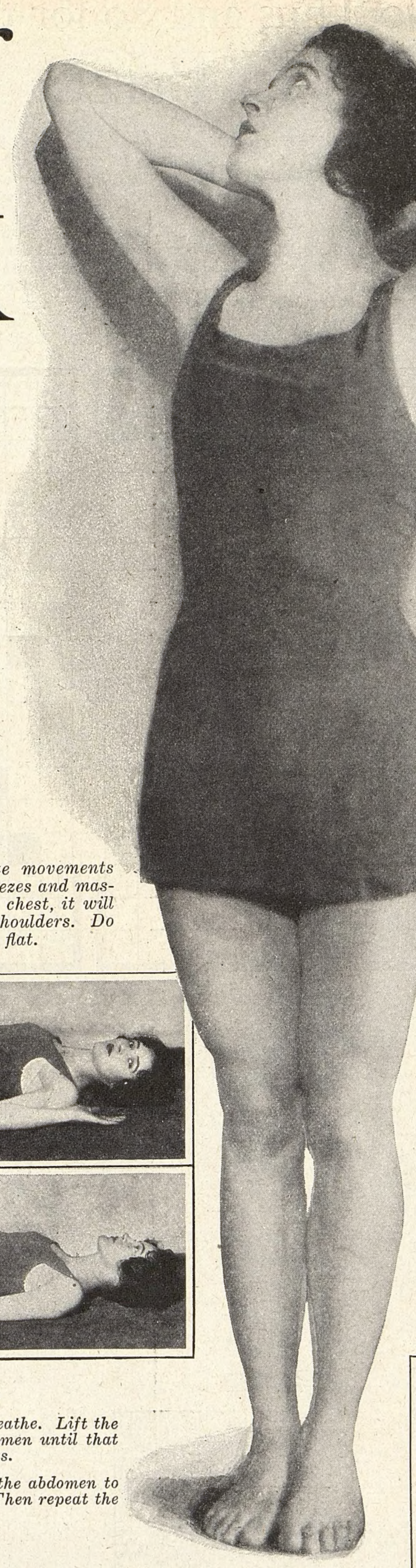


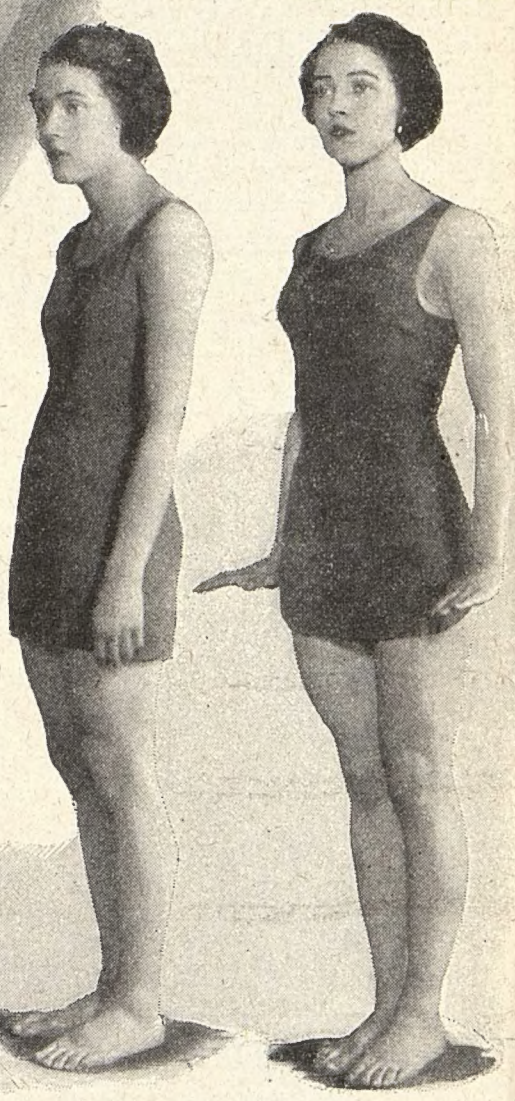
THE PUMPING EXERCISE

(1) (Upper figure) Close the mouth and do not breathe. Lift the chest wall as high as possible and let it pull the abdomen until that organ seems absolutely hollow. Hold this for six counts.

(2) (Lower figure) Contract the chest and allow the abdomen to expand to its fullest. Hold for two counts. Breathe. Then repeat the two-part movement in reverse.

THE star-gazer exercise (right) stretches and strengthens the muscles of the neck. On strong neck muscles depend the beauty of your head-carriage and the full, unwrinkled loveliness of your throat. Do this several times whenever your neck feels cramped or tired.





POSTURE EXERCISE

First clasp your hands behind your head. Begin by looking at the floor and pushing the head down with the hands. Slowly raise the head until the chest is lifted, the shoulders down in place, and the chin tilted up. Now turn slowly to the left and gaze up at an imaginary star over the shoulder. Then turn slowly to the right and look up at the star over the right shoulder.

THE posture exercise (above) teaches the shoulder muscles to lie down and behave. If they do this, the bones and hollows in the neck disappear.

(1) (Left figure) Slump down, dropping the head, chest, and abdomen. If habitual, this position results, among other ugly and unhealthy symptoms, in hollow shoulders which make the bones stand out.

(2) (Right figure) Now push down on the hands, lift the chest, let the head come up and the shoulders sink softly. In this position, even large bones disappear from view.

THE STAR-GAZER

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TRY a sample of Ipana Tooth Paste, if you want to. The coupon on this page will bring you the conventional ten-day tube—enough to prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and to whiten your teeth.

But do not be content with that alone. Learn, too, what Ipana can do for your gums. Ask for a full-size tube at the nearest drug store and start tonight to use it, regularly, twice a day. Before thirty days have passed you will find that your gums, too, have improved—in color, in texture and in health.

Under our diet of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light massage you can restore to your gums the stimulation they need. For Ipana is a tooth paste of peculiar benefit to the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists.

So make Ipana your own tooth paste for at least one month. Its delicious taste will win you from the start—and its benefits to the health of your mouth will keep you its staunch friend, perhaps, for life!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB117, 73 West St., N. Y. C.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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